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AMERICAN PROSE

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INTRODUCTION

"THE English have really everything in common with the Americans—except, of course, language," remarked Oscar Wilde. The selection from American prose contained in this book is designed to prove the falsehood of Wilde's epigram.

It cannot be emphasised too often or too strongly that the greatest of the bonds which exist between England and America, a bond capable of producing inestimable good in the development of world politics, is that of our mutual tongue.

It is true that were one to go in special search of examples of more strident passages from modern American prose it would not be hard to illustrate contrast with our own rather than comparison—though even our own prose writings in these days are not wholly free from cacophony. But any selection from such American prose as may be considered the best, such, for instance, as is included by Mr. Mark Van Doren in *The Oxford Book of American Prose*, is a reassuring reminder that in this matter on both sides of the Atlantic we admire the same qualities and dislike the same defects.

If the qualities which one looks for in prose are lucidity, restraint, and vitality, possession in the writer of a good heart and a sense of proportion and justice, then the prose which has stood the test of time in England and which appears equally to be doing so in America is fundamentally the same.

Whatever relative calibre we assign them in degree,

in kind Washington Irving does not differ from Thackeray, Mark Twain from Dickens, Motley from Gibbon, Fenimore Cooper from Kingsley, Melville from Conrad, Stephen Leacock from W. W. Jacobs, Upton Sinclair from Arnold Bennett, Oliver Wendell Holmes from Hazlitt, or Christopher Morley from Charles Lamb.

If students of English prose have qualms that a study of American writers may cause them in any degree to depart from the standard set for us by our own authors, I think that if they examine the contents of this volume they will find their anxiety dissipated and their doubts resolved. This is not to say that American prose lacks individual character, or that it is a mere reflection of English writing. On the contrary, it possesses an essence and a charm of its own, equally perceptible in the serious narratives of Prescott, the heartfelt speeches of Lincoln, or the philosophy of Emerson, as in the comedy of Mark Twain, the whimsicality of Woollcott, and the farce of Benchley. If this essence could be analysed, and labelled with one word, that word would be freshness. American literature, like American civilisation, is a child in years compared with our white-headed tradition ; and just as an American college cannot yet boast of lawns like those of St. John's College, Oxford, which look as they do because they have been rolled and mown for centuries, so American letters cannot yet boast of prose as profound as Burke's, as mellow as Gibbon's, as self-confident as Shaw's, or which gives such a sense of long atavistic experience behind it as the writing of Dickens or Meredith or Hardy. But youth has a charm of its own, and with the youthful graces of spontaneity and freedom from fatigue and age-born prejudice, American prose is splendidly endued. Age may be more profound than youth, but it can hardly be so light of

heart and step : the youthful vigour of every one of the authors represented in this volume makes them a company peculiarly suited to the attention and stimulus of our own pupils, for like finds an echo in the heart of like. In any case it is a relief to all of us to escape at times from the weight of our long island story, and to listen to the more care-free voices of those whose ancestors, just because they have not yet so many centuries of achievement behind them, have not yet so many wrinkles on the brow or fear of any failing tone in the voice.

English literature might plead with Bernard Shaw in *Back to Methuselah*, " I am doing the best I can at my age," and it is our pride to believe that that best will long continue ; but if the strength of English authors should ever really show signs of waning, it is a happiness to think that American writers are still relatively in the first flush of their powers, and it will be for them, as for Pan in Milton's Eden, to " lead on the eternal Spring."

G. B.

LANDMARKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY BEFORE THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

1492 America was discovered by Christopher Columbus, an Italian explorer in the service of the King and Queen of Spain. He never knew that he had discovered a new continent, but believed that the land he had found was the eastern fringes of Asia.

1620 The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Fathers were a band of English Puritans who sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, and founded a colony which they called Plymouth, in New England.

17th Century The continent was colonised from a number of different countries in Europe, but after the latter part of the seventeenth century, the British had the controlling influence.

18th Century Throughout the eighteenth century development of the country proceeded, with continual wars between the colonists of different nationalities, particularly between the British and French. The French had allied themselves with the native Red Indian tribes and had penetrated far into the interior of the country, while the British settlements were mainly along the coast. The colonists were unable to raise enough troops to fight the French, and armies were therefore sent out from England. By the end of the eighteenth century French power in the colonies was broken, but a great deal of friction had arisen between the colonists, who were beginning to consider themselves "Americans," and the British Government, chiefly over questions of taxation.

1773 The Boston "tea-party." The famous occasion when, as a protest against the tea-tax, 340 chests of tea were thrown overboard into Boston harbour. This brought on the crisis which marked the beginning of the War of Independence.

1776 The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4th, which is still celebrated as "Independence Day." The war, however, continued for several more years.

1783 Peace was formally ratified on September 3rd, the English Government having been obliged to recognise American Independence.

1789 George Washington became the first President of the United States of America.

19th Century During the nineteenth century immigration into America continued on a huge scale, and problems, racial, political, religious, social and economic, were innumerable. One of the greatest of these problems was that of slavery. Negroes had been imported into America from Africa in very early times, because they were better able to stand the climate in the Southern States, and they were employed for farming and domestic work. They had multiplied rapidly, and when cotton-growing became a big industry, which it did suddenly owing to the invention of machinery for cleaning the cotton, they were in great request for work in the cotton plantations. They had always been slaves, but a position which was not intolerable as long as they were employed in small numbers in a more or less family way, became impossible when they were employed in huge numbers with only paid overseers to look to their welfare.

1861 The beginning of the Civil War. The Civil War between the Northern and Southern States was fought on this question of slavery. The South, where most of the plantations were, and where large numbers of slaves were employed, was anxious for the continuance of slavery; the North was in favour of its abolition.

1861 Abraham Lincoln became President. He represented the Northern or anti-slavery party.

1861-
1865 The Civil War. The Southern, or Confederate, States raised an army to oppose the Government, and fought for over four years. The turning-point of the war was the Government victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, in July 1863. The actual fighting of the war ended with the surrender of General Robert E. Lee to General Grant, in April 1865.

1865 Murder of Abraham Lincoln. President Lincoln was murdered by a half-mad enthusiast outside his box at the theatre in April 1865.

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THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

A TRAVELLER'S TALE

He that supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-Steel has made his bed.
Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel

ON the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs ; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the relics of the property and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys : still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds ; so that he was

on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbours, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The baron had but one child, a daughter ; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy ; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany ; and who should know better than they ? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing ; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like nick-nacks of all kinds ; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day ; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar ; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnielieders by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece ; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent and inexorably decorous as a superannuated

coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—pah!—she was taught to hold them at such a distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The baron, though a small man, had a large soul,

and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the stark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvellous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own : they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance : it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other ; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained. mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet and quarrelled the

whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste ; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire ; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her ; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a word of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do ; but he was naturally a fuming bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety ; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent ; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly on a warm summer's day.

In the meantime the fatted calf had been killed ; the forests had rung with the clamour of the huntsmen ; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer ; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein* ; and even the great Heidelburg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality —but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the

mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them ; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road ; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view ; and nothing appeared stirring in it but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labour.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered, at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers ; Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts, of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction,

they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighbouring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this

is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavoured to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgement, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagements—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The

baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone ; the cook in an agony ; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

" I am sorry," said the stranger, " to break in upon you thus unseasonably——"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings ; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause they had reached the inner court of the castle ; and the stranger was again about to

speak when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced ; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear ; she made an effort to speak ; her moist blue eye was timidly raised ; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger ; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away ; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corslets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare ; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among crossbows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud ; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch

the softest whisper of the lover ? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and, when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment ; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one ; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hockheimer ; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions ; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter ; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced ; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render

him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? Why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him ; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties.

The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer ; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

" Now that we are alone," said he, " I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement——"

" Why," said the baron, " cannot you send some one in your place ? "

" It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral——"

" Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, " but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

" No ! no ! " replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, " my engagement is with no bride—the worms ! the worms expect me ! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment ! "

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night-blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies

fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman, famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel ; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man ; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband ! If the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man ? She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood

she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen-tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth ! she beheld the Spectre Bridegroom ! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty ; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again ; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle : the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone ; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story ; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week ; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast-table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown !

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labours of the trencher ; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out : " The goblin ! the goblin ! she's carried away by the goblin ! "

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability ; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron ! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen ! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of

goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and, falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom ! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that, to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had

won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds ; but he loved his daughter ; he had lamented her as lost ; he rejoiced to find her still alive ; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man ; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with lovingkindness ; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit ; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends. WASHINGTON IRVING

IN THE HANDS OF THE REDSKINS

THE vengeance of the Hurons had now taken a new direction, and they prepared to execute it with that

barbarous ingenuity with which they were familiarized by the practice of centuries. Some sought knots, to raise the blazing pile ; one was riving the splinters of pine, in order to pierce the flesh of their captives with the burning fragments ; and others bent the tops of two saplings to the earth, in order to suspend Heyward by the arms between the recoiling branches. But the vengeance of Magua sought a deeper and more malignant enjoyment.

While the less refined monsters of the band prepared, before the eyes of those who were to suffer, these well-known and vulgar means of torture, he approached Cora, and pointed out, with the most malign expression of countenance, the speedy fate that awaited her.

" Ha ! " he added, " what says the daughter of Munro ? Her head is too good to find a pillow in the wigwam of Le Renard ; will she like it better when it rolls about this hill, a plaything for the wolves ? Her bosom cannot nurse the children of a Huron : she will see it spit upon by Indians ! "

" What means the monster ? " demanded the astonished Heyward.

" Nothing ! " was the firm reply. " He is a savage —a barbarous and ignorant savage, and knows not what he does. Let us find leisure, with our dying breath, to ask for him penitence and pardon."

" Pardon ! " echoed the fierce Huron, mistaking, in his anger, the meaning of her words ; " the memory of an Indian is longer than the arm of the palefaces, his mercy shorter than their justice ! Say, shall I send the yellow-hair to her father, and will you follow Magua to the great lakes, to carry his water, and feed him with corn ? "

Cora beckoned him away, with an emotion of disgust she could not control.

" Leave me," she said, with a solemnity that for a moment checked the barbarity of the Indian. " You

mingle bitterness in my prayers ; you stand between me and my God ! "

The slight impression produced on the savage was, however, soon forgotten, and he continued pointing, with taunting irony, towards Alice.

" Look ! the child weeps ! She is young to die ! Send her to Munro, to comb his grey hairs, and keep life in the heart of the old man."

Cora could not resist the desire to look upon her youthful sister, in whose eyes she met an imploring glance, that betrayed the longings of nature.

" What says he, dearest Cora ? " asked the trembling voice of Alice. " Did he speak of sending me to our father ? "

For many moments the elder sister looked upon the younger, with a countenance that wavered with powerful and contending emotions. At length she spoke, though her tones had lost their rich and calm fullness, in an expression of tenderness that seemed maternal.

" Alice," she said, " the Huron offers us both life—nay, more than both ; he offers to restore Duncan—our invaluable Duncan—as well as you, to our friends, to our father, to our heart-stricken, childless father, if I will bow down this rebellious, stubborn pride of mine, and consent——"

Her voice became choked, and clasping her hands, she looked upward, as if seeking, in her agony, intelligence from a wisdom that was infinite.

" Say on," cried Alice ; " to what, dearest Cora ? Oh that the proffer were made to me ! To save you, to cheer our aged father, to restore Duncan, how cheerfully could I die ! "

" Die ! " repeated Cora, with a calmer and a firmer voice ; " that were easy ! Perhaps the alternative may not be less so. He would have me," she continued, her accents sinking under a deep consciousness

of the degradation of the proposal, " follow him to the wilderness ; go to the habitations of the Hurons ; to remain there—in short, to become his wife ! Speak then, Alice, child of my affections, sister of my love !—And you too, Major Heyward ; aid my weak reason with your counsel. Is life to be purchased by such a sacrifice ?—Will you, Alice, receive it at my hands at such a price ?—And *you*, Duncan ; guide me, control me between you, for I am wholly yours."

" Would I ! " echoed the indignant and astonished youth. " Cora ! Cora ! you jest with our misery ! Name not the horrid alternative again ; the thought itself is worse than a thousand deaths."

" That such would be *your* answer, I well knew ! " exclaimed Cora, her cheeks flushing and her dark eyes once more sparkling with the lingering emotions of a woman. " What says my Alice ? For her will I submit without another murmur."

Although both Heyward and Cora listened with painful suspense and the deepest attention, no sounds were heard in reply. It appeared as if the delicate and sensitive form of Alice had shrunk into itself, as she listened to this proposal. Her arms had fallen lengthwise before her, the fingers moving in slight convulsions ; her head dropped upon her bosom, and her whole person seemed suspended against the tree, looking like some beautiful emblem of the wounded delicacy of her sex, devoid of animation, and yet keenly conscious. In a few moments, however, her head began to move slowly, in a sign of deep, unconquerable disapprobation.

" No, no, no ; better that we die as we have lived, together ! "

" Then die ! " shouted Magua, hurling his tomahawk with violence at the unresisting speaker, and gnashing his teeth with a rage that could no longer be bridled, at this sudden exhibition of firmness in the

one he believed the weakest of the party. The axe cleaved the air in front of Heyward, and cutting some of the flowing ringlets of Alice, quivered in the tree above her head. The sight maddened Duncan to desperation. Collecting all his energies in one effort he snapped the twigs which bound him, and rushed upon another savage, who was preparing, with loud yells and a more deliberate aim, to repeat the blow. They encountered, grappled, and fell to the earth together. The naked body of his antagonist afforded Heyward no means of holding his adversary, who glided from his grasp and rose again with one knee on his chest, pressing him down with the weight of a giant. Duncan already saw the knife gleaming in the air, when a whistling sound swept past him, and was rather accompanied than followed by the sharp crack of a rifle. He felt his breast relieved from the load it had endured ; he saw the savage expression of his adversary's countenance change to a look of vacant wildness, when the Indian fell dead on the faded leaves by his side.

The Hurons stood aghast at this sudden visitation of death on one of their band. But as they regarded the fatal accuracy of an aim which had dared to immolate an enemy at so much hazard to a friend, the name of " La Longue Carabine " burst simultaneously from every lip, and was succeeded by a wild and a sort of plaintive howl. The cry was answered by a loud shout from a little thicket, where the incautious party had piled their arms ; and at the next moment Hawk-eye, too eager to load the rifle he had regained, was seen advancing upon them, brandishing the clubbed weapon, and cutting the air with wide and powerful sweeps. Bold and rapid as was the progress of the scout, it was exceeded by that of a light and vigorous form which, bounding past him, leaped, with incredible activity and daring, into the very

centre of the Hurons, where it stood, whirling a tomahawk, and flourishing a glittering knife with fearful menaces, in front of Cora. Quicker than the thoughts could follow these unexpected and audacious movements, an image, armed in the emblematic panoply of death, glided before their eyes, and assumed a threatening attitude at the other's side. The savage tormentors recoiled before these warlike intruders, and uttered, as they appeared in such quick succession, the often-repeated and peculiar exclamation of surprise, followed by the well-known and dreaded appellations of,—

" Le Cerf Agile ! Le Gros Serpent ! "

But the wary and vigilant leader of the Hurons was not so easily disconcerted. Casting his keen eyes around the little plain, he comprehended the nature of the assault at a glance, and, encouraging his followers by his voice as well as by his example, he unsheathed his long and dangerous knife, and rushed with a loud whoop upon the expecting Chingachgook. It was the signal for a general combat. Neither party had firearms, and the contest was to be decided in the deadliest manner—hand to hand, with weapons of offence and none of defence.

Uncas answered the whoop, and leaping on an enemy, with a single well-directed blow of his tomahawk cleft him to the brain. Heyward tore the weapon of Magua from the sapling, and rushed eagerly towards the fray. As the combatants were now equal in number, each singled an opponent from the adverse band. The rush and blows passed with the fury of a whirlwind and the swiftness of lightning. Hawk-eye soon got another enemy within reach of his arm, and with one sweep of his formidable weapon he beat down the slight and inartificial defences of his antagonist, crushing him to the earth with the blow. Heyward ventured to hurl the toma-

hawk he had seized, too ardent to await the moment of closing. It struck the Indian he had selected on the forehead, and checked for an instant his onward rush. Encouraged by this slight advantage, the impetuous young man continued his onset, and sprang upon his enemy with naked hands. A single instant was sufficient to assure him of the rashness of the measure, for he immediately found himself fully engaged, with all his activity and courage, in endeavouring to ward the desperate thrusts made with the knife of the Huron. Unable longer to foil an enemy so alert and vigilant, he threw his arms about him, and succeeded in pinning the limbs of the other to his side with an iron grasp, but one that was far too exhausting to himself to continue long. In this extremity he heard a voice near him shouting,—

"Exterminate the varlets! no quarter to an accursed Mingo!"

At the next moment the breech of Hawk-eye's rifle fell on the naked head of his adversary, whose muscles appeared to wither under the shock, as he sank from the arms of Duncan, flexible and motionless.

When Uncas had brained his first antagonist, he turned, like a hungry lion, to seek another. The fifth and only Huron disengaged at the first onset had paused a moment, and then seeing that all around him were employed in the deadly strife, he had sought, with hellish vengeance, to complete the baffled work of revenge. Raising a shout of triumph, he sprang towards the defenceless Cora, sending his keen axe as the dreadful precursor of his approach. The tomahawk grazed her shoulder, and cutting the withes which bound her to the tree, left the maiden at liberty to fly. She eluded the grasp of the savage, and, reckless of her own safety, threw herself on the bosom of Alice, striving, with convulsed and ill-directed fingers, to tear asunder the twigs which confined the person

of her sister. Any other than a monster would have relented at such an act of generous devotion to the best and purest affection ; but the breast of the Huron was a stranger to sympathy. Seizing Cora by the rich tresses which fell in confusion about her form, he tore her from her frantic hold, and, and bowed her down with brutal violence to her knees. The savage drew the flowing curls through his hand, and raising them on high with an outstretched arm, he passed the knife around the exquisitely moulded head of his victim with a taunting and exulting laugh. But he purchased this moment of fierce gratification with the loss of the fatal opportunity. It was just then the sight caught the eye of Uncas. Bounding from his footsteps, he appeared for an instant darting through the air, and descending in a ball, he fell on the chest of his enemy, driving him many yards from the spot, headlong and prostrate. The violence of the exertion cast the young Mohican at his side. They arose together, fought, and bled, each in his turn. But the conflict was soon decided : the tomahawk of Heyward and the rifle of Hawk-eye descended on the skull of the Huron at the same moment that the knife of Uncas reached his heart.

James Fenimore Cooper

THE PROMISED LAND

The army came at length to the place mentioned by the friendly Indians, where the road forked, and one arm of it was found, as they had foretold, obstructed with large trunks of trees and huge stones which had been strewn across it. Cortés inquired the meaning of this from the Mexican ambassadors. They said it was done by the emperor's orders, to prevent their taking a route which, after some distance, they would

find nearly impracticable for the cavalry. They acknowledged, however, that it was the most direct road ; and Cortés, declaring that this was enough to decide him in favour of it, as the Spaniards made no account of obstacles, commanded the rubbish to be cleared away. Some of the timber might still be seen by the roadside, as Bernal Diaz tells us, many years after. The event left little doubt in the general's mind of the meditated treachery of the Mexicans. But he was too politic to betray his suspicions.

They were now leaving the pleasant champaign country, as the road wound up the bold sierra which separates the great plateaus of Mexico and Puebla. The air, as they ascended, became keen and piercing ; and the blasts, sweeping down the frozen sides of the mountains, made the soldiers shiver in their thick harness of cotton, and benumbed the limbs of both men and horses.

They were passing between two of the highest mountains on the North American continent, Popocatepetl, " the hill that smokes," and Iztaccihuatl, or " white woman "—a name suggested, doubtless, by the bright robe of snow spread over its broad and broken surfaces. A puerile superstition of the Indians regarded these celebrated mountains as gods, and Iztaccihuatl as the wife of her more formidable neighbour. A tradition of a higher character described the northern volcano as the abode of the departed spirits of wicked rulers, whose fiery agonies in their prison-house caused the fearful bellowings and convulsions in times of eruption. It was the classic fable of Antiquity. These superstitious legends had invested the mountain with a mysterious horror that made the natives shrink from attempting its ascent, which indeed was, from natural causes, a work of incredible difficulty.

The great *volcan*, as Popocatepetl was called, rose to

the enormous height of 17,852 feet above the level of the sea ; more than 2000 feet above the " monarch of mountains "—the highest elevation in Europe. During the present century, it has rarely given evidence of its volcanic origin, and " the hill that smokes " has almost forfeited its claim to the appellation. But at the time of the Conquest it was frequently in a state of activity, and raged with uncommon fury while the Spaniards were at Tlascala ; an evil omen, it was thought, for the natives of Anahuac. Its head, gathered into a regular cone by the deposit of successive eruptions, wore the usual form of volcanic mountains, when not disturbed by the falling in of the crater. Soaring towards the skies, with its silver sheet of everlasting snow, it was seen far and wide over the broads plains of Mexico and Puebla, the first object which the morning sun greeted in his rising, the last where his evening rays were seen to linger, shedding a glorious effulgence over its head, that contrasted strikingly with the ruinous waste of sand and lava immediately below, and the deep fringe of funereal pines that shrouded its base.

The mysterious terrors which hung over the spot, and the wild love of adventure, made some of the Spanish cavaliers desirous to attempt the ascent, which the natives declared no man could accomplish and live. Cortés encouraged them in the enterprise, willing to show the Indians that no achievement was above the dauntless daring of his followers. One of his captains, accordingly, Diego Ordaz, with nine Spaniards, and several Tlascalans, encouraged by their example, undertook the ascent. It was attended with more difficulty than had been anticipated.

The lower region was clothed with a dense forest, so thickly matted that in some places it was scarcely possible to penetrate it. It grew thinner, however, as they advanced, dwindling by degrees into a straggling,

stunted vegetation, till at the height of somewhat more than thirteen thousand feet it faded away altogether. The Indians who had held on thus far, intimidated by the strange subterraneous sounds of the volcano, even then in a state of combustion, now left them. The track opened on a black surface of glazed volcanic sand and of lava, the broken fragments of which, arrested in its boiling progress in a thousand fantastic forms, opposed continual impediments to their advance. Amidst these, one huge rock, the *Pico del Fraile*, a conspicuous object from below, rose to the perpendicular height of a hundred and fifty feet, compelling them to take a wide circuit. They soon came to the limits of perpetual snow, where new difficulties presented themselves, as the treacherous ice gave an imperfect footing, and a false step might precipitate them into the frozen chasms that yawned around. To increase their distress, respiration in these aerial regions became so difficult, that every effort was attended with sharp pains in the head and limbs. Still they pressed on till, drawing nearer the crater, such volumes of smoke, sparks, and cinders were belched forth from its burning entrails, and driven down the sides of the mountain, as nearly suffocated and blinded them. It was too much even for their hardy frames to endure, and, however reluctantly, they were compelled to abandon the attempt on the eve of its completion. They brought back some huge icicles—a curious sight in these tropical regions—as a trophy of their achievement, which, however imperfect, was sufficient to strike the minds of the natives with wonder, by showing that with the Spaniards the most appalling and mysterious perils were only as pastimes. The undertaking was eminently characteristic of the bold spirit of the cavalier of that day, who, not content with the dangers that lay in his path, seemed to court them from the mere quixotic love of

adventure. A report of the affair was transmitted to the Emperor Charles V, and the family of Ordaz was allowed to commemorate the exploit by assuming a burning mountain on their escutcheon.

The general was not satisfied with the result. Two years after, he sent up another party, under Francisco Montaño, a cavalier of determined resolution. The object was to obtain sulphur to assist in making gunpowder for the army. The mountain was quiet at this time, and the expedition was attended with better success. The Spaniards, five in number, climbed to the very edge of the crater, which presented an irregular ellipse at its mouth, more than a league in circumference. Its depth might be from eight hundred to a thousand feet. A lurid flame burned gloomily at the bottom, sending up a sulphureous steam, which, cooling as it rose, was precipitated on the sides of the cavity. The party cast lots, and it fell on Montaño himself to descend in a basket into this hideous abyss, into which he was lowered by his companions to the depth of four hundred feet! This was repeated several times, till the adventurous cavalier had collected a sufficient quantity of sulphur for the wants of the army. This doughty enterprise excited general admiration at the time. Cortés concludes his report of it to the emperor with the judicious reflection that it would be less inconvenient, on the whole, to import their powder from Spain.

But it is time to return from our digression, which may, perhaps, be excused as illustrating, in a remarkable manner, the chimerical spirit of enterprise—not inferior to that in his own romances of chivalry—which glowed in the breast of the Spanish cavalier in the sixteenth century.

The army held on its march through the intricate gorges of the sierra. The route was nearly the same as that pursued at the present day by the courier

from the capital to Puebla, by the way of Mecameca It was not that usually taken by travellers from Vera Cruz, who follow the more circuitous road round the northern base of Iztaccihuatl, as less fatiguing than the other, though inferior in picturesque scenery and romantic points of view. The icy winds that now swept down the sides of the mountains, brought with them a tempest of arrowy sleet and snow, from which the Christians suffered even more than the Tlascalans, reared from infancy among the wild solitudes of their own native hills. As night came on, their sufferings would have been intolerable, but they luckily found a shelter in the commodious stone buildings which the Mexican government had placed at stated intervals along the roads for the accommodation of the traveller and their own couriers. It little dreamed it was providing a protection for its enemies.

The troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives ; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble

forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens ; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present ; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene ; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility ; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins ;—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty ! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, " It is the promised land ! "

William Hickling Prescott

WEALTH

As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, How does that man get his living ? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.

Wealth has its source in applications of the mind to Nature, from the rudest strokes of spade and axe up to the last secrets of art. Intimate ties subsist between thought and all production ; because a better order is equivalent to vast amounts of brute labour. The forces and the resistances are Nature's, but the mind acts in bringing things from where they abound to where they are wanted ; in wise combining ; in directing the practice of the useful arts, and in the creation of finer values, by fine art, by eloquence, by

song, or the reproductions of memory. Wealth is in applications of mind to Nature, and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams, and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff now, O Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a labourer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilisation. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle: and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a *half-ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.

When the farmer's peaches are taken from under the tree, and carried into town, they have a new look, and a hundredfold value over the fruit which grew on the same bough, and lies fulsomely on the ground. The craft of the merchant is this bringing a thing from where it abounds to where it is costly.

Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes, so to change

your dress when you are wet ; in dry sticks to burn ; in a good double-wick lamp ; and three meals ; in a horse, or a locomotive, to cross the land ; in a boat to cross the sea ; in tools to work with ; in books to read ; and so, in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries, the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet, and hands, and eyes, and blood, length to the day, and knowledge, and good-will.

Wealth begins with these articles of necessity. And here we must recite the iron law which Nature thunders in these northern climates. First, she requires that each man should feed himself. If, happily, his fathers have left him no inheritance, he must go to work, and by making his wants less, or his gains more, he must draw himself out of that state of pain and insult in which she forces the beggar to lie. She gives him no rest until this is done : she starves, taunts, and torments him, takes away warmth, laughter, sleep, friends, and daylight, until he has fought his way to his own loaf. Then, less peremptorily, but still with sting enough, she urges him to the acquisition of such things as belong to him. Every warehouse and shop-window, every fruit-tree, every thought of every hour, opens a new want to him, which it concerns his power and dignity to gratify. It is of no use to argue the wants down : the philosophers have laid the greatness of man in making his wants few : but will a man content himself with a hut and a handful of dried pease ? He is born to be rich. He is thoroughly related ; and is tempted out by his appetites and fancies to the conquest of this and that piece of Nature, until he finds his well-being in the use of his planet, and of more planets than his own. Wealth requires, besides the crust of bread and the roof,—the freedom of the city, the freedom of the earth, travelling, machinery, the benefits of

science, music, and fine arts, the best culture, and the best company. He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labours of the greatest number of men, of men in distant countries, and in past times. The same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach, and water in the spring, exists between the whole of man and the whole of Nature. The elements offer their service to him. The sea, washing the equator and the poles, offers its perilous aid, and the power and empire that follow it,—day by day to his craft and audacity. " Beware of me," it says, " but if you can hold me, I am the key to all the lands." Fire offers, on its side, an equal power. Fire, steam, lightning, gravity, ledges of rock, mines of iron, lead, quicksilver, tin, and gold ; forests of all woods ; fruits of all climates ; animals of all habits ; the powers of tillage ; the fabrics of his chemic laboratory ; the webs of his loom ; the masculine draught of his locomotive, the talismans of the machine-shop ; all grand and subtle things, minerals, gases, ethers, passions, war, trade, government, are his natural playmates, and, according to the excellence of the machinery in each human being, is his attraction for the instruments he is to employ. The world is his tool-chest, and he is successful, or his education is carried on just so far as is the marriage of his faculties with Nature, or the degree in which he takes up things into himself.

The strong race is strong on these terms. The Saxons are the merchants of the world ; now, for a thousand years, the leading race, and by nothing more than their quality of personal independence, and, in its special modification, pecuniary independence. No reliance for bread and games on the government, no clanship, no patriarchal style of

living by the revenues of a chief, no marrying-on,—no system of clientship suits them ; but every man must pay his scot. The English are prosperous and peaceable, with their habit of considering that every man must take care of himself, and has himself to thank if he do not maintain and improve his position in society.

The subject of economy mixes itself with morals, inasmuch as it is a peremptory point of virtue that a man's independence be secured. Poverty demoralizes. A man in debt is so far a slave ; and Wall Street thinks it easy for a millionaire to be a man of his word, a man of honour, but that, in failing circumstances, no man can be relied on to keep his integrity. And when one observes in the hotels and palaces of our Atlantic capitals, the habit of expense, the riot of the senses, the absence of bonds, clanship, fellow-feeling of any kind, he feels that, when a man or a woman is driven to the wall, the chances of integrity are frightfully diminished, as if virtue were coming to be a luxury which few could afford, or, as Burke said, " at a market almost too high for humanity." He may fix his inventory of necessities and of enjoyments on what scale he pleases, but if he wishes the power and privilege of thought, the chalking out his own career, and having society on his own terms, he must bring his wants within his proper power to satisfy.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do. The world is full of fops who never did anything, and who have persuaded beauties and men of genius to wear their fop livery, and these will deliver the fop opinion, that it is not respectable to be seen earning a living ; that it is much more respectable to spend without earning ; and this doctrine of the snake will come also from the elect sons of light ; for wise men are not wise at all hours, and will speak five times from their taste or their

humour to once from their reason. The brave workman, who might betray his feeling of it in his manners, if he do not succumb in his practice, must replace the grace or elegance forfeited by the merit of the work done. No matter whether he make shoes, or statues, or laws. It is the privilege of any human work which is well done to invest the doer with a certain haughtiness. He can well afford not to conciliate, whose faithful work will answer for him. The mechanic at his bench carries a quiet heart and assured manners, and deals on even terms with men of any condition. The artist has made his picture so true, that it disconcerts criticism. The statue is so beautiful, that it contracts no stain from the market, but makes the market a silent gallery for itself. The case of the young lawyer was pitiful to disgust,—a paltry matter of buttons or tweezer-cases ; but the determined youth saw in it an aperture to insert his dangerous wedges, made the insignificance of the thing forgotten, and gave fame by his sense and energy to the name and affairs of the Tittleton snuff-box factory.

Society in large towns is babyish, and wealth is made a toy. The life of pleasure is so ostentatious, that a shallow observer must believe that this is the agreed best use of wealth, and whatever is pretended, it ends in cosseting. But, if this were the main use of surplus capital, it would bring us to barricades, burned towns, and tomahawks presently. Men of sense esteem wealth to be the assimilation of Nature to themselves, the converting of the sap and juices of the planet to the incarnation and nutriment of their design. Power is what they want,—not candy ;—power to execute their design, power to give legs and feet, form and actuality to their thought, which, to a clear-sighted man, appears the end for which the universe exists, and all its resources might be well applied. Columbus thinks that the sphere is a

problem for practical navigation, as well as for closet geometry, and looks on all kings and peoples as cowardly landsmen until they dare fit him out. Few men on the planet have more truly belonged to it. But he was forced to leave much of his map blank. His successors inherited his map, and inherited his fury to complete it.

So the men of the mine, telegraph, mill, map, and survey,—the monomaniacs, who talk up their project in marts and offices, and entreat men to subscribe :—how did our factories get built? how did North America get netted with iron rails, except by the importunity of these orators, who dragged all the prudent men in? Is party the madness of many for the gain of a few? This *speculative* genius is the madness of few for the gain of the world. The projectors are sacrificed, but the public is the gainer. Each of these idealists, working after his thought, would make it tyrannical, if he could. He is met and antagonized by other speculators, as hot as he. The equilibrium is preserved by these counteractions, as one tree keeps down another in the forest, that it may not absorb all the sap in the ground. And the supply in Nature of railroad presidents, copper-miners, grand-junctioners, smoke-burners, fire-annihilators, etc., is limited by the same law which keeps the proportion in the supply of carbon, of alum, and of hydrogen.

To be rich is to have a ticket of admission to the master-works and chief men of each race. It is to have the sea, by voyaging ; to visit the mountains, Niagara, the Nile, the desert, Rome, Paris, Constantinople ; to see galleries, libraries, arsenals, manufactories. The reader of Humboldt's *Cosmos* follows the marches of a man whose eyes, ears, and mind are armed by all the science, arts, and implements which mankind have anywhere accumulated, and who is using these to add to the stock. So it is

with Denon, Beckford, Belzoni, Wilkinson, Layard, Kane, Lepsius, and Livingstone. "The rich man," says Saadi, "is everywhere expected and at home." The rich take up something more of the world into man's life. They include the country as well as the town, the ocean-side, the White Hills, the Far West, and the old European homesteads of man, in their notion of available material. The world is his, who has money to go over it. He arrives at the sea-shore, and a sumptuous ship has floored and carpeted for him the stormy Atlantic, and made it a luxurious hotel, amid the horrors of tempests. The Persians say, "'Tis the same to him who wears a shoe, as if the whole earth were covered with leather."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES

ONE day the mighty Antæus was lolling at full length among his little friends. His pine-tree walking-stick lay on the ground, close by his side. His head was in one part of the kingdom, and his feet extended across the boundaries of another part; and he was taking whatever comfort he could get, while the Pygmies scrambled over him, and peeped into his cavernous mouth, and played among his hair. Sometimes, for a minute or two, the Giant dropped asleep, and snored like the rush of a whirlwind. During one of these little bits of slumber, a Pygmy chanced to climb upon his shoulder, and took a view around the horizon, as from the summit of a hill; and he beheld something, a long way off, which made him rub the bright specks of his eyes, and look sharper than before. At first he mistook it for a mountain, and wondered how it had grown up so suddenly out of the earth. But soon he saw the

mountain move. As it came nearer and nearer, what should it turn out to be but a human shape, not so big as Antæus, it is true, although a very enormous figure, in comparison with Pygmies, and a vast deal bigger than the men we see nowadays.

When the Pygmy was quite satisfied that his eyes had not deceived him he scampered, as fast as his legs would carry him, to the Giant's ear, and stooping over its cavity shouted lustily into it,—

" Halloo, brother Antæus ! Get up this minute, and take your pine-tree walking stick in your hand. Here comes another Giant to have a tussle with you."

" Poh, poh ! " grumbled Antæus, only half awake. " None of your nonsense, my little fellow ! Don't you see I'm sleepy ? There is not a Giant on earth for whom I would take the trouble to get up."

But the Pygmy looked again, and now perceived that the stranger was coming directly towards the prostrate form of Antæus. With every step he looked less like a blue mountain, and more like an immensely large man. He was soon so nigh that there could be no possible mistake about the matter. There he was, with the sun flaming on his golden helmet, and flashing from his polished breastplate ; he had a sword by his side, and a lion's skin over his back, and on his right shoulder he carried a club, which looked bulkier and heavier than the pine-tree walking-stick of Antæus.

By this time, the whole nation of the Pygmies had seen the new Wonder, and a million of them set up a shout all together ; so that it really made quite an audible squeak.

" Get up, Antæus ! Bestir yourself, you lazy old Giant ! Here comes another Giant, as strong as you are, to fight with you."

" Nonsense, nonsense ! " growled the sleepy Giant. " I'll have my nap out, come who may."

Still the stranger drew nearer ; and now the Pygmies could plainly discern that, if his stature were less lofty than the Giant's, yet his shoulders were even broader. And, in truth, what a pair of shoulders they must have been ! As I told you, a long while ago, they once upheld the sky. The Pygmies, being ten times as vivacious as their great numskull of a brother, could not abide the Giant's slow movements, and were determined to have him on his feet. So they kept shouting to him, and even went so far as to prick him with their swords.

" Get up, get up, get up ! " they cried. " Up with you, lazy bones ! The strange Giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broadest, and we think him the stronger of the two."

Antæus could not endure to have it said that any mortal was half so mighty as himself. This latter remark of the Pygmies pricked him deeper than their swords ; and, sitting up, in rather a sulky humour, he gave a gape of several yards wide, rubbed his eye, and finally turned his stupid head in the direction whither his little friends were eagerly pointing.

No sooner did he set eyes on the stranger than, leaping on his feet, and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him ; all the while brandishing the sturdy pine tree, so that it whistled through the air.

" Who are you ? " thundered the Giant. " And what do you want in my dominions ? "

There was one strange thing about Antæus of which I have not yet told you, lest, hearing of so many wonders all in a lump, you might not believe much more than half of them. You are to know, then, that, whenever this redoubtable Giant touched the ground, either with his hand, his foot, or any other part of his body, he grew stronger than ever he had been before. The Earth, you remember, was his

mother, and was very fond of him, as being almost the biggest of her children ; and so she took this method of keeping him always in full vigour. Some persons affirm that he grew ten times stronger at every touch ; others say that it was only twice as strong. But only think of it ! Whenever Antæus took a walk, supposing it were but ten miles, and that he stepped a hundred yards at a stride, you may try to cipher out how much mightier he was, on sitting down again, than when he first started. And whenever he flung himself on the earth to take a little repose, even if he got up the very next instant, he would be as strong as exactly ten just such giants as his former self. It was well for the world that Antæus happened to be of a sluggish disposition, and liked ease better than exercise ; for, if he had frisked about like the Pygmies, and touched the earth as often as they did, he would long ago have been strong enough to pull down the sky about people's ears. But these great lubberly fellows resemble mountains, not only in bulk, but in their disinclination to move.

Any other mortal man, except the very one whom Antæus had now encountered, would have been half frightened to death by the Giant's ferocious aspect and terrible voice. But the stranger did not seem at all disturbed. He carelessly lifted his club, and balanced it in his hand, measuring Antæus with his eye, from head to foot, not as if wonder-smitten at his stature, but as if he had seen a great many Giants before, and this was by no means the biggest of them. In fact, if the Giant had been no bigger than the Pygmies (who stood pricking up their ears, and looking and listening to what was going forward), the stranger could not have been less afraid of him.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antæus again. "What's your name? Why do you come hither?

Speak, you vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very discourteous Giant," answered the stranger quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach you a little civility, before we part. As for my name, it is Hercules. I have come hither because this is my most convenient road to the garden of the Hesperides, whither I am going to get three of the golden apples for King Eurytheus."

"Caitiff, you shall go no farther!" bellowed Antæus, putting on a grimmer look than before; for he had heard of the mighty Hercules, and hated him because he was said to be so strong. "Neither shall you go back whence you came!"

"How will you prevent me," asked Hercules, "from going whither I please?"

"By hitting you a rap with this pine tree here," shouted Antæus, scowling so that he made himself the ugliest monster in Africa. "I am fifty times stronger than you; and, now that I stamp my foot upon the ground, I am five hundred times stronger! I am ashamed to kill such a puny little dwarf as you seem to be. I will make a slave of you, and you shall likewise be the slave of my brethren here, the Pygmies. So throw down your club and your other weapons; and as for that lion's skin, I intend to have a pair of gloves made of it."

"Come and take it off my shoulders, then," answered Hercules, lifting his club.

Then the Giant, grinning with rage, strode tower-like towards the stranger (ten times strengthened at every step), and fetched a monstrous blow at him with his pine tree, which Hercules caught upon his club; and being more skilful than Antæus, he paid him back such a rap upon the sconce that down tumbled the great lumbering man-mountain, flat upon the ground. The poor little Pygmies (who

really never dreamed that anybody in the world was half so strong as their brother Antæus) were a good deal dismayed at this. But no sooner was the Giant down than up he bounced again, with tenfold might, and such a furious visage as was horrible to behold. He aimed another blow at Hercules, but struck awry, being blinded with wrath, and only hit his poor innocent Mother Earth, who groaned and trembled at the stroke. His pine tree went so deep into the ground, and stuck there so fast, that, before Antæus could get it out, Hercules brought down his club across his shoulders with a mighty thwack, which made the Giant roar as if all sorts of intolerable noises had come screeching and rumbling out of his immeasurable lungs in that one cry. Anyway it went, over mountains and valleys, and, for aught I know, was heard on the other side of the African deserts.

As for the Pygmies, their capital city was laid in ruins by the concussion and vibration of the air; and, though there was uproar enough without their help, they all set up a shriek out of three millions of little throats, fancying, no doubt, that they swelled the Giant's bellow by at least ten times as much. Meanwhile, Antæus had scrambled upon his feet again, and pulled his pine tree out of the earth; and, all aflame with fury, and more outrageously strong than ever, he ran at Hercules, and brought down another blow.

"This time, rascal," shouted he, "you shall not escape me."

But once more Hercules warded off the stroke with his club, and the Giant's pine tree was shattered into a thousand splinters, most of which flew among the Pygmies, and did them more mischief than I like to think about. Before Antæus could get out of the way, Hercules let drive again, and gave him another knock-down blow, which sent him heels over head,

but served only to increase his already enormous and insufferable strength. As for his rage, there is no telling what a fiery furnace it had now got to be. His one eye was nothing but a circle of red flame. Having now no weapons but his fists, he doubled them up (each bigger than a hogshead), smote one against the other, and danced up and down with absolute frenzy, flourishing his immense arms about, as if he meant not merely to kill Hercules, but to smash the whole world to pieces.

" Come on ! " roared this thundering Giant. " Let me hit you but one box on the ear, and you'll never have the headache again."

Now Hercules (though strong enough, as you already know, to hold the sky up) began to be sensible that he should never win the victory, if he kept on knocking Antæus down ; for, by-and-by, if he hit him such hard blows, the Giant would inevitably, by the help of his Mother Earth, become stronger than the mighty Hercules himself. So, throwing down his club, with which he had fought so many dreadful battles, the hero stood ready to receive his antagonist with naked arms.

" Step forward," cried he. " Since I've broken your pine tree, we'll try which is the better man at a wrestling match."

" Aha ! then I'll soon satisfy you," shouted the Giant ; for, if there was one thing on which he prided himself more than another, it was his skill in wrestling. " Villain, I'll fling you where you can never pick yourself up again."

On came Antæus, hopping and capering with the scorching heat of his rage, and getting new vigour wherewith to wreak his passion every time he hopped. But Hercules, you must understand, was wiser than this numskull of a Giant, and had thought of a way to fight him—huge, earth-born monster that he was—

and to conquer him too, in spite of all that his Mother Earth could do for him. Watching his opportunity as the mad Giant made a rush at him, Hercules caught him round the middle with both hands, lifted him high into the air, and held him aloft overhead.

What a spectacle it must have been, to see this monstrous fellow sprawling in the air, face downward, kicking out his long legs and wriggling his whole vast body, like a baby when its father holds it at arm's length towards the ceiling.

But the most wonderful thing was, that, as soon as Antæus was fairly off the earth, he began to lose the vigour which he had gained by touching it. Hercules very soon perceived that his troublesome enemy was growing weaker, both because he struggled and kicked with less violence, and because the thunder of his big voice subsided into a grumble. The truth was that unless the Giant touched Mother Earth as often as once in five minutes, not only his overgrown strength, but the very breath of his life would depart from him. Hercules had guessed this secret ; and it may be well for us all to remember it, in case we should ever have to fight a battle with a fellow like Antæus. For these earth-born creatures are only difficult to conquer on their own ground, but may easily be managed if we can contrive to lift them into a loftier and purer region. So it proved with the poor Giant, whom I am really a little sorry for, notwithstanding his uncivil way of treating strangers who came to visit him.

When his strength and breath were quite gone, Hercules gave his huge body a toss, and flung it about a mile off, where it fell heavily and lay with no more motion than a sand-hill. It was too late for the Giant's Mother Earth to help him now ; and I should not wonder if his ponderous bones were lying on the same spot to this very day, and were mistaken for those of an uncommonly large elephant.

But, alas me ! What à wailing did the poor little Pygmies set up when they saw their enormous brother treated in this terrible manner ! If Hercules heard their shrieks, however, he took no notice, and perhaps fancied them only the shrill, plaintive twittering of small birds that had been frightened from their nests by the uproar of the battle between himself and Antæus. Indeed, his thoughts had been so much taken up with the Giant that he had never once looked at the Pygmies, nor even knew that there was such a funny little nation in the world. And now, as he had travelled a good way, and was also rather weary with his exertions in the fight, he spread out his lion's skin on the ground, and, reclining himself upon it, fell fast asleep.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

HOP-FROG

I NEVER knew anyone so keenly alive to a joke as the king was. He seemed to live only for joking. To tell a good story of the joke kind, and to tell it well, was the surest road to his favour. Thus it happened that his seven ministers were all noted for their accomplishments as jokers. They all took after the king, too, in being large, corpulent, oily men, as well as inimitable jokers. Whether people grow fat by joking, or whether there is something in fat itself which predisposes to a joke, I have never been quite able to determine ; but certain it is that a lean joker is a *rara avis in terris.*

About the refinements, or, as he called them, the " ghosts " of wit, the king troubled himself very little. He had an especial admiration for breadth in a jest, and would often put up with length, for the sake of it. Over-niceties wearied him. He would have

preferred Rabelais's *Gargantua* to the *Zadig* of Voltaire : and, upon the whole, practical jokes suited his taste far better than verbal ones.

At the date of my narrative, professing jesters had not altogether gone out of fashion at court. Several of the great continental powers still retained their "fools," who wore motley, with caps and bells, and who were expected to be always ready with sharp witticisms, at a moment's notice, in consideration of the crumbs that fell from the royal table.

Our king, as a matter of course, retained his "fool." The fact is, he required something in the way of folly—if only to counterbalance the heavy wisdom of the seven wise men who were his ministers—not to mention himself.

His fool, or professional jester, was not *only* a fool, however. His value was trebled in the eyes of the king by the fact of his being also a dwarf and a cripple. Dwarfs were as common at court, in those days, as fools ; and many monarchs would have found it difficult to get through their days (days are rather longer at court than elsewhere) without both a jester to laugh with and a dwarf to laugh at. But, as I have already observed, your jesters, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are fat, round, and unwieldy—so that it was no small source of self-gratulation with our king that in Hop-Frog (this was the fool's name) he possessed a triplicate treasure in one person.

I believe the name "Hop-Frog" was not that given to the dwarf by his sponsors at baptism, but it was conferred upon him, by general consent of the seven ministers, on account of his inability to walk as other men do. In fact, Hop-Frog could only get along by a sort of interjectional gait—something between a leap and a wriggle—a movement that afforded illimitable amusement, and of course consolation, to the king, for (notwithstanding the protuberance of his stomach

and a constitutional swelling of the head) the king, by his whole court, was accounted a capital figure.

But although Hop-Frog, through the distortion of his legs, could move only with great pain and difficulty along a road or floor, the prodigious muscular power which Nature seemed to have bestowed upon his arms, by way of compensation for deficiency in the lower limbs, enabled him to perform many feats of wonderful dexterity, where trees or ropes were in question, or anything else to climb. At such exercises he certainly much more resembled a squirrel, or a small monkey, than a frog.

I am not able to say, with precision, from what country Hop-Frog originally came. It was from some barbarous region, however, that no person ever heard of—a vast distance from the court of our king. Hop-Frog, and a young girl very little less dwarfish than himself (although of exquisite proportions, and a marvellous dancer), had been forcibly carried off from their respective homes in adjoining provinces, and sent as presents to the king, by one of his ever-victorious generals.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that a close intimacy arose between the two little captives. Indeed, they soon became sworn friends. Hop-Frog, who, although he made a great deal of sport, was by no means popular, had it not in his power to render Trippetta many services; but she, on account of her grace and exquisite beauty (although a dwarf), was universally admired and petted: so she possessed much influence; and never failed to use it, whenever she could, for the benefit of Hop-Frog.

On some grand state occasion—I forget what—the king determined to have a masquerade; and whenever a masquerade, or anything of that kind, occurred at our court, then the talents both of Hop-Frog and

Trippetta were sure to be called in play. Hop-Frog, in especial, was so inventive in the way of getting up pageants, suggesting novel characters and arranging costume for masked balls, that nothing could be done, it seems, without his assistance.

The night appointed for the *fête* had arrived. A gorgeous hall had been fitted up, under Tripetta's eye, with every kind of device which could possibly give *éclat* to a masquerade. The whole court was in a fever of expectation. As for costumes and characters, it might well be supposed that everybody had come to a decision on such points. Many had made up their minds as to what *rôles* they should assume, a week, or even a month, in advance ; and, in fact, there was not a particle of indecision anywhere—except in the case of the king and his seven ministers. Why *they* hesitated I never could tell, unless they did it by way of a joke. More probably, they found it difficult, on account of being so fat, to make up their minds. At all events, time flew ; and, as a last resource, they sent for Trippetta and Hop-Frog.

When the two little friends obeyed the summons of the king, they found him sitting at his wine with the seven members of his cabinet council ; but the monarch appeared to be in a very ill humour. He knew that Hop-Frog was not fond of wine ; for it excited the poor cripple almost to madness ; and madness is no comfortable feeling. But the king loved his practical jokes, and took pleasure in forcing Hop-Frog to drink and (as the king called it) " to be merry."

" Come here, Hop-Frog," said he, as the jester and his friend entered the room : " swallow this bumper to the health of your absent friends " (here Hop-Frog sighed), " and then let us have the benefit of your invention. We want characters—*characters*, man—something novel—out of the way. We are wearied

with this everlasting sameness. Come, drink! the wine will brighten your wits."

Hop-Frog endeavoured, as usual, to get up a jest in reply to these advances from the king; but the effort was too much. It happened to be the poor dwarf's birthday, and the command to drink to his "absent friends" forced the tears to his eyes. Many large, bitter drops fell into the goblet as he took it, humbly, from the hand of the tyrant.

"Ah! ha! ha! ha!" roared the latter, as the dwarf reluctantly drained the beaker. "See what a glass of good wine can do! Why, your eyes are shining already!"

Poor fellow! his large eyes gleamed rather than shone, for the effect of wine on his excitable brain was not more powerful than instantaneous. He placed the goblet nervously on the table, and looked round upon the company with a half-insane stare. They all seemed highly amused at the success of the king's "joke."

"And now to business," said the prime minister, a very fat man.

"Yes," said the king; "come, Hop-Frog, lend us your assistance. Characters, my fine fellow; we stand in need of characters—all of us—ha! ha! ha!" and as this was seriously meant for a joke, his laugh was chorused by the seven.

Hop-Frog also laughed, although feebly and somewhat vacantly.

"Come, come," said the king, impatiently, "have you nothing to suggest?"

"I am endeavouring to think of something novel," replied the dwarf, abstractedly, for he was quite bewildered by the wine.

"Endeavouring!" cried the tyrant, fiercely; "what do you mean by that? Ah, I perceive. You are sulky, and want more wine. Here, drink this!" and

he poured out another gobletful and offered it to the cripple, who merely gazed at it, gasping for breath.

" Drink, I say ! " shouted the monster, " or by the fiends—"

The dwarf hesitated. The king grew purple with rage. The courtiers smirked. Trippetta, pale as a corpse, advanced to the monarch's seat, and, falling on her knees before him, implored him to spare her friend.

The tyrant regarded her, for some moments, in evident wonder at her audacity. He seemed quite at a loss what to do or say—how most becomingly to express his indignation. At last, without uttering a syllable, he pushed her violently from him, and threw the contents of the brimming goblet in her face.

The poor girl got up as best she could, and, not daring even to sigh, resumed her position at the foot of the table.

There was a dead silence for about half a minute, during which the falling of a leaf, or of a feather, might have been heard. It was interrupted by a low, but harsh and protracted grating sound which seemed to come at once from every corner of the room.

" What—what are you making that noise for ? " demanded the king, turning furiously to the dwarf.

The latter seemed to have recovered, in great measure, from his intoxication, and looking fixedly but quietly into the tyrant's face, merely ejaculated :—

" I—I ? How could it have been me ? "

" The sound appeared to come from without," observed one of the courtiers. " I fancy it was the parrot at the window, whetting his bill upon his cage-wires."

" True," replied the monarch, as if much relieved by the suggestion ; " but, on the honour of a knight, I could have sworn that it was the gritting of this vagabond's teeth."

Hereupon the dwarf laughed (the king was too

confirmed a joker to object to any one's laughing), and displayed a set of large, powerful, and very repulsive teeth. Moreover, he avowed his perfect willingness to swallow as much wine as desired. The monarch was pacified ; and having drained another bumper with no very perceptible ill effect, Hop-Frog entered at once, and with spirit, into the plans for the masquerade.

" I cannot tell what was the association of idea," observed he, very tranquilly, and as if he had never tasted wine in his life, "but just after your majesty had struck the girl and thrown the wine in her face—just after your majesty had done this, and while the parrot was making that odd noise outside the window, there came into my mind a capital diversion—one of my own country frolics—often enacted among us, at our masquerades : but here it will be new altogether. Unfortunately, however, it requires a company of eight persons, and—"

" Here we are ! " cried the king, laughing at his acute discovery of the coincidence ; " eight to a fraction—I and my seven ministers. Come ! what is the diversion ? "

" We call it," replied the cripple, " the Eight Chained Ourang-Outangs, and it really is excellent sport if well enacted."

"We will enact it," remarked the king, drawing himself up, and lowering his eyelids.

" The beauty of the game," continued Hop-Frog, " lies in the fright it occasions among the women."

" Capital ! " roared in chorus the monarch and his ministry.

" *I* will equip you as ourang-outangs," proceeded the dwarf ; " leave all that to me. The resemblance shall be so striking that the company of masqueraders will take you for real beasts—and, of course, they will be as much terrified as astonished."

" Oh, this is exquisite ! " exclaimed the king. " Hop-Frog ! I will make a man of you."

" The chains are for the purpose of increasing the confusion by their jangling. You are supposed to have escaped, *en masse*, from your keepers. Your majesty cannot conceive the effect produced, at a masquerade, by eight chained ourang-outangs, imagined to be real ones by most of the company, and rushing in with savage cries among the crowd of delicately and gorgeously habited men and women. The contrast is inimitable."

" It must be," said the king : and the council arose hurriedly (as it was growing late), to put in execution the scheme of Hop-Frog.

His mode of equipping the party as ourang-outangs was very simple, but effective enough for his purposes. The animals in question had, at the epoch of my story, very rarely been seen in any part of the civilized world ; and as the imitations made by the dwarf were sufficiently beast-like and more than sufficiently hideous, their truthfulness to Nature was thus thought to be secured.

The king and his ministers were first encased in tight-fitting stockinette shirts and drawers. They were then saturated with tar. At this stage of the process, some one of the party suggested feathers ; but the suggestion was at once overruled by the dwarf, who soon convinced the eight, by ocular demonstration, that the hair of such a brute as the ourang-outang was much more efficiently represented by *flax*. A thick coating of the latter was accordingly plastered upon the coating of tar. A long chain was now procured. First, it was passed about the waist of the king, *and tied* ; then about another of the party, and also tied ; then about all successively, in the same manner. When this chaining arrangement was complete, and the party stood as far apart from each other as

possible, they formed a circle ; and to make all things appear natural, Hop-Frog passed the residue of the chain, in two diameters, at right angles, across the circle, after the fashion adopted, at the present day, by those who capture chimpanzees, or other large apes, in Borneo.

The grand saloon in which the masquerade was to take place, was a circular room, very lofty, and receiving the light of the sun only through a single window at top. At night (the season for which the apartment was especially designed), it was illuminated principally by a large chandelier, depending by a chain from the centre of the sky-light, and lowered, or elevated, by means of a counterbalance as usual ; but (in order not to look unsightly) this latter passed outside the cupola and over the roof.

The arrangements of the room had been left to Tripetta's superintendence ; but, in some particulars, it seems, she had been guided by the calmer judgment of her friend the dwarf. At his suggestion it was that, on this occasion, the chandelier was removed. Its waxen drippings (which, in weather so warm, it was quite impossible to prevent) would have been seriously detrimental to the rich dresses of the guests, who, on account of the crowded state of the saloon, could not all be expected to keep from out its centre—that is to say, from under the chandelier. Additional sconces were set in various parts of the hall, out of the way ; and a flambeau, emitting sweet odour, was placed in the right hand of each of the Caryatides that stood against the wall—some fifty or sixty altogether.

The eight ourang-outangs, taking Hop-Frog's advice, waited patiently until midnight (when the room was thoroughly filled with masqueraders) before making their appearance. No sooner had the clock ceased striking, however, than they rushed, or rather rolled in, all together—for the impediment of

their chains caused most of the party to fall, and all to stumble as they entered.

The excitement among the masqueraders was prodigious, and filled the heart of the king with glee. As had been anticipated, there were not a few of the guests who supposed the ferocious-looking creatures to be beasts of some kind in reality if not precisely ourang-outangs. Many of the women swooned with affright ; and had not the king taken the precaution to exclude all weapons from the saloon, his party might soon have expiated their frolic in their blood. As it was, a general rush was made for the doors ; but the king had ordered them to be locked immediately upon his entrance ; and, at the dwarf's suggestion, the keys had been deposited with him.

While the tumult was at its height, and each masquerader attentive only to his own safety (for, in fact, there was much real danger from the pressure of the excited crowd), the chain by which the chandelier ordinarily hung, and which had been drawn up on its removal, might have been seen very gradually to descend, until its hooked extremity came within three feet of the floor.

Soon after this, the king and his seven friends, having reeled about the hall in all directions, found themselves, at length, in its centre, and, of course, in immediate contact with the chain. While they were thus situated, the dwarf, who had followed closely at their heels, inciting them to keep up the commotion, took hold of their own chain at the intersection of the two portions which crossed the circle diametrically and at right angles. Here, with the rapidity of thought, he inserted the hook from which the chandelier had been wont to depend ; and, in an instant, by some unseen agency, the chandelier-chain was drawn so far upward as to take the hook out of reach, and, as an inevitable consequence, to drag the ourang-

outangs together in close connection, and face to face.

The masqueraders, by this time, had recovered, in some measure, from their alarm ; and, beginning to regard the whole matter as a well-contrived pleasantry, set up a loud shout of laughter at the predicament of the apes.

"Leave them to me!" now screamed Hop-Frog, his shrill voice making itself easily heard through all the din. "Leave them to *me*. I fancy *I* know them. If I can only get a good look at them, *I* can soon tell who they are."

Here, scrambling over the heads of the crowd, he managed to get to the wall ; when, seizing a flambeau from one of the Caryatides, he returned, as he went, to the centre of the room—leaped, with the agility of a monkey, upon the king's head—and thence clambered a few feet up the chain—holding down the torch to examine the group of ourang-outangs, and still screaming, "*I* shall soon find out who they are!"

And now, while the whole assembly (the apes included) were convulsed with laughter, the jester suddenly uttered a shrill whistle, when the chain flew violently up for about thirty feet—dragging with it the dismayed and struggling ourang-outangs, and leaving them suspended in mid-air between the sky-light and the floor. Hop-Frog, clinging to the chain as it rose, still maintained his relative position in respect to the eight maskers, and still (as if nothing were the matter) continued to thrust his torch down towards them, as though endeavouring to discover who they were.

So thoroughly astonished were the whole company at this ascent, that a dead silence, of about a minute's duration, ensued. It was broken by just such a low, harsh, grating sound as had before attracted the attention of the king and his councillors, when the

former threw the wine in the face of Trippetta. But, on the present occasion, there could be no question as to whence the sound issued. It came from the fang-like teeth of the dwarf, who ground them and gnashed them as he foamed at the mouth, and glared, with an expression of maniacal rage, into the upturned countenances of the king and his seven companions.

"Ah, ha!" said at length the infuriated jester. "Ah, ha! I begin to see who these people are, now!" Here, pretending to scrutinize the king more closely, he held the flambeau to the flaxen coat which enveloped him, and which instantly burst into a sheet of vivid flame. In less than half a minute the whole eight ourang-outangs were blazing fiercely, amid the shrieks of the multitude who gazed at them from below horror-stricken, and without the power to render them the slightest assistance.

At length the flames, suddenly increasing in virulence, forced the jester to climb higher up the chain, to be out of their reach; and, as he made this movement, the crowd again sank, for a brief instant, into silence. The dwarf seized his opportunity, and once more spoke:—

"I now see distinctly," he said, "what manner of people these maskers are. They are a great king and his seven privy-councillors—a king who does not scruple to strike a defenceless girl, and his seven councillors who abet him in the outrage. As for myself, I am simply Hop-Frog, the jester—and this is my last jest."

Owing to the high combustibility of both the flax and the tar to which it adhered, the dwarf had scarcely made an end of his brief speech before the work of vengeance was complete. The eight corpses swung in their chains, a fetid, blackened, hideous, and indistinguishable mass. The cripple hurled his

torch at them, clambered leisurely to the ceiling, and disappeared through the sky-light.

It is supposed that Trippetta, stationed on the roof of the saloon, had been the accomplice of her friend in his fiery revenge, and that, together, they effected their escape to their own country : for neither was seen again.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THREE ADDRESSES

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Speech on Independence Day

Now, it happens that we meet together once every year, somewhere about the 4th of July, for some reason or other. These 4th of July gatherings, I suppose, have their uses. If you will indulge me, I will state what I suppose to be some of them.

We are now a mighty nation : we are thirty, or about thirty, millions of people, and we own and inhabit about one-fifteenth part of the dry land of the whole earth. We run our memory back over the pages of history for about eighty-two years, and we discover that we were then a very small people in point of numbers, vastly inferior to what we are now, with a vastly less extent of country, with vastly less of everything we deem desirable among men. We look upon the change as exceedingly advantageous to us and to our posterity, and we fix upon something that happened away back, as in some way or other being connected with this rise of prosperity. We find a race of men living in that day whom we claim as our fathers and grandfathers ; they were iron men ; they fought for the principle that they were contending for, and we understand that by what they

then did, it has followed that the degree of prosperity which we now enjoy has come to us. We hold this annual celebration to remind ourselves of all the good done in this process of time,—of how it was done, and who did it, and how we are historically connected with it; and we go from these meetings in better humour with ourselves,—we feel more attached the one to the other, and more firmly bound to the country we inhabit. In every way we are better men, in the age and race and country in which we live, for these celebrations. But after we have done all this, we have not yet reached the whole. There is something else connected with it. We have, besides these men—descended by blood from our ancestors—among us, perhaps half our people who are not descendants at all of these men; they are men who have come from Europe,—German, Irish, French, and Scandinavian,—men that have come from Europe themselves, or whose ancestors have come hither and settled here, finding themselves our equal in all things. If they look back through this history, to trace their connection with those days by blood, they find they have none: they cannot carry themselves back into that glorious epoch and make themselves feel that they are part of us; but when they look through that old Declaration of Independence, they find that those old men say that "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," and then they feel that that moral sentiment taught in that day evidences their relation to those men, that it is the father of all moral principle in them, and that they have a right to claim it as though they were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the men who wrote that Declaration; and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together; that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the love of

freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world.

Now, sirs, for the purpose of squaring things with this idea of "don't care if slavery is voted up or voted down"; for sustaining the Dred Scott decision; for holding that the Declaration of Independence did not mean anything at all,—we have Judge Douglas giving his exposition of what the Declaration of Independence means, and we have him saying that the people of America are equal to the people of England. According to his construction, you Germans are not connected with it. Now, I ask you in all soberness, if all these things, if indulged in, if ratified, if confirmed and indorsed, if taught to our children and repeated to them, do not tend to rub out the sentiment of liberty in the country, and to transform this government into a government of some other form? Those arguments that are made, that the inferior races are to be treated with as much allowance as they are capable of enjoying; that as much is to be done for them as their condition will allow,—what are these arguments? They are the arguments that kings have made for enslaving the people in all ages of the world. You will find that all the arguments in favour of kingcraft were of this class; they always bestrode the necks of the people,—not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden. That is their argument; and this argument of the Judge is the same old serpent, that says, "You work, and I eat; you toil, and I will enjoy the fruits of it." Turn in whatever way you will,—whether it come from the mouth of a king, an excuse for enslaving the people of his country, or from the mouth of men of one race as a reason for enslaving the men of another race,—it is all the same old serpent; and I hold, if that course of argumentation that is made for the purpose of

convincing the public mind that we should not care about this, should be granted, it does not stop with the negro. I should like to know—taking this old Declaration of Independence, which declares that all men are equal, upon principle, and making exceptions to it—where will it stop ? If one man says it does not mean a negro, why not another say it does not mean some other man ? If that Declaration is not the truth, let us get the statute-book in which we find it, and tear it out ! Who is so bold as to do it ? If it is not true, let us tear it out. [Cries of " No ! No ! "] Let us stick to it, then ; let us stand firmly by it, then.

It may be argued that there are certain conditions that make necessities and impose them upon us, and to the extent that a necessity is imposed upon a man, he must submit to it. I think that was the condition in which we found ourselves when we established this government. We had slaves among us ; we could not get our Constitution unless we permitted them to remain in slavery ; we could not secure the good we did secure, if we grasped for more ; but, having by necessity submitted to that much, it does not destroy the principle that is the charter of our liberties. Let that charter stand as our standard.

My friend has said to me that I am a poor hand to quote Scripture. I will try it again, however. It is said in one of the admonitions of our Lord, " Be ye [therefore] perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect that any human creature could be perfect as the Father in heaven; but He said: "As your Father in heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect." He set that up as a standard, and He who did most toward reaching that standard attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to

every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature. Let us, then, turn this government back into the channel in which the framers of the Constitution originally placed it. Let us stand firmly by each other. If we do not do so, we are tending in the contrary direction, that our friend Judge Douglas proposes,—not intentionally,—working in the traces that tend to make this one universal slave nation. He is one that runs in that direction and as such I resist him.

My friends, I have detained you about as long as I desired to do, and I have only to say, let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and that race and the other race being inferior, and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position. Let us discard all these things, and unite as one people throughout this land, until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal.

My friends, I could not, without launching off upon some new topic, which would detain you too long, continue to-night. I thank you for this most extensive audience that you have furnished me to-night. I leave you, hoping that the lamp of liberty will burn in your bosoms until there shall no longer be a doubt that all men are created free and equal.

Proclamation for a Day of Thanksgiving, October 3, 1863

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually

insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to foreign States to invite and provoke their aggressions, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere, except in the theatre of military conflict, while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

Needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defence have not arrested the plough, the shuttle, or the ship ; the axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field ; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigour, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American people. I do, therefore, invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea, and those sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens. And

I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

Address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be

here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

OLD AGE

THERE is no doubt when old age begins. The human body is a furance which keeps in blast threescore years and ten, more or less. It burns about three hundred pounds of carbon a year (besides other fuel), when in fair working order, according to a great chemist's estimate. When the fire slackens, life declines; when it goes out, we are dead.

It has been shown by some noted French experimenters, that the amount of combustion increases up to about the thirtieth year, remains stationary to about forty-five, and then diminishes. This last is the point where old age starts from. The great fact of physical life is the perpetual commerce with the elements, and the fire is the measure of it.

About this time of life, if food is in plenty where you live,—for that, you know, regulates matrimony,—you may be expecting to find yourself a grandfather some fine morning: a kind of domestic felicity that gives one a cool shiver of delight to think of, as among the not remotely possible events.

I don't mind much those slipshod lines Dr. Johnson wrote to Thrale, telling her about life's declining from thirty-five; the furnace is in full blast for ten years

longer, as I have said. The Romans came very near the mark; their age of enlistment reached from seventeen to forty-six years.

What is the use of fighting against the seasons, or the tides, or the movements of the planetary bodies, or this ebb in the wave of life that flows through us? We are old fellows from the moment the fire begins to go out. Let us always behave like gentlemen when we are introduced to new acquaintance.

Incipit Allegoria Senectutis

Old Age, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly perhaps in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years.*

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—"Old Age, his mark." Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you

will smooth out my sign-manual : that's the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them ?

Old Age.—Not at home. Then I leave my card and go. Next year I call ; get the same answer ; leave another card. So for five or six,—sometimes ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then Old Age said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane, an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of over-shoes.—No, much obliged to you, said I. I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone ;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

Explicit Allegoria Senectutis

We have settled when old age begins. Like all Nature's processes, it is gentle and gradual in its approaches, strewed with allusions, and all its little griefs soothed by natural sedatives. But the iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove. The buttonwood throws off its bark in large flakes, which one may find lying at its foot, pushed out, and at last pushed off, by that tranquil movement from beneath, which is too slow to be seen but too powerful to be arrested. One finds them always, but one rarely sees them fall. So it is our youth drops from us,—scales off, sapless and lifeless, and lays bare the tender and immature fresh growth of old age. Looked at collectively, the changes of old age appear as a series of personal insults and indignities, terminating at last in death, which Sir Thomas Browne

has called "the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures."

" My lady's cheek can boast no more
The cranberry white and pink it wore ;
And where her shining locks divide,
The parting line is all too wide——"

No, no,—this will never do. Talk about men, if you will, but spare the poor women.

We have a brief description of seven stages of life by a remarkably good observer. It is very presumptuous to attempt to add to it, yet I have been struck with the fact that life admits of a natural analysis into no less than fifteen distinct periods. Taking the five primary divisions, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, each of these has its own three periods of immaturity, complete development, and decline. I recognize an *old* baby at once,—with its "pipe and mug" (a stick of candy and a porringer),—so does everybody; and an old child shedding its milk-teeth is only a little prototype of the old man shedding his permanent ones. Fifty or thereabouts is only the childhood, as it were, of old age ; the greybeard youngster must be weaned from his late suppers now. So you will see that you have to make fifteen stages at any rate, and that it would not be hard to make twenty-five ; five primary, each with five secondary divisions.

The infancy and childhood of commencing old age have the same ingenuous simplicity and delightful unconsciousness about them as the first stage of the earlier periods of life shows. The great delusion of mankind is in supposing that to be individual and exceptional which is universal and according to law. A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called an old man for the first time.

Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors

are hurried on board of vessels,—in a state of intoxication. We are hustled into maturity reeling with our passions and imaginations, and we have drifted far away from port before we awake out of our illusions. But to carry us out of maturity into old age, without our knowing where we are going, she drugs us with strong opiates, and so we stagger along with wide-open eyes that see nothing until snow enough has fallen on our heads to rouse our comatose brains out of their stupid trances.

There is one mark of age that strikes me more than any of the physical ones ;—I mean the formation of *Habits.* An old man who shrinks into himself falls into ways that become as positive and as much beyond the reach of outside influences as if they were governed by clock-work. The *animal* functions, as the physiologists call them, in distinction from the *organic*, tend, in the process of deterioration to which age and neglect united gradually lead them, to assume the periodical or rhythmical type of movement. Every man's *heart* (this organ belongs, you know, to the organic system) has a regular mode of action ; but I know a great many men whose *brains*, and all their voluntary existence flowing from their brains, have a *systole* and *diastole* as regular as that of the heart itself. Habit is the approximation of the animal system to the organic. It is a confession of failure in the highest function of being, which involves a perpetual self-determination, in full view of all existing circumstances. But habit, you see, is an action in present circumstances from past motives. It is substituting a *vis a tergo* for the evolution of living force.

When a man, instead of burning up three hundred pounds of carbon a year, has got down to two hundred and fifty, it is plain enough he must economize force somewhere. Now habit is a labour-saving invention which enables a man to get along with less fuel,—that

is all ; for fuel is force, you know, just as much in the page I am writing for you as in the locomotive or the legs that carry it to you. Carbon is the same thing, whether you call it wood, or coal, or bread and cheese. A reverend gentleman demurred to this statement,—as if, because combustion is asserted to be the *sine qua non* of thought, therefore thought is alleged to be a purely chemical process. Facts of chemistry are one thing, I told him, and facts of consciousness another. It can be proved to him, by a very simple analysis of some of his spare elements, that every Sunday, when he does his duty faithfully, he uses up more phosphorus out of his brain and nerves than on ordinary days. But then he had his choice whether to do his duty, or to neglect it, and save his phosphorus and other combustibles.

It follows from all this that *the formation of habits* ought naturally to be, as it is, the special characteristic of age. As for the muscular powers, they pass their maximum long before the time when the true decline of life begins, if we may judge by the experience of the ring. A man is " stale," I think, in their language, soon after thirty,—often, no doubt, much earlier, as gentlemen of the pugilistic profession are exceedingly apt to keep their vital fire burning *with the blower up*.

——So far without Tully. But in the meantime I have been reading the treatise, *De Senectute*. It is not long, but a leisurely performance. The old gentleman was sixty-three years of age when he addressed it to his friend T. Pomponius Atticus, Esq., a person of distinction, some two or three years older. We read it when we are schoolboys, forget all about it for thirty years, and then take it up again by a natural instinct,—provided always that we read Latin as we drink water, without stopping to taste it, as all of us who ever learned it at school or college ought to do.

Cato is the chief speaker in the dialogue. A good

deal of it is what would be called in vulgar phrase "slow." It unpacks and unfolds incidental illustrations which a modern writer would look at the back of, and toss each to its pigeon-hole. I think ancient classics and ancient people are alike in the tendency to this kind of expansion.

An old doctor came to me once (this is literal fact) with some contrivance or other for people with broken kneepans. As the patient would be confined for a good while, he might find it dull work to sit with his hands in his lap. Reading, the ingenious inventor suggested, would be an agreeable mode of passing the time. He mentioned, in his written account of his contrivance, various works that might amuse the weary hour. I remember only three,—*Don Quixote*, *Tom Jones*, and *Watts on the Mind.*

It is not generally understood that Cicero's essay was delivered as a lyceum lecture (*concio popularis*), at the Temple of Mercury. The journals (*papyri*) of the day ("Tempora Quotidiana," "Tribunus Quirinalis," "Praeco Romanus," and the rest) gave abstracts of it, one of which I have translated and modernized, as being a substitute for the analysis I intended to make.

IV. Kal. Mart. . . . .

The lecture at the Temple of Mercury, last evening, was well attended by the *élite* of our great city. Two hundred thousand sestertia were thought to have been represented in the house. The doors were besieged by a mob of shabby fellows (*illotum vulgus*), who were at length quieted after two or three had been somewhat roughly handled (*gladio jugulati*). The speaker was the well-known Mark Tully, Esq.—the subject, Old Age. Mr. T. has a lean and scraggy person, with a very unpleasant excrescence upon his nasal feature, from which his nickname of *chick-pea* [Cicero] is said by some to be derived. As a lecturer is public property, we may remark that his outer garment (*toga*) was of

cheap stuff and somewhat worn, and that his general style and appearance of dress and manner (*habitus, vestitusque*) were somewhat provincial.

The lecture consisted of an imaginary dialogue between Cato and Laelius. We found the first portion rather heavy, and retired a few moments for refreshment (*pocula quaedam vini*).—All want to reach old age, says Cato, and grumble when they get it ; therefore they are donkeys.—The lecturer will allow us to say that he is the donkey ; we know we shall grumble at old age, but we want to live through youth and manhood, *in spite* of the troubles we shall groan over.—There was considerable prosing as to what old age can do and can't.—True, but not new. Certainly, old folks can't jump,—break the necks of their thigh-bones (*femorum cervices*) if they do ; can't crack nuts with their teeth ; can't climb a greased pole (*malum inunctum scandere non possunt*) ; but they can tell old stories and give you good advice—if they know what you have made up your mind to do when you ask them.—All this is well enough, but won't set the Tiber on fire (*Tiberim accendere nequaquam potest*).

There were some clever things enough (*dicta haud inepta*), a few of which are worth reporting.—Old people are accused of being forgetful ; but they never forget where they have put their money.—Nobody is so old he doesn't think he can live a year.—The lecturer quoted an ancient maxim,—Grow old early, if you would be old long,—but disputed it.—Authority, he thought, was the chief privilege of age.—It is not great to have money, but fine to govern those that have it.—Old age begins at *forty-six* years, according to the common opinion.—It is not every kind of old age or of wine that grows sour with time.—Some excellent remarks were made on immortality, but mainly borrowed from and credited to Plato.—Several pleasing anecdotes were told.—Old Milo, champion of

the heavy weights in his day, looked at his arms and whimpered, They are dead. Not so dead as you, you old fool,—says Cato ;—you never were good for anything but for your shoulders and flanks.—Pisistratus asked Solon what made him dare to be so obstinate. Old age, said Solon.

The lecture was on the whole acceptable, and a credit to our culture and civilization.—The reporter goes on to state that there will be no lecture next week, on account of the expected combat between the bear and the barbarian. Betting (*sponsio*), two to one (*duo ad unum*) on the bear.

——After all, the most encouraging things I find in the treatise *De Senectute* are the stories of men who have found new occupations when growing old, or kept up their common pursuits in the extreme period of life. Cato learned Greek when he was old, and speaks of wishing to learn the fiddle, or some such instrument (*fidibus*), after the example of Socrates. Solon learned something new every day in his old age, as he gloried to proclaim. Cyrus pointed out with pride and pleasure the trees he had planted with his own hand. [I remember a pillar on the Duke of Northumberland's estate at Alnwick, with an inscription in similar words, if not the same. That, like other country pleasures, never wears out. None is too rich, none too poor, none too young, none too old to enjoy it.] There is a New England story I have heard more to the point, however, than any of Cicero's. A young farmer was urged to set out some apple trees. —No, said he, they are too long growing, and I don't want to plant for other people. The young farmer's father was spoken to about it, but he, with better reason, alleged that apple trees were slow and life was fleeting. At last someone mentioned it to the old grandfather of the young farmer. He had nothing

else to do,—so he stuck in some trees. He lived long enough to drink barrels of cider made from the apples that grew on those trees.

As for myself, after visiting a friend lately—[do remember all the time that this is the Professor's paper].—I satisfied myself that I had better concede the fact that my contemporaries are not so young as they have been,—and that,—awkward as it is,—science and history agree in telling me that I can claim the immunities and must own the humiliations of the early stage of senility. Ah ! but we have all gone down the hill together. The dandies of my time have split their waistbands and taken to high, low shoes. The beauties of my recollections—where are they ? They have run the gauntlet of years as well as I. First the years pelted them with red roses till their cheeks were all on fire. By and by they began throwing white roses, and that morning flush passed away. At last one of the years threw a snowball, and after that no year let the poor girls pass without throwing snowballs. And then came rougher missiles,—ice and stones ; and from time to time an arrow whistled, and down went one of the poor girls. So there are but few left ; and we don't call those few *girls*, but——

Ah me ! here am I groaning, just as the old Greek sighed Aἶ αἶ ! and the old Roman, *Eheu !*—I have no doubt we should die of shame and grief at the indignities offered us by age, if it were not that we see so many others as badly or worse off than ourselves. We always compare ourselves with our contemporaries.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WILLIAM THE SILENT

IN person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare

existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valour or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese—men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world—is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his

bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

His power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence — sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age ; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honour, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the states-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from Emperors and Kings down to secretaries and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his

century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish ; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

It is difficult to find many characteristics deserving of grave censure, but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to detect few flaws in his nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross. It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit ; the self-abnegation and the generosity were counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition—by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station ; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. He alone can unweave the tangled skein of human motives, and detect the hidden springs of human action, but as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man—not even Washington—has

ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and self-seeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle—in the deadly air of pestilential cities—in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labour and anxiety—amid the countless conspiracies of assassins—he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years, five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good—the sound mind

in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial, he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gaiety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

John Lothrop Motley

BRUTE NEIGHBOURS

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other

side of the town, and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit.—I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet-fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts,—no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon-horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef, and cider, and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And Oh, the housekeeping! to keep bright the devil's door-knobs, and scour his tubs this bright day! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning-calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. Oh, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf. Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble. Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world to-day?

Poet.—See those clouds; how they hang! That's the greatest thing I have seen to-day. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign lands, —unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and have not eaten to-day, that I might go a-fishing. That's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let's along.

Hermit.—I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just concluding a serious meditation. I think that I

am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle-worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where the soil was never fattened with manure ; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen ; and this you may have all to yourself to-day. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the ground-nuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone.—Let me see ; where was I ? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind ; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing ? If I should bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet occasion be likely to offer ? I was as near being resolved into the essence of things as ever I was in my life. I fear my thoughts will not come back to me. If it would do any good, I would whistle for them. When they make us an offer, is it wise to say, We will think of it ? My thoughts have left no track, and I cannot find the path again. What was it that I was thinking of ? It was a very hazy day. I will just try these three sentences of Con-fut-see ; they may fetch that state about again. I know not whether it was the dumps or a budding ecstasy. *Mem.* There never is but one opportunity of a kind.

Poet.—How now, Hermit, is it too soon ? I have got just thirteen whole ones, beside several which are imperfect or undersized ; but they will do for the smaller fry ; they do not cover up the hook so much.

Those village worms are quite too large ; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer.

Hermit.—Well, then, let's be off. Shall we to the Concord ? There's good sport there if the water be not too high.

Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world ? Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbours ; as if nothing but a mouse could have filled this crevice ? I suspect that Pilpay & Co. have put animals to their best use, for they are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before ; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it ; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house.

In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behaviour proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whirr of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighbourhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of a creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not

yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighbourhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otto manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring, and made a well of clear grey water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither too the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me,

nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There too the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head ; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging ; internecine war ; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day

prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board ; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants ; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members ; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not a fight recorded in Concord

history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a threepenny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavouring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I

raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know ; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war : but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. " Æneas Sylvius," they say, " after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that, " ' This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christian the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Many a village Bose, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualling cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes ; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens ;—now far

behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the jerbilla family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behaviour, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a " winged cat " in one of the farm-houses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June 1842 she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont (I am not sure whether it was a male or a female, and so use the more common pronoun), but her mistress told me that she came into the neighbourhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house ; that she was of a dark brownish-grey colour, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox ; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flatted out along her sides, forming stripes ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff, the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her " wings," which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This

would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any ; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse ?

In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) came, as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumour of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent ; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all water-fowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town, and shop, and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavoured to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuvre, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milk-weed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed

himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval ; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before. He manœuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavouring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unweariable, that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless ; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout,—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools ! Yet

he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavour to calculate where he would rise ; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh ? Did not his white breast enough betray him ? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the plash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly, and swam, yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl ; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he muttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird ; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god

of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me, and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman—tricks which they will have less need to practise in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky ; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free ; but what beside safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

SNOW AND FROST

THE preludings of Winter are as beautiful as those of Spring. In a grey December day, when, as the farmers say, it is too cold to snow, his numbed fingers will let fall doubtfully a few star-shaped flakes, the snowdrops and anemones that harbinger his more assured reign. Now, and now only, may be seen, heaped on the horizon's eastern edge, those " blue clouds " from forth which Shakespeare says that Mars " doth pluck the masoned turrets." Sometimes also, when the sun is low, you will see a single cloud trailing a flurry of snow along the southern hills in a wavering fringe of purple. And when at last the real

snow-storm comes, it leaves the earth with a virginal look on it that no other of the seasons can rival, compared with which, indeed, they seem soiled and vulgar.

And what is there in Nature so beautiful as the next morning, after such confusion of the elements ? Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed ; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded as the breasts of Aphrodite ; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendour, as if, Cowley would have said, Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it. If the virgin (*Notre-Dame de la neige*) were to come back, here is an earth that would not bruise her foot nor stain it. It is

" The fanned snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er "—

" Soffiata e stretta dai venti Schiavi,
(Winnowed and packed by the Sclavonian winds) "—

packed so hard sometimes on hill-slopes that it will bear your weight. What grace is in all the curves, as if every one of them had been swept by that inspired thumb of Phidias's journeyman.

Poets have fancied the footprints of the wind in those light ripples that sometimes scurry across smooth water with a sudden blur. But on this gleaming hush the aerial deluge has left plain marks of its course ; and in gullies through which it rushed torrent-like, the eye finds its bed irregularly scooped like that of a brook in hard beach-sand, or, in more sheltered spots, traced with outlines like those left by

the sliding edges of the surf upon the shore. The air, after all, is only an infinitely thinner kind of water, such as I suppose we shall have to drink when the State does her whole duty as a moral reformer. Nor is the wind the only thing whose trail you will notice on this sensitive surface. You will find that you have more neighbours and night visitors than you dreamed of. Here is the dainty footprint of a cat ; here a dog has looked in on you like an amateur watchman to see if all is right, slumping clumsily about in the mealy treachery. And look ! before you were up in the morning, though you were a punctual courtier at the sun's levee, here has been a squirrel zigzagging to and fro like a hound gathering the scent, and some tiny bird searching for unimaginable food, perhaps for the tinier creature, whatever it is, that drew this slender continuous trail like those made on the wet beach by light borderers of the sea. The earliest autographs were as frail as these. Poseidon traced his lines, or giant birds made their mark, on pre-Adamite sea-margins ; and the thunder-gust left the tear-stains of its sudden passion there ; nay, we have the signatures of delicatest fern-leaves on the soft ooze of aeons that dozed away their dreamless leisure before consciousness came upon the earth with man. Some whim of Nature locked them fast in stone for us after-thoughts of creation. Which of us shall leave a footprint as imperishable as that of the ornithorhynchus, or much more so than that of these Bedouins of the snow-desert ? Perhaps it was only because the ripple and the raindrop and the bird were not thinking of themselves that they had such luck. The chances of immortality depend very much on that. How often have we not seen poor mortals, dupes of a season's notoriety, carving their names on seeming-solid rock of merest beach-sand, whose feeble hold on memory shall be washed away by the next wave of fickle opinion !

Well, well, honest Jacques, there are better things to be found in the snow than sermons.

The snow that falls damp comes commonly in larger flakes from windless skies, and is the prettiest of all to watch from under cover. This is the kind Homer had in mind ; and Dante, who had never read him, compares the *dilatate falde*, the flaring flakes, of his fiery rain, to those of snow among the mountains without wind. This sort of snowfall has no fight in it, and does not challenge you to a wrestle like that which drives well from the northward, with all moisture thoroughly winnowed out of it by the frosty wind. Burns, who was more out of doors than most poets, and whose barefoot Muse got the colour in her cheeks by vigorous exercise in all weathers, was thinking of this drier deluge when he speaks of the " whirling drift," and tells how—

> " Chanticleer
> Shook off the pouthery snaw."

But the damper and more deliberate falls have a choice knack at draping the trees ; and about eaves of stone walls—wherever, indeed, the evaporation is rapid, and it finds a chance to cling—it will build itself out in curves of wonderful beauty. I have seen one of these dumb waves, thus caught in the act of breaking, curl four feet beyond the edge of my roof and hang there for days, as if Nature were too well pleased with her work to let it crumble from its exquisite pause. After such a storm, if you are lucky enough to have even a sluggish ditch for a neighbour, be sure to pay it a visit. You will find its banks corniced with what seems to be precipitated light, and the dark current down below gleams as if with an inward lustre. Dull of motion as it is, you never saw water that seemed alive before. It has a brightness like that of the eyes of some smaller animals, which

gives assurance of life, but of a life foreign and unintelligible.

A damp snow-storm often turns to rain, and, in our freakish climate, the wind will whisk sometimes into the north-west, so suddenly as to plate all the trees with crystal before it has swept the sky clear of its last cobweb of cloud. Ambrose Philips, in a poetical epistle from Copenhagen to the Earl of Dorset, describes this strange confectionery of Nature,—for such, I am half ashamed to say, it always seems to me, recalling the " glorified sugar-candy " of Lamb's first night at the theatre. It has an artificial air, altogether beneath the grand artist of the atmosphere, and besides does too much mischief to the trees for a philodendrist to take unmixed pleasure in it. Perhaps it deserves a poet like Philips, who really loved Nature, and yet liked her to be mighty fine, as Pepys would say, with a heightening of powder and rouge :—

" And yet but lately have I seen e'en here
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy moon disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes ;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
And through the ice the crimson berries glow ;
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem polished lances in a hostile field ;
The stag in limpid currents with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :

The spreading oak, the beech, the towering pine,
Glazed over in the freezing ether shine ;
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun,
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends."

It is not uninstructive to see how tolerable Ambrose is, so long as he sticks manfully to what he really saw. The moment he undertakes to improve on Nature he sinks into the mere court poet, and we surrender him to the jealousy of Pope without a sigh. His " rattling branches " and " crackling forest " are good, as truth always is, after a fashion ; but what shall we say of that dreadful stag which, there is little doubt, he valued above all the rest, because it was purely his own ?

The damper snow tempts the amateur architect and sculptor. His Pentelicus has been brought to his very door, and if there are boys to be had (whose company beats all other recipes for prolonging life), a middle-aged Master of the Works will knock the years off his account and make the family Bible seem a dealer in foolish fables, by a few hours given heartily to this business. First comes the Sisyphean toil of rolling the clammy balls till they refuse to budge farther. Then, if you would play the statuary, they are piled one upon the other to the proper height ; or if your aim be masonry, whether of house or fort, they must be squared and beaten solid with the shovel. The material is capable of very pretty effects, and your young companions meanwhile are unconsciously learning lessons in æsthetics. From the feeling of satisfaction with which one squats on the damp floor of his extemporized dwelling, I have been

led to think that the backwoodsman must get a sweeter savour of self-reliance from the house his own hands have built than Bramante of Sansovino could ever give. Perhaps the fort is the best thing, for it calls out more masculine qualities and adds the cheer of battle with that dumb artillery which gives pain enough to test pluck without risk of serious hurt. Already, as I write, it is twenty odd years ago. The balls fly thick and fast. The uncle defends the waist-high ramparts against a storm of nephews, his breast plastered with decorations like another Radetzky's. How well I recall the indomitable good-humour under fire of him who fell in the front at Ball's Bluff, the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks, the ardour in the charge of the gallant gentleman who, with the death-wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek ! How it all comes back, and they never come ! I cannot again be the Vauban of fortresses in the innocent snow, but I shall never see children moulding their clumsy giants in it without longing to help. It was a pretty fancy of the young Vermont sculptor to make his first essay in this evanescent material. Was it a figure of Youth, I wonder ? Would it not be well if all artists could begin in stuff as perishable, to melt away when the sun of prosperity began to shine, and leave nothing behind but the gain of practised hands ? It is pleasant to fancy that Shakespeare served his apprenticeship at this trade, and owed to it that most pathetic of despairing wishes,—

> " O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,
> Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
> To melt myself away in water-drops ! "

I have spoken of the exquisite curves of snow surfaces. Not less rare are the tints of which they are capable—the faint blue of the hollows, for the shadows

in snow are always blue, and the tender rose of higher points, as you stand with your back to the setting sun and look upward across the soft rondure of a hill-side. I have seen within a mile of home effects of colour as lovely as any iridescence of the Silberhorn after sundown. Charles II, who never said a foolish thing, gave the English climate the highest praise when he said that it allowed you more hours out of doors than any other, and I think our winter may fairly make the same boast as compared with the rest of the year. Its still mornings, with the thermometer near zero, put a premium on walking. There is more sentiment in turf, perhaps, and it is more elastic to the foot ; its silence, too, is well-nigh as congenial with meditation as that of fallen pine tassel ; but for exhilaration there is nothing like a stiff snow-crust that creaks like a cricket at every step, and communicates its own sparkle to the senses. The air you drink is *frappé*, all its grosser particles precipitated, and the dregs of your blood with them. A purer current mounts to the brain, courses sparkling through it, and rinses it thoroughly of all dejected stuff. There is nothing left to breed an exhalation of ill-humour or despondency. They say that this rarefied atmosphere has lessened the capacity of our lungs. Be it so. Quart-pots are for muddier liquor than nectar. To me, the city in winter is infinitely dreary—the sharp street-corners have such a chill in them, and the snow so soon loses its maidenhood to become a mere drab—" doing shameful things," as Steele says of politicians, " without being ashamed." I pine for the Quaker purity of my country landscape. I am speaking, of course, of those winters that are not niggardly of snow, as ours too often are, giving us a gravelly dust instead. Nothing can be unsightlier than those piebald fields where the coarse brown hide of Earth shows through the holes of her ragged ermine. But even when there

is abundance of snow, I find as I grow older that there are not so many good crusts as there used to be. When I first observed this, I rashly set it to the account of that general degeneracy in Nature (keeping pace with the same melancholy phenomenon in man) which forces itself upon the attention and into the philosophy of middle life. But happening once to be weighed, it occurred to me that an arch which would bear fifty pounds could hardly be blamed for giving way under more than three times the weight. I have sometimes thought that if theologians would remember this in their arguments, and consider that the man may slump through, with no fault of his own, where the boy would have skimmed the surface in safety, it would be better for all parties. However, when you *do* get a crust that will bear, and know any brooklet that runs down a hill-side, be sure to go and take a look at him, especially if your crust is due, as it commonly is, to a cold snap following eagerly on a thaw. You will never find him so cheerful. As he shrank away after the last thaw, he built for himself the most exquisite caverns of ice to run through, if not " measureless to man " like those of Alph, the sacred river, yet perhaps more pleasing for their narrowness than those for their grandeur. What a cunning silversmith is Frost ! The rarest workmanship of Delhi or Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fernwork and lacework and filigree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the Tokay of an anchorite's dream. Beyond doubt there is a fairy procession marching along those frail arcades and translucent corridors.

> " Their oaten pipes blow wondrous shrill,
> The hemlock small blow clear."

And hark ! is that the ringing of Titania's bridle, or

the bells of the wee, wee hawk that sits on Oberon's wrist? This wonder of Frost's handiwork may be had every winter, but he can do better than this, though I have seen it but once in my life. There had been a thaw without wind or rain, making the air fat with grey vapour. Towards sundown came that chill, the avant-courier of a north-westerly gale. Then, though there was no perceptible current in the atmosphere, the fog began to attach itself in frosty roots and filaments to the southern side of every twig and grass-stem. The very posts had poems traced upon them by this dumb minstrel. Wherever the moist seeds found lodgment grew an inch-deep moss fine as cobweb, a slender coral-reef, argentine, delicate, as of some silent sea in the moon, such as Agassiz dredges when he dreams. The frost, too, can wield a delicate graver, and in fancy leaves Piranesi far behind. He covers your window-pane with Alpine etchings, as if in memory of that sanctuary where he finds shelter even in midsummer.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CAPE HORN

COLDER and colder; we are drawing nigh to the Cape. Now gregoes, pea jackets, monkey jackets, reefing jackets, storm jackets, oil jackets, paint jackets, round jackets, short jackets, long jackets, and all manner of jackets, are the order of the day, not excepting the immortal white jacket, which begins to be sturdily buttoned up to the throat, and pulled down vigorously at the skirts, to bring them well over the loins.

But, alas! those skirts were lamentably scanty; and though, with its quiltings, the jacket was stuffed out about the breasts like a Christmas turkey, and of

a dry cold day kept the wearer warm enough in that vicinity, yet about the loins it was shorter than a ballet-dancer's skirts ; so that while my chest was in the temperate zone, close adjoining the torrid, my hapless thighs were in Nova Zembla, hardly an icicle's toss from the Pole.

Then, again, the repeated soakings and dryings it had undergone, had by this time made it shrink woefully all over, especially in the arms, so that the wristbands had gradually crawled up near to the elbows ; and it required an energetic thrust to push the arm through, in drawing the jacket on.

I endeavoured to amend these misfortunes by sewing a sort of canvas ruffle round the skirts, by way of a continuation or supplement to the original work, and by doing the same with the wristbands.

This is the time for oil-skin suits, dread-naughts, tarred trousers and overalls, sea-boots, comforters, mittens, woollen socks, Guernsey frocks, Havre shirts, buffalo-robe shirts, and moose-skin drawers. Every man's jacket is his wigwam, and every man's hat his caboose.

Perfect license is now permitted to the men respecting their clothing. Whatever they can rake and scrape together they put on—swaddling themselves in old sails, and drawing old socks over their heads for night-caps. This is the time for smiting your chest with your hand, and talking loud to keep up the circulation.

Colder, and colder, and colder, till at last we spoke a fleet of icebergs bound North. After that, it was one incessant " cold snap," that almost snapped off our fingers and toes. Cold ! It was cold as *Blue Flujin*, where sailors say fire freezes.

And now coming up with the latitude of the Cape, we stood southward to give it a wide berth, and while so doing were becalmed ; ay, becalmed off Cape

Horn, which is worse, far worse, than being becalmed on the line.

Here we lay forty-eight hours, during which the cold was intense. I wondered at the liquid sea, which refused to freeze in such a temperature. The clear, cold sky overhead looked like a steel-blue cymbal, that might ring, could you smite it. Our breath came and went like puffs of smoke from pipe-bowls. At first there was a long, gawky swell that obliged us to furl most of the sails, and even send down t'-gallant-yards, for fear of pitching them overboard.

Out of sight of land, at this extremity of both the inhabitable and uninhabitable world, our peopled frigate, echoing with the voices of men, the bleating of lambs, the cackling of fowls, the gruntings of pigs, seemed like Noah's old ark itself, becalmed at the climax of the Deluge.

There was nothing to be done but patiently to await the pleasure of the elements, and " whistle for a wind," the usual practice of seamen in a calm. No fire was allowed, except for the indispensable purpose of cooking, and heating bottles of water to toast Selvagee's feet. He who possessed the largest stock of vitality, stood the best chance to escape freezing. It was horrifying. In such weather any man could have undergone amputation with great ease, and helped take up the arteries himself.

Indeed, this state of affairs had not lasted quite twenty-four hours, when the extreme frigidity of the air, united to our increased tendency to inactivity, would very soon have rendered some of us subjects for the surgeon and his mates, had not a humane proceeding of the captain suddenly impelled us to vigorous exercise.

And here be it said that the appearance of the boatswain, with his silver whistle to his mouth, at the main-hatchway of the gun-deck, is always regarded

by the crew with the utmost curiosity, for this betokens that some general order is about to be promulgated through the ship. What now? is the question that runs on from man to man. A short preliminary whistle is then given by " Old Yarn," as they call him, which whistle serves to collect round him, from their various stations, his four mates. Then Yarn, or Pipes, as leader of the orchestra, begins a peculiar call, in which his assistants join. This over, the order, whatever it may be, is loudly sung out and prolonged, till the remotest corner echoes again. The boatswain and his mates are the town-criers of a man-of-war.

The calm had commenced in the afternoon; and the following morning the ship's company were electrified by a general order, thus set forth and declared: " D'ye hear there, fore and aft! all hands skylark!"

This mandate, nowadays never used except upon very rare occasions, produced the same effect upon the men that exhilarating gas would have done, or an extra allowance of "grog." For a time the wonted discipline of the ship was broken through, and perfect license allowed. It was a babel here, a bedlam there, and a pandemonium everywhere. The theatricals were nothing compared with it. Then the faint-hearted and timorous crawled to their hiding-places, and the lusty and bold shouted forth their glee. Gangs of men, in all sorts of outlandish habiliments, wild as those worn at some crazy carnival, rushed to and fro, seizing upon whomsoever they pleased—warrant-officers and dangerous pugilists excepted—pulling and hauling the luckless tars about, till fairly baited into a genial warmth. Some were made fast-to, and hoisted aloft with a will; others, mounted upon oars, were ridden fore and aft on a rail, to the boisterous mirth of the spectators, any one of whom might be the next victim. Swings were

rigged from the tops, or the masts ; and the most reluctant wights being purposely selected, spite of all struggles, were swung from east to west, in vast arcs of circles, till almost breathless. Horn-pipes, fandangoes, Donnybrook-jigs, reels, and quadrilles, were danced under the very nose of the most mighty captain, and upon the very quarter-deck and poop. Sparring and wrestling, too, were all the vogue ; *Kentucky bites* were given, and the *Indian hug* exchanged. The din frightened the sea-fowl, that flew by with accelerated wing.

It is worth mentioning that several casualties occurred, of which, however, I will relate but one. While the " skylarking " was at its height, one of the fore-top-men—an ugly-tempered devil of a Portuguese, looking on—swore that he would be the death of any man who laid violent hands upon his inviolable person. This threat being overheard, a band of desperadoes, coming up from behind, tripped him up in an instant, and in the twinkling of an eye the Portuguese was straddling an oar, borne aloft by an uproarious multitude, who rushed him along the deck at a railroad gallop. The living mass of arms all round and beneath him was so dense, that every time he inclined to one side he was instantly pushed upright, but only to fall over again, to receive another push from the contrary direction. Presently, disengaging his hands from those who held them, the enraged seaman drew from his bosom an iron belaying-pin, and recklessly laid about him to right and left. Most of his persecutors fled ; but some eight or ten still stood their ground, and, while bearing him aloft, endeavoured to wrest the weapon from his hands. In this attempt, one man was struck on the head, and dropped insensible. He was taken up for dead, and carried below to Cuticle, the surgeon, while the Portuguese was put under guard. But the wound did

not prove very serious ; and in a few days the man was walking about the deck, with his head well bandaged.

This occurrence put an end to the " skylarking," further head-breaking being strictly prohibited. In due time the Portuguese paid the penalty of his rashness at the gangway ; while once again the officers *shipped their quarter-deck faces.*

. . . . . .

Ere the calm had yet left us, a sail had been discerned from the fore-top-mast-head, at a great distance, probably three leagues or more. At first it was a mere speck, altogether out of sight from the deck. By the force of attraction, or something else equally inscrutable, two ships in a calm, and equally affected by the currents, will always approximate, more or less. Though there was not a breath of wind, it was not a great while before the strange sail was descried from our bulwarks ; gradually, it drew still nearer.

What was she, and whence ? There is no object which so excites interest and conjecture, and, at the same time, baffles both, as a sail, seen as a mere speck on these remote seas off Cape Horn.

A breeze ! a breeze ! for lo ! the stranger is now perceptibly nearing the frigate ; the officer's spyglass pronounces her a full-rigged ship, with all sail set, and coming right down to us, though in our own vicinity the calm still reigns.

She is bringing the wind with her. Hurrah ! Aye, there it is ! Behold how mincingly it creeps over the sea, just ruffling and crisping it.

Our top-men were at once sent aloft to loose the sails, and presently they faintly began to distend. As yet we hardly had steerage way. Toward sunset the stranger bore down before the wind, a complete

pyramid of canvas. Never before, I venture to say, was Cape Horn so audaciously insulted. Stun'-sails alow and aloft ; royals, moon-sails, and everything else. She glided under our stern, within hailing distance, and the signal-quartermaster ran up our ensign to the gaff.

" Ship ahoy ! " cried the lieutenant of the watch, through his trumpet.

" Hallo ! " bawled an old fellow in a green jacket, clapping one hand to his mouth, while he held on with the other to the mizen-shrouds.

" What ship's that ? "

" The *Sultan*, Indiaman, from New York, and bound to Callao and Canton, sixty days out, all well. What frigate's that ? "

" The United States ship *Neversink*, homeward bound."

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! " yelled our enthusiastic countryman, transported with patriotism.

By this time the *Sultan* had swept past, but the lieutenant of the watch could not withhold a parting admonition.

" D'ye hear ? You'd better take in some of your flying-kites there. Look out for Cape Horn ! "

But the friendly advice was lost in the now increasing wind. With a suddenness by no means unusual in these latitudes, the light breeze soon became a succession of sharp squalls, and our sail-proud braggadocio of an Indiaman was observed to let everything go by the run, his t'-gallant stun'-sails and flying-jib taking quick leave of the spars ; the flying-jib was swept into the air, rolled together for a few minutes, and tossed about in the squalls like a football. But the wind played no such pranks with the more prudently managed canvas of the *Neversink*, though before many hours it was stirring times with us.

About midnight, when the starboard-watch, to

which I belonged, was below, the boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by the shrill cry for " all hands take in sail ! jump, men, and save ship ! "

Springing from our hammocks, we found the frigate leaning over to it so steeply, that it was with difficulty we could climb the ladders leading to the upper deck.

Here the scene was awful. The vessel seemed to be sailing on her side. The main-deck guns had several days previous been run in and housed, and the port-holes closed, but the lee carronades on the quarter-deck and forecastle were plunging through the sea, which undulated over them in milk-white billows of foam. With every lurch to leeward the yard-arm-ends seemed to dip in the sea, while forward the spray dashed over the bows in cataracts, and drenched the men who were on the fore-yard. By this time the deck was alive with the whole strength of the ship's company, five hundred men, officers and all, mostly clinging to the weather bulwarks. The occasional phosphorescence of the yeasting sea cast a glare upon their uplifted faces, as a night fire in a populous city lights up the panic-stricken crowd.

In a sudden gale, or when a large quantity of sail is suddenly to be furled, it is the custom for the first lieutenant to take the trumpet from whoever happens then to be officer of the deck. But Mad Jack had the trumpet that watch ; nor did the first lieutenant now seek to wrest it from his hands. Every eye was upon him, as if we had chosen him from among us all, to decide this battle with the elements, by single combat with the spirit of the Cape ; for Mad Jack was the saving genius of the ship, and so proved himself that night. I owe this right hand, that is this moment flying over my sheet, and all my present being to Mad Jack. The ship's bows were now butting, battering, ramming, and thundering over and upon the head seas, and with a horrible wallowing sound our whole

hull was rolling in the trough of the foam. The gale came athwart the deck, and every sail seemed bursting with its wild breath.

All the quartermasters, and several of the forecastle-men, were swarming round the double-wheel on the quarter-deck. Some jumping up and down, with their hands upon the spokes ; for the whole helm and galvanized keel were fiercely feverish, with the life imparted to them by the tempest.

" Hard *up* the helm ! " shouted Captain Claret, bursting from his cabin like a ghost in his night-dress.

" Damn you ! " raged Mad Jack to the quarter-masters ; " hard *down*—hard *down*, I say, and be damned to you ! "

Contrary orders ! but Mad Jack's were obeyed. His object was to throw the ship into the wind, so as the better to admit of close-reefing the top-sails. But though the halyards were let go, it was impossible to clew down the yards, owing to the enormous horizontal strain on the canvas. It now blew a hurricane. The spray flew over the ship in floods. The gigantic masts seemed about to snap under the world-wide strain of the three entire top-sails.

" Clew down ! clew down ! " shouted Mad Jack, husky with excitement, and in a frenzy, beating his trumpet against one of the shrouds. But, owing to the slant of the ship, the thing could not be done. It was obvious that before many minutes something must go—either sails, rigging, or sticks ; perhaps the hull itself, and all hands.

Presently a voice from the top exclaimed that there was a rent in the main-top sail. And instantly we heard a report like two or three muskets discharged together ; the vast sail was rent up and down like the Veil of the Temple. This saved the main-mast ; for the yard was now clewed down with comparative ease, and the top-men laid out to stow the shattered

canvas. Soon, the two remaining top-sails were also clewed down and close-reefed.

Above all the roar of the tempest and the shouts of the crew, was heard the dismal tolling of the ship's bell—almost as large as that of a village church—which the violent rolling of the ship was occasioning. Imagination cannot conceive the horror of such a sound in a night-tempest at sea.

"Stop that ghost!" roared Mad Jack; "away, one of you, and wrench off the clapper!"

But no sooner was this ghost gagged, than a still more appalling sound was heard, the rolling to and fro of the heavy shot, which, on the gun-deck, had broken loose from the gun-racks, and converted that part of the ship into an immense bowling alley. Some hands were sent down to secure them; but it was as much as their lives were worth. Several were maimed: and the midshipmen who were ordered to see the duty performed reported it impossible until the storm abated.

The most terrific job of all was to furl the main-sail, which, at the commencement of the squalls, had been clewed up, coaxed and quieted as much as possible with the bunt-lines and slab-lines. Mad Jack waited some time for a lull, ere he gave an order so perilous to be executed. For to furl this enormous sail, in such a gale, required at least fifty men on the yard; whose weight, superadded to that of the ponderous stick itself, still further jeopardized their lives. But there was no prospect of a cessation of the gale, and the order was at last given.

At this time a hurricane of slanting sleet and hail was descending upon us; the rigging was coated with a thin glare of ice, formed within the hour.

"Aloft, main-yard-men! and all you main-topmen! and furl the main-sail!" cried Mad Jack.

I dashed down my hat, slipped out of my quilted

jacket in an instant, kicked the shoes from my feet, and, with a crowd of others, sprang for the rigging. Above the bulwarks (which in a frigate are so high as to afford much protection to those on deck) the gale was horrible. The sheer force of the wind flattened us to the rigging as we ascended, and every hand seemed congealing to the icy shrouds by which we held.

"Up—up, my brave hearties!" shouted Mad Jack; and up we got, some way or other, all of us, and groped our way out on the yard-arms.

"Hold on, every mother's son!" cried an old quarter-gunner at my side. He was bawling at the top of his compass; but in the gale, he seemed to be whispering; and I only heard him from his being right to windward of me.

But his hint was unnecessary; I dug my nails into the *jack-stays*, and swore that nothing but death should part me and them until I was able to turn round and look to windward. As yet, this was impossible; I could scarcely hear the man to leeward at my elbow; the wind seemed to snatch the words from his mouth and fly away with them to the South Pole.

All this while the sail itself was flying about, sometimes catching over our head, and threatening to tear us from the yard in spite of all our hugging. For about three quarters of an hour, we thus hung suspended right over the rampant billows, which curled their very crests under the feet of some four or five of us clinging to the lee yard-arm, as if to float us from our place.

Presently, the word passed along the yard from windward, that we were ordered to come down and leave the sail to blow, since it could not be furled. A midshipman, it seemed, had been sent up by the officer of the deck to give the order, as no trumpet could be heard where we were.

Those on the weather yard-arm managed to crawl upon the spar and scramble down the rigging ; but with us, upon the extreme leeward side, this feat was out of the question ; it was, literally, like climbing a precipice to get to windward in order to reach the shrouds ; besides, the entire yard was now encased in ice, and our hands and feet were so numb that we dared not trust our lives to them. Nevertheless, by assisting each other, we contrived to throw ourselves prostrate along the yard, and embrace it with our arms and legs. In this position, the stun'-sail-booms greatly assisted in securing our hold. Strange as it may appear, I do not suppose that, at this moment, the slightest sensation of fear was felt by one man on that yard. We clung to it with might and main ; but this was instinct. The truth is, that, in circumstances like these, the sense of fear, is annihilated in the unutterable sights that fill all the eye and the sounds that fill all the ear. You become identified with the tempest ; your insignificance is lost in the riot of the stormy universe around.

Below us, our noble frigate seemed thrice its real length—a vast black wedge, opposing its widest end to the combined fury of the sea and wind.

At length the first fury of the gale began to abate, and we at once fell to pounding our hands, as a preliminary operation to going to work ; for a gang of men had now ascended to help secure what was left of the sail ; we somehow packed it away, at last, and came down.

About noon the next day, the gale so moderated that we shook two reefs out of the top-sails, set new courses, and stood due east, with the wind astern.

Thus, all the fine weather we encountered after first weighing anchor on the pleasant Spanish coast, was but the prelude to this one terrific night ; more especially, that treacherous calm immediately preceding it. But how could we reach our long-promised

homes without encountering Cape Horn? by what possibility avoid it? And though some ships have weathered it without these perils, yet by far the greater part must encounter them. Lucky it is that it comes about midway in the homeward-bound passage, so that the sailors have time to prepare for it, and time to recover from it after it is astern.

But, sailor or landsman, there is some sort of a Cape Horn for all. Boys! beware of it; prepare for it in time. Greybeards! thank God it is passed. And ye lucky livers, to whom, by some rare fatality, your Cape Horns are placid as Lake Lemans, flatter not yourselves that good luck is judgment and discretion; for all the yolk in your eggs, you might have foundered and gone down, had the Spirit of the Cape said the word.

HERMAN MELVILLE

THE CHARIOT-RACE

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gatekeepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony

waved their hands, and shouted with all their strength, " Down ! down ! "

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours ; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited !—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games !

" He is come—there—look ! " cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

" I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in the frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun ; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended ; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race ; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly ; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true:—

" It is not strength, but art, obtained the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise,"

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light ; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable ; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope ? Or if he should not give it in time ?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away ! or his mind wander ! or a rein slip ! And what attraction in the *ensemble* of the thousands over the spreading balcony ! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice ; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it ; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-grey granite walls ; let him then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold ; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and

high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles ; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed ; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force ; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly ; and, with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its plenty of sorrows ; heaven help where there are no pleasures !

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race ; and who dared yield ? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career ; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable : a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us ! Jove with us !" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the fore-leg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will, at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror ; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

" Jove with us ! " screamed Drusus frantically.

" He wins ! Jove with us ! " answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them ; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four ; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds : a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

" A hundred sestertii on the Jew ! " he cried.

" Taken ! " answered Drusus.

" Another hundred on the Jew ! " shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again ; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, " Messala ! Messala ! Jove with us ! "

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car ;

another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half-blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honour—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he

settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall ; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt ; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest) ; and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvellous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches : the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise ; then

Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker ; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite !

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer ; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him ; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars ! " he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—" Down Eros, up Mars ! " he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened ; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus : then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love ; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly ; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Caesarean period—Messala and

Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamour continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which from the beginning had centred chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants. Ilderim quitted combing his beard, and Esther forgot her fears.

" A hundred sestertii on the Jew ! " cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

" A talent—or five talents, or ten ; choose ye ! "

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

" I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

" Do not so," interposed a friend.

" Why ? "

" Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying-ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

" By Hercules ! " he replied, his countenance

falling. " The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see ! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look ! Jove with us, Jove with us ! "

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect ; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down ; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth ; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion ; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best ! How long could they keep the pace ? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound : they screamed and howled, and tossed their colours ; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come ; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it ; but, lo ! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides' party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala

leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close, it was the old story :—

" First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds ;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds ;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind ;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp ; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces ; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, " I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, " Saw you how clean they were and fresh ? By the splendour of God, friend, they have not been running ! But now watch ! "

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures ; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed the favour descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let them not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course, and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change?

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received

no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs:—

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home!—On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel; Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed

he drove ; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still ; they thought him dead ; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it ; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running ! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness ; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was WON !

The consul arose ; the people shouted themselves hoarse ; the editor came down from his seat, and crowned the victors.

The fortunate man among the boxers was a low-browed, yellow-haired Saxon, of such brutalized face as to attract a second look from Ben-Hur, who recognized a teacher with whom he himself had been a favourite at Rome. From him the young Jew looked up and beheld Simonides and his party on the balcony. They waved their hands to him. Esther kept her seat ; but Iras arose, and gave him a smile and a

wave of her fan—favours not the less intoxicating to him because we know, O reader, they would have fallen to Messala had he been the victor.

The procession was then formed, and, midst the shouting of the multitude which had had its will, passed out of the Gate of Triumph.

And the day was over. LEW WALLACE

EXPERIMENTS

"THE first of June; the Kings are off to the sea-shore to-morrow, and I'm free!" exclaimed Meg, coming home one warm day to find Jo laid upon the sofa in an unusual state of exhaustion.

"Aunt March went to-day, for which, oh be joyful!" said Jo. "I was mortally afraid she'd ask me to go with her; I quaked till she was fairly in the carriage, and had a final fright, for, as it drove off, she popped out her head, saying, 'Josy-phine, won't you——?' I didn't hear any more, for I basely turned and fled; I did actually run, and whisked round the corner, where I felt safe."

"Poor old Jo! she came in looking as if bears were after her," said Beth, as she cuddled her sister's feet with a motherly air.

"What shall you do all your vacation?" asked Amy, changing the subject with tact.

"I shall lie abed late, and do nothing," replied Meg, from the depths of the rocking-chair. "I've been routed up early all winter, and had to spend my days working for other people; so now I'm going to rest and revel to my heart's content."

"Hum!" said Jo, "that dozy way wouldn't suit me. I've laid in a heap of books, and I'm going to improve my shining hours reading on my perch in the old apple-tree."

" Don't let us do any lessons, Beth, for a while, but play all the time, and rest, as the girls mean to," proposed Amy.

" Well, I will, if mother doesn't mind. I want to learn some new songs, and my children need fixing up for the summer ; they are dreadfully out of order, and really suffering for clothes."

" May we, mother ? " asked Meg, turning to Mrs. March, who sat sewing, in what they called " Marmee's corner."

" You may try your experiment for a week, and see how you like it. I think by Saturday night you'll find that all play, and no work, is as bad as all work, and no play."

" Oh, dear, no ! it will be delicious, I'm sure," said Meg complacently.

" I now propose a toast, as my ' friend and pardner, Sairy Gamp,' says. Fun for ever, and no grubbage," cried Jo, rising glass in hand, as the lemonade went round.

They all drank it merrily, and began the experiment by lounging for the rest of the day. Next morning Meg did not appear till ten o'clock ; Jo spent the morning on the river, with Laurie, and the afternoon reading and crying over *The Wide, Wide World*, up in the apple-tree ; Beth went to her music, rejoicing that she had no dishes to wash, and Amy put on her best white frock, went for a walk, got caught in a shower, and came home dripping.

At tea-time they compared notes, and all agreed that it had been a delightful, though unusually long day. Meg, who went shopping in the afternoon, and got a " sweet blue muslin," had discovered, after she had cut the breadths off, that it wouldn't wash, which mishap made her slightly cross. Jo had burnt the skin of her nose boating, and got a raging headache by reading too long. Beth was worried

by the difficulty of learning three or four songs at once ; and Amy deeply regretted the damage done her frock, for Katy Brown's party was to be next day ; and now, like Flora M'Flimsy, she had " nothing to wear." But these were mere trifles ; and they assured their mother that the experiment was working finely. She smiled, said nothing, and, with Hannah's help, did their neglected work, keeping home pleasant, and the domestic machinery running smoothly.

It was astonishing what a peculiar and uncomfortable state of things was produced by the " resting and revelling " process. The days kept getting longer and longer ; the weather was unusually variable, and so were tempers ; an unsettled feeling possessed everyone, and Satan found plenty of mischief for the idle hands to do.

No one would own that they were tired of the experiment ; but, by Friday night, each acknowledged to herself that they were glad the week was nearly done. Hoping to impress the lesson more deeply, Mrs. March, who had a good deal of humour, resolved to finish off the trial in an appropriate manner ; so she gave Hannah a holiday, and let the girls enjoy the full effect of the play system.

When they got up on Saturday morning, there was no fire in the kitchen, no breakfast in the dining-room, and no mother anywhere to be seen.

" Mercy on us ! what *has* happened ? " cried Jo, staring about her in dismay.

Meg ran upstairs, and soon came back again, looking relieved, but rather bewildered, and a little ashamed.

" Mother isn't sick, only very tired, and she says she is going to stay quietly in her room all day, and let us do the best we can. It's a very queer thing for her to do, she don't act a bit like herself ; but she says it *has* been a hard week for her, so we mustn't grumble, but take care of ourselves."

"That's easy enough, and I like the idea; I'm aching for something to do—that is, some new amusement, you know," added Jo, quickly.

In fact it *was* an immense relief to them all to have a little work, and they took hold with a will, but soon realized the truth of Hannah's saying, "Housekeeping ain't no joke." There was plenty of food in the larder, and, while Beth and Amy set the table, Meg and Jo got breakfast; wondering, as they did so, why servants ever talked about hard work.

"I shall take some up to mother, though she said we were not to think of her, for she'd take care of herself," said Meg, who presided, and felt quite matronly behind the tea-pot.

So a tray was fitted out before anyone began, and taken up with the cook's compliments. The boiled tea was very bitter, the omelettes scorched, and the biscuits speckled with saleratus; but Mrs. March received her repast with thanks, and laughed heartily over it after Jo was gone.

"Poor little souls, they will have a hard time, I'm afraid; but they won't suffer, and it will do them good," she said, producing the more palatable viands with which she had provided herself, and disposing of the bad breakfast so that their feelings might not be hurt.

Many were the complaints below, and great the chagrin of the head cook, at her failures. "Never mind, I'll get the dinner and be servant; you be missis, keep your hands nice, see company, and give orders," said Jo, who knew still less than Meg about culinary affairs.

This obliging offer was gladly accepted; and Margaret retired to the parlour, which she hastily put in order by whisking the litter under the sofa, and shutting the blinds, to save the trouble of dusting. Jo, with perfect faith in her own powers, and a

friendly desire to make up the quarrel, immediately put a note in the office, inviting Laurie to dinner.

" You'd better see what you have got before you think of having company," said Meg, when informed of the hospitable, but rash act.

" Oh, there's corned beef, and plenty of potatoes ; and I shall get some asparagus, and a lobster, ' for a relish,' as Hannah says. We'll have lettuce, and make a salad ; I don't know how, but the book tells. Everything is out of sorts somehow," she said to herself, going downstairs. " There's Beth crying ; that's a sure sign that something is wrong with this family. If Amy is bothering, I'll shake her."

Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlour to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead in the cage, with his little claws pathetically extended, as if imploring the food, for want of which he had died.

" It's all my fault—I forgot him—there isn't a seed or drop left—oh, Pip ! oh, Pip ! how could I be so cruel to you ? " cried Beth, taking the poor thing in her hands, and trying to restore him.

Jo peeped into his half-open eye, felt his little heart, and finding him stiff and cold, shook her head, and offered her domino-box for a coffin.

Leaving the others to console Beth, she departed to the kitchen, which was in a most discouraging state of confusion. Putting on a big apron, she fell to work, and got the dishes piled up ready for washing, when she discovered that the fire was out.

" Here's a sweet prospect ! " muttered Jo, slamming the stove door open, and poking vigorously among the cinders.

Having rekindled it, she thought she would go to market while the water heated. The walk revived her spirits ; and flattering herself that she had made

good bargains, she trudged home again, after buying a very young lobster, some very old asparagus, and two boxes of acid strawberries. Mrs. March went out, after peeping here and there to see how matters went, also saying a word of comfort to Beth, who sat making a winding sheet, while the dear departed lay in state in the domino-box. A strange sense of helplessness fell upon the girls as the grey bonnet vanished round the corner ; and despair seized them, when, a few minutes later, Miss Crocker appeared, and said she'd come to dinner. Now this lady was a thin, yellow spinster, with a sharp nose, and inquisitive eyes, who saw everything, and gossiped about all she saw.

Language cannot describe the anxieties, experiences, and exertions which Jo underwent that morning ; and the dinner she served up became a standing joke. Fearing to ask any more advice, she did her best alone, and discovered that something more than energy and good-will is necessary to make a cook. She boiled the asparagus hard for an hour, and was grieved to find the heads cooked off, and the stalks harder than ever. The lobster was a scarlet mystery to her, but she hammered and poked, till it was unshelled, and its meagre proportions concealed in a grove of lettuce-leaves. The potatoes had to be hurried, not to keep the asparagus waiting, and were not done at last. The blanc-mange was lumpy, and the strawberries not as ripe as they looked, having been skilfully " deaconed."

" Well, they can eat beef, and bread and butter, if they are hungry ; only it's mortifying to have to spend your whole morning for nothing," thought Jo, as she rang the bell half an hour later than usual, and stood, hot, tired, and dispirited, surveying the feast spread for Laurie, accustomed to all sorts of elegance, and Miss Crocker, whose curious eyes

would mark all failures, and whose tattling tongue would report them far and wide.

Poor Jo would gladly have gone under the table, as one thing after another was tasted and left ; while Amy giggled, Meg looked distressed, Miss Crocker pursed up her lips, and Laurie talked and laughed with all his might, to give a cheerful tone to the festive scene. Jo's one strong point was the fruit, for she had sugared it well, and had a pitcher of rich cream to eat with it. Her hot cheeks cooled a trifle, and she drew a long breath, as the pretty glass plates went round, and everyone looked graciously at the little rosy islands floating in a sea of cream. Miss Crocker tasted first, made a wry face, and drank some water hastily. Amy, who was fond of delicate fare, took a heaping spoonful, choked, hid her face in her napkin, and left the table precipitately.

" Oh, what is it ? " exclaimed Jo, trembling.

" Salt instead of sugar, and the cream is sour," replied Meg with a tragic gesture.

Jo uttered a groan and fell back in her chair ; remembering that she had given a last hasty powdering to the berries out of one of the two boxes on the kitchen-table, and had neglected to put the milk in the refrigerator. She turned scarlet, and was on the verge of crying, when she met Laurie's eyes, which *would* look merry in spite of his heroic efforts ; the comical side of the affair suddenly struck her, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. So did everyone else, even " Croaker," as the girls called the old lady ; and the unfortunate dinner ended gaily, with bread and butter, olives, and fun.

" I haven't strength of mind enough to clear up now, so we will sober ourselves with a funeral," said Jo as they rose ; and Miss Crocker made ready to go, being eager to tell the new story at another friend's dinner-table.

They did sober themselves, for Beth's sake ; Laurie dug a grave under the ferns in the grove, little Pip was laid in, with many tears, by his tender-hearted mistress, and covered with moss, while a wreath of violets and chickweed was hung on the stone which bore his epitaph, composed by Jo, while she struggled with the dinner :—

" Here lies Pip March,
Who died the 7th of June :
Loved and lamented sore.
And not forgotten soon."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Beth retired to her room, overcome with emotion and lobster ; but there was no place of repose, for the beds were not made, and she found her grief much assuaged by beating up pillows and putting things in order. Meg helped Jo clear away the remains of the feast, which took half the afternoon, and left them so tired that they agreed to be contented with tea and toast for supper.

Mrs. March came home to find the three older girls hard at work in the middle of the afternoon ; and a glance at the closet gave her an idea of the success of one part of the experiment.

As twilight fell, dewy and still, one by one they gathered in the porch where the June roses were budding beautifully, and each groaned or sighed as she sat down, as if tired or troubled.

" What a dreadful day this has been ! " began Jo, usually the first to speak.

" It has seemed shorter than usual, but *so* uncomfortable," said Meg.

" Not a bit like home," added Amy.

" It can't seem so without Marmee and little Pip," sighed Beth, glancing, with full eyes, at the empty cage above her head.

" Here's mother, dear, and you shall have another bird to-morrow, if you want it."

As she spoke, Mrs. March came and took her place among them, looking as if her holiday had not been much pleasanter than theirs.

" Are you satisfied with your experience, girls, or do you want another week of it ? " she asked, as Beth nestled up to her, and the rest turned toward her with brightening faces, as flowers turn toward the sun.

" I don't ! " cried Jo decidedly.

" Nor I," echoed the others.

" You think, then, that it is better to have a few duties, and live a little for others, do you ? "

" Lounging and larking don't pay," observed Jo, shaking her head. " I'm tired of it, and mean to go to work at something right off."

" Suppose you learn plain cooking ; that's a useful accomplishment which no woman should be without," said Mrs. March, laughing audibly at the recollection of Jo's dinner-party ; for she had met Miss Crocker, and heard her account of it.

" Mother ! did you go away and let everything be, just to see how we'd get on ? " cried Meg, who had had suspicions all day.

" Yes ; I wanted you to see how the comfort of all depends on each doing her share faithfully. While Hannah and I did your work, you got on pretty well, though I don't think you were very happy or amiable ; so I thought, as a little lesson, I would show you what happens when every one thinks only of herself. Don't you feel that it is pleasanter to help one another, to have daily duties which make leisure sweet when it comes, and to bear or forbear, that home may be comfortable and lovely to us all ? "

" We do, mother, we do ! " cried the girls.

" Very good ! then I am quite satisfied with the experiment, and fancy that we shall not have to re-

peat it ; only don't go to the other extreme, and delve like slaves. Have regular hours for work and play ; make each day both useful and pleasant, and prove that you understand the worth of time by employing it well. Then youth will be delightful, old age will bring few regrets, and life become a beautiful success, in spite of poverty."

" We'll remember, mother ! " and they did.

LOUISA ALCOTT

THE GLORIOUS WHITEWASHER

SATURDAY morning was come and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart ; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the side-walk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of Nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of broad fence nine feet high ! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank ; repeated the operation ; did it again ; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing " Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from

the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour; and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said:—

"Say, Jim; I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head, and said:—

"Can't, Ma'rs Tom. Ole missus she tole me I got to go an' git dis water an' not stop foolin' 'roun wid anybody. She say she spec' Ma'rs Tom gwyne to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' 'tend to my own business—she 'lowed *she'd* 'tend to de whitewashin'."

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket—I won't be gone only a minute. *She* won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Ma'rs Tom. Ole missis she'd take an' tar de head off'n me. 'Deed she would."

"*She!* she never licks anybody—whacks 'em over the head with her thimble, and who cares for that, I'd like to know? She talks awful, but talk don't hurt—anyways, it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marble. I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim; and it's a bully tow."

"My; dat's a mighty gay marvel, *I* tell you. But, Ma'rs Tom, I's powerful 'fraid ole missis."

But Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail, took the white alley. In another minute he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was

whitewashing with vigour, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work —the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash ; enough to buy an exchange of work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently ; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip, and jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, dong dong dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded-to ponderously, and with laborious pomp and circumstance, for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them.

" Stop her, sir ! Ling-a-ling-ling." The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the side-walk. " Ship up to back ! Ling-a-ling-ling! "

His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides. " Set her back on the stabboard ! Ling-a-ling-ling ! Chow ! ch-chow-wow-chow ! " his right hand meantime describing stately circles, for it was representing a forty-foot wheel. " Let her go back on the labboard ! Ling-a-ling-ling ! Chow-ch-chow-chow ! " The left hand began to describe circles.

" Stop the stabboard ! Ling-a-ling-ling ! Stop the labboard ! Come ahead on the stabboard ! Stop her ! Let your outside turn over slow ! Ling-a-ling-ling ! Chow-ow-ow ! Get out that head-line ! Lively, now ! Come—out with your spring-line—what're you about there ? Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it ! Stand by that stage now—let her go ! Done with the engines, sir ! Ling-a-ling-ling ! "

" Sht ! s'sht ! sht ! " (Trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said :—

" Hi-yi ! You're up a stump, ain't you ! "

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist ; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said :—

" Hello, old chap ! you got to work, hey ? "

" Why, it's you, Ben ! I warn't noticing."

" Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could ? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you ? 'Course you would ! "

Tom contemplated the boy a bit and said :—

" What do you call work ? "

" Why, ain't that work ? "

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly :—

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:—

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind: "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it——"

"Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

" Well, here. No, Ben ; now don't ; I'm afeard——"

" I'll give you all of it ! "

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material ; boys happened along every little while ; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair ; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with ; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it ! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the

writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers, or performing on a tread-mill, is work, whilst rolling nine-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money ; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.

MARK TWAIN

A LONELY RIDE

As I stepped into the Slumgullion stage I saw that it was a dark night, a lonely road, and that I was the only passenger. Let me assure the reader that I have no ulterior design in making this assertion. A long course of light reading has forewarned me what every experienced intelligence must confidently look for from such a statement. The story-teller who wilfully tempts Fate by such obvious beginnings ; who is to the expectant reader in danger of being robbed or half-murdered, or frightened by an escaped lunatic, or introduced to his lady-love for the first time, deserves to be detected. I am relieved to say that none of these things occurred to me. The road from Wingdam to Slumgullion knew no other banditti than the regularly licensed hotel-keepers ; lunatics had not yet reached such depth of imbecility as to ride of their own free-will in California stages ; and my Laura, amiable and long-suffering as she always is, could not, I fear, have borne up against these de-

pressing circumstances long enough to have made the slightest impression on me.

I stood with my shawl and carpet-bag in hand, gazing doubtingly on the vehicle. Even in the darkness the red dust of Wingdam was visible on its roof and sides, and the red slime of Slumgullion clung tenaciously to its wheels. I opened the door ; the stage creaked uneasily, and in the gloomy abyss the swaying straps beckoned me, like ghostly hands, to come in now, and have my sufferings out at once.

I must not omit to mention the occurrence of a circumstance which struck me as appalling and mysterious. A lounger on the steps of the hotel, whom I had reason to suppose was not in any way connected with the stage company, gravely descended and, walking toward the conveyance, tried the handle of the door, opened it, expectorated in the carriage, and returned to the hotel with a serious demeanour. Hardly had he resumed his position, when another individual, equally disinterested, impassively walked down the steps, proceeded to the back of the stage, lifted it, expectorated carefully on the axle, and returned slowly and pensively to the hotel. A third spectator wearily disengaged himself from one of the Ionic columns of the portico and walked to the box, remained for a moment in serious and expectorative contemplation of the boot, and then returned to his column. There was something so weird in this baptism that I grew quite nervous.

Perhaps I was out of spirits. A number of infinitesimal annoyances, winding up with the resolute persistency of the clerk at the stage-office to enter my name misspelt on the way-bill, had not predisposed me to cheerfulness. The inmates of the Eureka House, from a social view-point, were not attractive. There was the prevailing opinion—so common to many honest people—that a serious style of deport-

ment and conduct toward a stranger indicates high gentility and elevated station. Obeying this principle, all hilarity ceased on my entrance to supper, and general remark merged into the safer and uncompromising chronicle of several bad cases of diphtheria, then epidemic at Wingdam. When I left the dining-room, with an odd feeling that I had been supping exclusively on mustard and tea-leaves, I stopped a moment at the parlour door. A piano, harmoniously related to the dinner-bell, tinkled responsive to a diffident and uncertain touch. On the white wall the shadow of an old and sharp profile was bending over several symmetrical and shadowy curls. "I sez to Mariar, Mariar, sez I, 'Praise to the face is open disgrace.'" I heard no more. Dreading some susceptibility to sincere expression on the subject of female loveliness, I walked away, checking the compliment that otherwise might have risen unbidden to my lips, and have brought shame and sorrow to the household.

It was with the memory of these experiences resting heavily upon me, that I stood hesitatingly before the stage door. The driver, about to mount, was for a moment illuminated by the open door of the hotel. He had the wearied look which was the distinguishing expression of Wingdam. Satisfied that I was properly way-billed and receipted for, he took no further notice of me. I looked longingly at the box-seat, but he did not respond to the appeal. I flung my carpet-bag into the chasm, dived recklessly after it, and—before I was fairly seated—with a great sigh, a creaking of unwilling springs, complaining bolts, and harshly expostulating axle, we moved away. Rather the hotel door slipped behind, the sound of the piano sank to rest, and the night and its shadows moved solemnly upon us.

To say it was dark expressed but faintly the pitchy

obscurity that encompassed the vehicle. The roadside trees were scarcely distinguishable as deeper masses of shadow ; I knew them only by the peculiar sodden odour that from time to time sluggishly flowed in at the open window as we rolled by. We proceeded slowly ; so leisurely that, leaning from the carriage, I more than once detected the fragrant sigh of some astonished cow, whose ruminating repose upon the highway we had ruthlessly disturbed. But in the darkness our progress, more the guidance of some mysterious instinct than any apparent volition of our own, gave an indefinable charm of security to our journey, that a moment's hesitation or indecision on the part of the driver would have destroyed.

I had indulged a hope that in the empty vehicle I might obtain that rest so often denied me in its crowded condition. It was a weak delusion. When I stretched out my limbs it was only to find that the ordinary conveniences for making several people distinctly uncomfortable were distributed throughout my individual frame. At last, resting my arms on the straps, by dint of much gymnastic effort I became sufficiently composed to be aware of a more refined species of torture. The springs of the stage, rising and falling regularly, produced a rhythmical beat, which began to painfully absorb my attention. Slowly this thumping merged into a senseless echo of the mysterious female of the hotel parlour, and shaped itself into this awful and benumbing axiom—" Praise-to-the-face-is-open-disgrace. Praise-to-the-face-is-open-disgrace." Inequalities of the road only quickened its utterance or drawled it to an exasperating length.

It was of no use seriously to consider the statement. It was of no use to except to it indignantly. It was of no use to recall the many instances where praise to the face had redounded to the everlasting honour of praiser and bepraised ; of no use to dwell sentimen-

tally on modest genius and courage lifted up and strengthened by open commendation ; of no use to except to the mysterious female—to picture her as rearing a thin-blooded generation on selfish and mechanically-repeated axioms—all this failed to counteract the monotonous repetition of this sentence. There was nothing to do but to give in, and I was about to accept it weakly, as we too often treat other illusions of darkness and necessity, for the time being, when I became aware of some other annoyance that had been forcing itself upon me for the last few moments. How quiet the driver was!

Was there any driver? Had I any reason to suppose that he was not lying, gagged and bound on the roadside, and the highwayman, with blackened face, who did the thing so quietly, driving me—whither? The thing is perfectly feasible. And what is this fancy now being jolted out of me? A story? It's of no use to keep it back, particularly in this abysmal vehicle, and here it comes: I am a Marquis—a French Marquis ; French, because the peerage is not so well known, and the country is better adapted to romantic incident—a Marquis, because the democratic reader delights in the nobility. My name is something *ligny*. I am coming from Paris to my country seat at St. Germain. It is a dark night, and I fall asleep and tell my honest coachman, André, not to disturb me, and dream of an angel. The carriage at last stops at the chateau. It is so dark that, when I alight, I do not recognize the face of the footman who holds the carriage-door. But what of that?—*peste!* I am heavy with sleep. The same obscurity also hides the old familiar indecencies of the statues on the terrace ; but there is a door, and it opens and shuts behind me smartly. Then I find myself in a trap, in the presence of the brigand who has quietly gagged poor André and conducted the

carriage thither. There is nothing for me to do, as a gallant French Marquis, but to say, "*Parbleu!*" draw my rapier, and die valorously! I am found, a week or two after, outside a deserted *cabaret* near the barrier, with a hole through my ruffled linen, and my pockets stripped. No; on second thoughts, I am rescued—rescued by the angel I have been dreaming of, who is the assumed daughter of the brigand, but the real daughter of an intimate friend.

Looking from the window again, in the vain hope of distinguishing the driver, I found my eyes were growing accustomed to the darkness. I could see the distant horizon, defined by India-inky woods, relieving a lighter sky. A few stars, widely spaced in this picture, glimmered sadly. I noticed again the infinite depth of patient sorrow in their serene faces; and I hope that the Vandal who first applied the flippant "twinkle" to them may not be driven melancholy mad by their reproachful eyes. I noticed again the mystic charm of space, that imparts a sense of individual solitude to each integer of the densest constellation, involving the smallest star with immeasurable loneliness. Something of this calm and solitude crept over me, and I dozed in my gloomy cavern. When I awoke the full moon was rising. Seen from my window, it had an indescribably unreal and theatrical effect. It was the full moon of Norma—that remarkable celestial phenomenon which rises so palpably to a hushed audience and a sublime *andante* chorus, until the *Casta Diva* is sung—the "inconstant moon" that then and thereafter remains fixed in the heavens as though it were a part of the solar system inaugurated by Joshua. Again the white-robed Druids filed past me, again I saw that improbable mistletoe cut from that impossible oak, and again cold chills ran down my back with the first strain of the recitative. The thumping springs essayed to beat

time, and the private-box-like obscurity of the vehicle lent a cheap enchantment to the view. But it was a vast improvement upon my past experience, and I hugged the fond delusion.

My fears for the driver were dissipated with the rising moon. A familiar sound had assured me of his presence in the full possession of at least one of his most important functions. Frequent and full expectoration convinced me that his lips were as yet not sealed by the gag of highwaymen, and soothed my anxious ear. With this load lifted from my mind, and assisted by the mild presence of Diana, who left, as when she visited Endymion, much of her splendour outside my cavern—I looked around the empty vehicle. On the forward seat lay a woman's hair-pin. I picked it up with an interest that, however, soon abated. There was no scent of the roses to cling to it still, not even of hair-oil. No bend or twist in its rigid angles betrayed any trait of its wearer's character. I tried to think that it might have been "Mariar's." I tried to imagine that, confining the symmetrical curls of that girl, it might have heard the soft compliments whispered in her ears which provoked the wrath of the aged female. But in vain. It was reticent and unswerving in its upright fidelity, and at last slipped listlessly through my fingers.

I had dozed repeatedly—waked on the threshold of oblivion by contact with some of the angles of the coach, and feeling that I was unconsciously assuming, in imitation of a humble insect of my childish recollection, that spherical shape, which could best resist those impressions, when I perceived that the moon, riding high in the heavens, had begun to separate the formless masses of the shadowy landscape. Trees isolated, in clumps and assemblages, changed places before my window. The sharp outlines of the distant hills came back, as in daylight, but little softened in the dry,

cold, dewless air of a California summer night. I was wondering how late it was, and thinking that if the horses of the night travelled as slowly as the team before us, Faustus might have been spared his agonizing prayer, when a sudden spasm of activity attacked my driver. A succession of whip-snappings, like a pack of Chinese crackers, broke from the box before me. The stage leaped forward, and when I could pick myself from under the seat, a long white building had in some mysterious way rolled before my window. It must be Slumgullion! As I descended from the stage I addressed the driver :—

" I thought you changed horses on the road ? "

" So we did. Two hours ago."

" That's odd. I didn't notice it."

" Must have been asleep, sir. Hope you had a pleasant nap. Bully place for a nice quiet snooze—empty stage, sir ! "

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

BRER RABBIT FINDS HIS MATCH AT LAST

" HIT look like ter me dat I let on de udder night dat in dem days w'en de beastesses wuz sa'nter'n 'roun' same like fokes, none un um wuz brash 'nuff fer ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit," remarked Uncle Remus reflectively.

" Yes," replied the little boy, " that's what you said."

" Well, den," continued the old man with unction, " dar's whar my 'membunce gin out, kaze Brer Rabbit did git kotched up wid, en hit cool 'im off like po'in' spring water on one er deze yer biggity fices."

" How was that, Uncle Remus ? " asked the little boy.

" One day, w'en Brer Rabbit wuz gwine lippity-clippitin' down de road, he meet up wid ole Brer Tarrypin, en atter dey pass de time er day wid wunner nudder, Brer Rabbit, he 'low dat he wuz much 'blije ter Brer Tarrypin fer de han' he tuck in de rumpus dat day down at Miss Meadows's."

" When he dropped off of the water-shelf on the Fox's head," suggested the little boy.

" Dat's de same time, honey. Den Brer Tarrypin 'low dat Brer Fox run mighty fas' dat day, but dat ef he'd er been atter 'im stidder Brer Rabbit, he'd er kotch 'im. Brer Rabbit say he could er kotch 'im hisse'f, but he didn't keer 'bout leavin' de ladies. Dey keep on talkin', dey did, twel bimeby dey gotter 'sputin' 'bout w'ich wux de swiffes'. Brer Rabbit, he say he kin outrun Brer Tarrypin ; en Brer Tarrypin, he des vow dat he kin outrun Brer Rabbit. Up en down dey had it, twel fus' news you know Brer Tarrypin say he got a fifty-dollar bill in de chink er de chimbly at home, en dat bill done tole 'im dat he could beat Brer Rabbit in a fa'r race. Den Brer Rabbit say he got a fifty-dollar bill w'at say dat he kin leave Brer Tarrypin so fur behime, dat he could sow barley ez he went 'long en hit 'ud be ripe 'nuff fer ter cut by de time Brer Tarrypin pass dat way.

" Ennyhow, dey make de bet en put up de money, en ole Brer Tukkey Buzzard, he wuz summonzd fer ter be de jedge en de stake-holder ; en 'twan't long 'fo' all de 'rangements wuz made. De race wuz a five-mile heat, en de groun' wuz medjud off, en at de een' er eve'y mile a pos' wuz stuck up. Brer Rabbit wuz ter run down de big road, en Brer Tarrypin, he say he'd gallup thoo de woods. Fokes tole 'im he could git long faster in de road ; but ole Brer Tarrypin, he know w'at he doin'. Miss Meadows en de gals en 'mos' all de nabers got win' er de fun, en w'en de day wuz sot dey 'termin' fer ter be on han'.

Brer Rabbit he train hisse'f eve'y day, en he skip over de groun' des ez gayly ez a June cricket. Ole Brer Tarrypin, he lay low in de swamp. He had a wife an th'ee chilluns, ole Brer Tarrypin did, en dey wuz all de ve'y spit en image er de ole man. Ennybody w'at know one fum de udder gotter take a spy-glass, en den dey er li'ble fer ter git fooled.

" Dat's de way marters stan' twel de day ef de race, en on dat day ole Brer Tarrypin, en his ole 'oman, en his th'ee chilluns, dey got up 'fo' sun-up, en went ter de place. De ole 'oman, she tuck 'er stan' nigh de fus' mile-pos', she did, en de chilluns nigh de udders, up ter de las', en dar ole Brer Tarrypin, he tuck his stan'. Bimeby, here come de fokes : Jedge Buzzard, he come ; en Miss Meadows en de gals, dey come ; en den yer come Brer Rabbit wid ribbons tied 'roun' his neck en streamin' fum his years. De fokes all went ter de udder een' er de track fer ter see how dey come out. W'en de time come Jedge Buzzard strut 'roun' en pull out his watch, en holler out : —

" ' Gents, is you ready ? '

" Brer Rabbit, he say ' yes,' en ole Miss Tarrypin holler ' go ' fum de aidge er de woods. Brer Rabbit, he lit out on de race, en ole Miss Tarrypin, she put out fer home. Jedge Buzzard, he riz en skimmed 'long fer ter see dat de race wuz runned fa'r. W'en Brer Rabbit got ter de fus' mile-pos' wunner de Tarrypin chilluns crawl out de woods, he did, en make fer de place. Brer Rabbit, he holler out :—

" ' Whar is you, Brer Tarrypin ? '

" ' Yer I come a-bulgin',' sez de Tarrypin, sezee.

" Brer Rabbit so glad he's ahead dat he put out harder dan ever, en de Tarrypin, de make fer home. W'en he come ter de nex' pos', nudder Tarrypin crawl out er de woods.

" ' Whar is you, Brer Tarrypin ? ' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Yer I come a-bilin',' sez de Tarrypin, sezee.

" Brer Rabbit, he lit out, he did, en come ter nex' pos', en dar wuz de Tarrypin. Den he come ter nex', en dar wuz de Tarrypin. Den he had one mo' mile fer ter run, en he feel like he gittin' bellust. Bimeby ole Brer Tarrypin look way off down de road, en he see Jedge Buzzard sailin' 'long, en he know hit's time fer 'im fer ter be up. So he scramble outen de woods, en roll 'cross de ditch, en shuffle thoo de crowd er fokes, en git ter de mile-pos' en crawl behime it. Bimeby, fus' news you know, yer come Brer Rabbit. He look 'roun' en he don't see Brer Tarrypin, en den he squall out :—

" 'Gimme de money, Brer Buzzard ! Gimme de money ! '

" Den Miss Meadows en de gals, dey holler and laff fit ter kill deyse'f ; en ole Brer Tarrypin, he raise up fum behime de pos' en sez, sezee :—

" 'Ef you'll gimme time fer ter ketch my breff, gents en ladies, one en all, I speck I'll finger dat money myse'f,' sezee ; en sho' 'nuff, Brer Tarrypin tie de pu's 'roun' his neck en skaddle off home."

" But, Uncle Remus," said the little boy dolefully, " that was cheating."

" Co'se, honey. De beastesses 'gun ter cheat, en den fokes tuck it up, en hit keep on spreadin'. Hit mighty ketchin' ; en you mine yo' eye, honey, dat somebody don't cheat you 'fo' yo' ha'r git grey ez de ole nigger's."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

TEN SIXTY-SIX

ALL persons who speak the English language should never forget the year 1066, for although it bloomed and faded long ago, it was an important event in our lives. In that year William the Conqueror

sailed across the English Channel, landed on the south coast of England, and his descendants and those of his party are there yet.

No wonder the British are proud of their naval and military history. England is separated from the continent by only twenty miles ; and yet since 1066 not a single person has got into England and stayed there without an invitation. For nearly nine hundred years England has successfully repelled boarders. Many able and determined foes devoted all their energies to realise their hearts' desire. The Spanish Armada was a grandiose war-fleet, but Sir Francis Drake and the surface of the Channel that has made so many tourists seasick were too powerful a combination for the gallant Spaniards. The dream of Napoleon was to invade and possess England ; the nearest he ever got to it was St. Helena. There is an enormous column at Boulogne which was erected to "commemorate the intention of Napoleon to invade England." I knew that intentions were often used as paving-stones in a certain locality ; but, like Browning's futile lovers in *The Statue and the Bust*, the immobility of the commemoration is an ironical commentary. In the World War, the Central Powers were well equipped for an expeditionary force on land, water, and air ; the best-selling novel in Germany in 1916 was called *General Hindenburg's March into London*, but it was a work of the imagination.

In reading Tennyson's play *Harold*, it is interesting to see that his sympathies are all with the Saxon king ; and it is well to remember that William could not have conquered England had not Harold been engaged in a fatal civil war with his own brother Tostig. Was there ever a more suicidal folly ? When William landed, Harold was fighting away up in the North in what is now Yorkshire ; and he had to bring his

army down to the South coast through incredibly bad roads, and there meet the First Soldier of Europe.

However and whatever Tennyson may have thought, William's victory was the best thing that ever happened to England and to those who now speak English. The battle of Hastings meant much to Americans. Not only was William a statesman and law-and-order man, he made English a world language. By the addition of the Romance languages to Anglo-Saxon, he doubled the richness of our vocabulary ; English is a gorgeous hash of Teutonic and Latin tongues. But William did far more for us than that. Anglo-Saxon, the language spoken by Harold in London, is more unlike the language spoken by King George VI than the language of Virgil in Rome is unlike the language spoken by Mussolini. Anglo-Saxon is a difficult language, as difficult for a beginner as German ; furthermore, it is inflected. William, although he did not know it, made English the universal language, the clearing-house of human speech in the twentieth century. It is easier for an American to learn either French or German than it is for a German to learn French or a Frenchman to learn German. Not only are there many words in English which are like French words, but the most blessed result of this victory in 1066 was the eventual simplification of English grammar and syntax.

If William had not conquered England, it is probable that to-day English speech would have inflexions and grammatical gender. George Moore says that he dislikes English, it is a lean language, the adjective does not agree with the noun—I say, thank heaven for that ! With the exception of pronunciation, the English language is ridiculously simple and easy ; any foreigner can learn to write, read, and understand English in a short time, and

he can learn to speak it with fluent inaccuracy. What a blessed thing for a foreigner who must learn English to know that when he learns the name of a thing, that name does not change. A book is always a book, no matter what you do with it. Now, if William had not conquered England, every time you did anything to a book, the accursed word would change. " The book is mine," but " I take bookum," " I go away booke," " I tear a page out bookes," and so on. Then one would have to discover and remember whether book were masculine, feminine, or neuter, and every time one used an adjective, like " good book," that miserable adjective would have to agree with the book in gender, case, and number. When one sits down to dinner in a German hotel, one must remember that the knife is neuter, the fork is feminine, and the spoon masculine, and then one's troubles have only begun. Remember what Mark Twain said of German. How simple to have no case-ending, no gender, and almost no grammar! No wonder English is becoming the world-language; it will of course never drive out other languages, but it has already taken the place occupied by Latin in the Middle Ages, and by French in the eighteenth century. A man can go almost anywhere in the world with English; and any foreigner who decides to learn one language besides his own, must choose English. Anyhow they all do.

The only difficulty with our language is its pronunciation. Not only are we the only people in the world who pronounce the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, as we do, there are so many exceptions that this rule does not always apply. One has to learn the pronunciation of every word. Suppose a foreigner learns *danger*, what will he do with *anger*? And having finally learned both anger and danger, what will he do with *hanger*? I never met but one foreigner who spoke

English without a trace of accent ; that was the late Professor Beljame, who taught English at the Sorbonne. He told me that he had practised English every day for forty years, and I afterward discovered that his mother was an Englishwoman. One day I met a Polish gentleman who spoke English fluently, but with much accent ; he insisted that he spoke it as well as a native. I left him alone for three hours with this sentence : " Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through " ; and when I came to hear him read it, I thought he was going to lose his mind.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE PERFECT OPTIMIST

WELL, here we are again seated in the big red plush chair in for one of our jolly little mornings with our dentist. My ! It certainly is cosy to settle back into this comfortable chair with a whole quiet morning in front of us—no work to do, no business to think of, just to lie in one of our comfortable day-dreams.

How pleasant it is in this chair, anyway, with the sunshine streaming in through the window upon us and illuminating every corner of the neat and immaculate little room in which we sit.

For immaculate neatness and cleanliness, I repeat, give me a little up-to-date dental room every time. Talk of your cosy libraries or your dens, they won't compare with this little nook. Here we are with everything we need around us, all within easy arm's-length reach. Here on this revolving tray are our pleasant little nippers, pincers and forceps, some so small and cute and others so big and strong that we feel a real confidence in them. They'd never let go

of anything ! Here is our dainty little electric buzzer with our revolving gimlets at the end ; our little hammer on the left ; our bradawl on the right—everything !

For the moment our dental friend is out of the room—telephoning, we imagine. The merry fellow is so popular with all his friends that they seem to ring him up every few minutes.

Little scraps of his conversation reach our ears as we lie half-buried in our white towel, in a sweet reverie of expectancy.

" Pretty bad in the night, was it, eh? Well, perhaps you'd better come along down and we'll make a boring through that bicuspid and see what's there ! "

Full of ideas, he is, always like that—never discouraged, something new to suggest all the time. And then we hear him say : " Well, let me see. I'm busy now for about a couple of hours——" Hurrah ! That means us ! We were so afraid he was going to say, " I'll be through here in about five minutes." But no, it's all right ; we've got two long, dreamy hours in front of us.

He comes back into the room and his cheery presence, as he searches among his instruments and gives a preliminary buzz to the buzzer, seems to make the sunshine even brighter. How pleasant life seems—the dear old life ; that is, the life we quitted ten minutes ago and to which, please Providence, we hope to return in two hours. We never felt till we sat here how full and pleasant life is. Think of it, the simple joy of being alive. That's all we ask—of going to work each day (without a toothache) and coming home each night to eat our dinner. If only people realized it—just to live in our world without a toothache. . . .

So runs our pleasant reverie. But, meanwhile,

our dental friend has taken up a little hammer and has tapped us, in his playful way, on the back teeth.

"Feel that?" he asks.

And he's right, the merry dog! We *do* feel it. He guessed it right away. We are hoping so much that he will hit us again.

Come on, let's have a little more fun like that. But no. He's laid aside his hammer and as nearly as we can see has rolled up his cuffs to the elbow and has started his good old electric buzzer into a roar.

Ah, ha! Now we are going to get something—this is going to be the big fun, the real thing. That's the greatest thing about our little dental mornings, there's always something new. Always as we sit we have a pleasant expectancy that our dental friend is planning a new one.

Now, then, let us sit back tight while he drives at our jaw with the buzzer. Of all the exhilarating feelings of hand-to-hand conflict, of man against man, of mind matched against mind, and intelligence pitted against intelligence, I know of none more stimulating than when we brace ourselves for this conflict of man and machinery. He has on his side the power of electricity and the force of machinery.

But we are not without resource. We brace ourselves, laughingly, in our chair while he starts to bore. We need, in fact, our full strength; but, on the other hand, if he tries to keep up at this pace his hands will get tired. We realize, with a sense of amusement, that if his machine slips, he may get a nasty thump on the hand against our jawbone.

He slacks off for just a second—half withdraws his machine and says, "Were you at the football match yesterday?" and then starts his instrument again at full roar.

"Were we at the football match yesterday?" How strange it sounds! "Why, yes, of course we

were ! " In that far-away long-ago world where they play football and where there is no toothache—we were there only yesterday afternoon.

Yes, we remember, it was just towards the end of that game that we felt those twinges in one of the—what does he call it, the lower molars ? Anyway, one of those twinges which started the exultant idea racing through our minds, " To-morrow we'll have to go to the dentist."

A female voice speaking into the room has called him to the telephone, and again we are alone. What if he never comes back !

The awful thought leaps to our minds, what if he comes in and says, " I'm sorry to say I have to take a train out of town at once." How terrible !

Perhaps he'll come in and say, " Excuse me, I have to leave instantly for Canada ! " or, " I'll have to let your work go ; they've sent for me to go to China ! "

But no, how lucky ! Back he comes again. We've not lost him. And now what is he at ? Stuffing cotton-wool up into our head, wool saturated with some kind of drugs, and pounding it in with a little hammer.

And then—all of a sudden, so it seems—he steps back and says, " There, that will do nicely till Monday ! " And we rise half-dazed from our chair to realize in our disappointment that it is over already. Somehow we had thought that our pleasant drowsy morning of pounding and boring and dreaming in the sunlight, while our dental friend mixed up something new, would last for ever. And now, all of a sudden it is over.

Never mind ! After all, he said Monday ! It

won't seem so long till then! And meantime we can think about it all day and look forward to it and imagine how it is going to feel. Oh! It won't be long.

And so we step out into the street—full of cotton-wool and drugs and electricity and reverie—like a person returning to a forgotten world and dazed to find it there.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE NEW PUP

On a Friday in April, Penrod Schofield, having returned from school at noon promptly, on account of an earnest appetite, found lunch considerably delayed and himself (after a bit of simple technique) alone in the pantry with a large, open, metal receptacle containing about two-thirds of a peck of perfect doughnuts just come into the world.

The history of catastrophe is merely the history of irresistible juxtapositions. When Penrod left the pantry he walked slowly. In the large metal receptacle were left a small number of untouched doughnuts; while upon the shelf beside it were two further doughnuts, each with a small bite experimentally removed—and one of these bites, itself, lay, little mangled, beside the parent doughnut.

Nothing having been discovered, he seated himself gently at the lunch-table, and, making no attempt to take part in the family conversation, avoided rather than sought attention. This decorum on his part was so unusual as to be the means of defeating its object, for his mother and father and his nineteen-year-old sister, Margaret, naturally began to stare at him. Nevertheless, his presence continued to be unobtrusive and his manner preoccupied. Rallied by Margaret, he offered for reply only a smile, faint,

courteous and strange, followed, upon further badinage, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head, which he seemed to fear might come off if more decisively agitated.

" But, Penrod dear," his mother insisted, " you *must* eat a little something or other."

For the sake of appearances, Penrod made a terrible effort to eat a little something or other.

When they had got him to his bed, he said, with what resentful strength remained to him, that it was all the fault of his mother, and she was indeed convinced that her insistence had been a mistake. For several hours the consequences continued to be more or less demonstrative ; then they verged from physical to mental, as the thoughts of Penrod and the thoughts of his insides merged into one. Their decision was unanimous—a conclusive horror of doughnuts. Throughout ghastly durations of time there was no thought possible to him but the intolerable thought of doughnuts. There was no past but doughnuts ; there was no future but doughnuts. He descended into the bottomest pit of an abyss of doughnuts ; he lay suffocating in a universe of doughnuts. He looked back over his dreadful life to that time, before lunch, when he had been alone with the doughnuts in the pantry, and it seemed to him that he must have been out of his mind. How could he have endured even the noxious smell of the things ? It was incredible to him that any human being could ever become hardy enough to bear the mere sight of a doughnut.

Not until the next morning did Penrod Schofield quit his bed and come out into the fair ways of mankind again, and then his step was cautious ; there was upon his brow the trace of an experience. For a little while after his emergence to the air he had the look

of one who has discovered something alarming in the pleasant places of life, the look of one who has found a scorpion hiding under a violet. He went out into the yard through the front door, and, even with his eyes, avoided the kitchen.

" Yay, Penrod ! " a shout greeted him. " Look ! Looky here ! Look what *I* got ! "

Upon the side-walk was Sam Williams in a state of unmistakable elation. His right hand grasped one end of a taut piece of clothes-line ; the other end had been tied round the neck of a pup ; but, owing to the pup's reluctance, the makeshift collar was now just behind his ears, so that his brow was furrowed, his throat elongated and his head horizontal. As a matter of fact, he was sitting down ; nevertheless, Sam evidently held that the pup was being led.

" This good ole dog o' mine's not so easy to *lead*, I can tell you ! "

These were Sam's words, in spite of the pup's seated attitude. On the other hand, to support the use of " lead," the pup was certainly moving along at a fair rate of speed. In regard to his state of mind, any beholder must have hesitated between two guesses : his expression denoted either resignation or profound obstinacy, and, by maintaining silence throughout what could not possibly have been other than a spiritual and bodily trial, he produced an impression of reserve altogether deceptive. There do exist reserved pups, of course ; but this was not one of them.

Sam brought him into the yard. " How's *that* for high, Penrod ? " he cried.

Penrod forgot doughnuts temporarily. " Where'd you get him ? " he asked. " Where'd you get that fellow, Sam ? "

" Yay ! " shouted Master Williams. " He belongs to me."

" Where'd you *get* him ? Didn't you hear me ? "

" You just look him over," Sam said importantly. " Take a good ole look at him and see what you got to say. He's a full-blooded dog, all right ! You just look this good ole dog over."

With warm interest, Penrod complied. He looked the good ole dog over. The pup, released from the stress of the rope, lay placidly upon the grass. He was tan-coloured over most of him, though interspersed with black ; and the fact that he had nearly attained his adolescence was demonstrated by the cumbersomeness of his feet and the half-knowing look of his eye. He was large ; already he was much taller and heavier than Duke, Penrod's little old dog.

" How do you know he's full-blooded ? " asked Penrod cautiously, before expressing any opinion.

" My goodness ! " Sam exclaimed. " Can't you look at him ? Don't you know a full-blooded dog when you see one ? "

Penrod frowned. " Well, who told you he was ? "

" John Carmichael."

" Who's John Carmichael ? "

" He's the man works on my uncle's farm. John Carmichael owns the mother o' this dog here ; and he said he took a fancy to me and he was goin' to give me this dog's mother and all the other pups besides this one, too, only my fam'ly wouldn't let me. John says they were all pretty full-blooded, except the runt ; but this one was the best. This one is the most full-blooded of the whole kitamaboodle."

For the moment Penrod's attention was distracted from the pup. " Of the whole what ? " he inquired.

" Of the whole kitamaboodle," Sam repeated carelessly.

" Oh," said Penrod, and he again considered the

pup. " I bet he isn't as full-blooded as Duke. I bet he isn't anyway *near* as full-blooded as Duke."

Sam hooted. " Duke ! " he cried. " Why, I bet Duke isn't a *quarter* full-blooded ! I bet Duke hasn't got any full blood in him at all ! All you'd haf to do'd be look at Duke and this dog together ; then you'd see in a minute. I bet you, when this dog grows up, he could whip Duke four times out o' five. I bet he could whip Duke now, only pups won't fight. All I ast is, you go get Duke and just *look* which is the most full-blooded."

" All right," said Penrod. " I'll get him, and I guess maybe you'll have sense enough to see yourself which is. Duke's got more full blood in his hind feet than that dog's got all over him."

He departed hotly, calling and whistling for his own, and Duke, roused from a nap on the back porch, loyally obeyed the summons. A moment or two later, he made his appearance, following his master to the front yard, where Sam and the new pup were waiting. However, upon his first sight of this conjuncture, Duke paused at the corner of the house, then quietly turned to withdraw. Penrod was obliged to take him by the collar

" Well, *now* you're satisfied, I guess ! " said Sam Williams, when Penrod had dragged Duke to a spot about five feet from the pup " I expeck you can tell which is the full-bloodedest now, can't you ? "

" Yes ; I guess I can ! " Penrod retorted. " Look at that ole cur beside good ole Dukie, and anybody can see he isn't full-blooded a-*tall !* "

" He isn't ? " Sam cried indignantly, and, as a conclusive test, he gathered in both hands a large, apparently unoccupied area of the pup's back, lifting it and displaying it proudly, much as a clerk shows goods upon a counter. " Look at that ! " he shouted. " Look how loose his hide is ! You never saw a

looser-hided dog in your life, and you can't any more do that with Duke'n you could with a potato-bug ! Just try it once ; that's all I ast."

" That's nothing. Any pup can do that. When Duke was a pup——"

" Just try it once, I said. That's all I ast."

" I got a right to talk, haven't I ? " Penrod demanded bitterly. " I guess this is my own father's yard, and I got a ri——"

" Just try it, once," Sam repeated, perhaps a little irritatingly. " That's all I ast."

" My goodness HEAVENS ! " Penrod bellowed. " I never heard such a crazy racket as you're makin'! Haven't you got enough sense to——"

" Just try it once. That's all I——"

" Dry UP ! " Penrod was furious.

Sam relapsed into indignant silence. Penrod similarly relapsed. Each felt that the other knew nothing whatever about full-blooded dogs.

" Well," Sam said finally, " what you want to keep ahold o' Duke for ? *My* dog ain't goin' to hurt him."

" I guess not ! You said yourself he couldn't fight."

" I did not ! I said *no* pup will——"

" All right then," said Penrod. " I was only holdin' him to keep him from chewin' up that poor cur. Better let him loose so's he can get away if good ole Dukie takes after him."

" Let's let 'em both loose," Sam said, forgetting animosity. " Let's see what they'll do."

" All right," Penrod, likewise suddenly amiable, agreed. " I expeck they kind of like each other, anyways."

Released, both animals shook themselves. Then Duke approached the pup and sniffed carelessly and without much interest at the back of his neck. Duke was so bored by the information thus obtained that he yawned and once more made evident his

intention to retire to the back yard. The new pup, however, after having presented up to this moment an appearance uninterruptedly lethargic, suddenly took it into his head to play the jolly rogue. At a pup's gallop, he proceeded to a point directly in Duke's line of march, and halted. Then he placed his muzzle flat upon the ground between his widespread paws and showed the whites of his eyes in a waggish manner. Duke also halted, confronting the joker and emitting low sounds of warning and detestation.

Then, for the sake of peace, he decided to go round the house the other way ; in fact, he was in the act of turning to do so when the pup rushed upon him and frolicsomely upset him. Thereupon, Duke swore, cursing all the pups in the world and claiming blasphemously to be a dangerous person whom it were safer not again to jostle. For a moment, the pup was startled by the elderly dog's intensive oratory ; then he decided that Duke was joking too, and returned to his clowning. Again and again he charged ponderously upon, into and over Duke, whose words and actions now grew wild indeed. But he was helpless. The pup's humour expressed itself in a fever of physical badinage, and Duke no sooner rose than he was upset again. When he lay upon his back, raving and snapping, the disregardful pup's large feet would flop weightily upon the pit of his stomach or upon his very face with equal unconcern. Duke had about as much chance with him as an elderly gentleman would have with a jocular horse. Never before was a creature of settled life so badgered.

Both boys were captivated by the pup's display of gaiety, and Penrod, naturally prejudiced against the blithe animal, unwillingly felt his heart warming. It was impossible to preserve any coldness of feeling toward so engaging a creature, and, besides, no boy can long resist a pup. Penrod began to yearn

toward this one. He wished that John Carmichael had worked on a farm belonging to *his* uncle.

" That *is* a pretty good dog, Sam " he said, his eyes following the pup's merry violence. " I guess you're right—he's proba'ly *part* full-blooded, maybe not as much as Duke, but a good deal, anyhow. What you goin' to name him ? "

" John Carmichael."

" I wouldn't," said Penrod. " I'd name him sumpthing nice. I'd name him Frank, or Walter or sumpthing."

" No, sir," Sam said firmly. " I'm goin' to name him John Carmichael. I told John Carmichael I would."

" Well, all right," Penrod returned, a little peevishly. " Always got to have your own way ! "

" Well, haven't I got a right to ? " Sam inquired, with justifiable heat. " I'd like to know why I oughtn't to have my own way about my own dog ! "

" I don't care," said Penrod. " You can call him John Carmichael when you speak to him ; but, when *I* speak to him, I'm goin' to call him Walter."

" You can if you want to," Sam returned. " It won't be his name."

" Well, Walter'll be his name long as I'm talkin' to him."

" It won't, either ! "

" Why won't it ? Just answer me, why ? "

" Because," said Sam, " his name'll be John Carmichael all the time, no matter who's talkin' to him."

" That's what you think," said Penrod, and he added, in a tone of determination, " His name'll be Walter whenever I say a word to him."

Sam began to wear a baffled expression, for the controversy was unusual and confusing. " It won't," he said. " Do you s'pose Duke's name'd be Walter,

if you called him Walter while you were talkin' to him, and then change back to Duke the rest o' the time when you aren't talkin' to him ? "

" What ? "

" I said—well, suppose Duke's name was Walter " —Sam paused, finding himself unable to recall the details of the argumentative illustration he had offered.

" What's all that stuff you were talkin' about ? " Penrod insisted.

" His name's John Carmichael," Sam said curtly. " Hyuh, John ! "

" Hyuh, Walter ! " cried Penrod.

" Hyuh, John ! Hyuh, John Carmichael ! "

" Hyuh, Walter, Walter ! *Come* here, good ole Walter, Walter, Walter ! "

" Hyuh, John ! *Good* ole Johnny ! "

The pup paid no attention to either of the rival godfathers, but continued to clown it over Duke, whose mood was beginning to change. His bad temper had exhausted itself, and, little by little, the pup's antics began to stir the elderly dog's memory of his own puphood. He remembered the glad unconventionality, the long days of irresponsible romping, and he wished that he might live those days again. By imperceptible degrees, his indignation diminished ; he grew milder and milder until, finally, he found himself actually collaborating in the pup's hoydenish assaults. Duke's tone of voice became whimsical ; he lay upon his back and pretended to swear and snap ; but the swearing and snapping were now burlesque and meant to be understood as such. Duke ended by taking a decided fancy to Walter-John Carmichael.

The moral influence of dogs upon one another is profound—a matter seldom estimated at its value. People are often mystified by a change of character in a known and tried dog ; they should seek to dis-

cover with whom he has been associating himself. Sometimes the change in a dog's character is permanent; sometimes it is merely temporary. In the latter case, when the animal returns to his former habit of mind, it is usually a sign that the source of influence has vanished—the other dog has moved away. Or it may be merely that the influenced dog has concluded that his new manner does not pay. One thing, however, is certain: when a dog goes wrong late in life, it is almost invariably due to the influence and example of some other dog—usually a younger one, odd as that may seem.

Walter-John Carmichael proved his light-headedness by forgetting Duke abruptly and galloping off after a sparrow that had flown near the ground. The sparrow betook himself to the limb of a tree, while the pup continued to careen and zigzag over the grass in the lunatic belief that he was still chasing the sparrow. Duke thereupon scampered upon an imaginary track, shaped like a large figure eight, and then made a jovial rush at Walter-John, bowling him over and over. Finding that the thing could be done, Duke knocked Walter-John over as often as the latter rose to his feet. Duke had caught the infection of youth; he had been lifted out of himself by Walter-John's simple happiness, and the little old dog was in great spirits. Of course, he did not weigh the question of his conduct carefully; later events proved that he acted on the spur of emotion and paused neither to reason nor to estimate consequences. His promptings were, indeed, physical rather than mental—simply, he felt like a pup once more and in all things behaved like one.

Meanwhile, the two boys sat upon the grass and watched the friendly battle. "I'm goin' to train John to be a trick dog," Sam said.

"What you goin' to train him?"

"Oh, like dogs in the dog show," Sam replied, with careless ease. "I'm goin' to make him do all those tricks."

"Yes, you are!"

"I am, too!"

"Well, *how* are you?" asked the sceptical Penrod. "How you goin' to train him?"

"Lots o' ways."

"Well, what are they?"

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world to train a pup," said Sam. "Take an ole dog like Duke, and 'course you can't train him. First thing I'm goin' to train John is to catch a ball when I throw it to him."

"You mean catch it in his mouth the same as a baseball player does with his hands?"

"Yes, sir!"

Penrod laughed scornfully.

"You wait and see!" Sam cried.

"Well, how are you goin' to? Just answer me that!"

"You'll *see* how."

"Well, why can't you answer how you're goin' to do so much? Just answer me that; that's all I——"

"Well, I'll tell you how," Sam began, speaking thoughtfully.

"Well, why'n't you *tell* me, then, instead o' talkin' so mu——"

"How can I, when you won't let me? You talk yourself all the ti——"

"You don't *know* how! That's the reason you talk so much," Penrod asserted. "You couldn't any more teach a dog to catch a ball than——"

"I could, too! I'd put sumpthing on it."

Penrod's loud laugh was again scornful. "Put sumpthing on it!" he mocked. "*That'd* teach a dog to catch a ball, wouldn't it? What you goin' to

put on it ? Tar ? So it'd stick in his mouth ? " And overcome by the humour of this satire, Penrod rolled in the grass, shouting derisively.

Not at all disconcerted, his friend explained : " No ; I wouldn't put any ole tar on it. I'd take a ball and rub sumpthing that tastes good to him on the ball."

" What for ? "

" Then I'd throw it to him, and he'd catch it just like he would a piece o' beefsteak. Haven't you ever seen a dog catch meat ? "

Penrod's laughter ceased ; the idea fascinated him at once. " Look here, Sam," he said. " Let's teach both our dogs to do that. Let's go round to the barn and start gettin' 'em all trained up so's we can have a dog show."

" *That's* the ticket ! " cried Sam.

Within five minutes, the unfortunate Duke and Walter-John, interrupted in their gambols, were beginning to undergo a course of instruction. The two trainers agreed to avoid all harshness ; the new method of teaching by attractive deceptions was to be followed throughout the course, and, for a while, they were consistently persuasive and diplomatic. Penrod brought a bit of raw meat and a solid-rubber ball from the house. The meat was rubbed on the ball, which was then presented to the two dogs for inspection and sniffing. Both took some interest in it, and Duke licked it casually.

The ball was tossed first to Duke, who moved aside and would have taken his unobtrusive departure had he not been detained. Next, Sam tossed the ball to Walter-John, who, without budging, placidly watched its approach through the air, and yet seemed surprised and troubled when it concluded its flight upon his right eye. Meat was freshly rubbed upon the ball and the experiment repeated again and again, so that after a little

experience Walter-John learned to watch the ball and to move as soon as he saw it coming toward him. After half an hour, he was almost as able a dodger as Duke.

It may not be denied that by this time the trainers were irritated. Their theory was so plausible—it had sounded so simple, so inevitable—that the illogical conduct of the two dogs could not fail to get more and more upon the theorists' nerves. Naturally, then, in spite of all agreements never to resort to harshness, there were times when, instead of tossing, Penrod threw the ball to Duke, and Sam to Walter-John. In fact, to an observer who had no knowledge of dog-training, the instruction finally might have seemed to be a contest in accuracy between the two trainers, especially as they had found it necessary to tie both Walter-John and Duke rather closely to the stable wall. Indeed, that was the view of the matter ignorantly taken by Della, Mrs. Schofield's cook.

" I niver see th' beat ! " she exclaimed, coming out upon the back porch from the kitchen. " Chainin' thim two poor dogs ag'inst the wall and throwin' big rocks at 'em to see which can hit 'em the most times and——"

" Rocks ! " Penrod interrupted angrily. " Who's throwin' rocks ? You tell me who's throwin' any rocks ! "

" I'll tell you to come to lunch," Della retorted. " And Mrs. Williams has been telephonin' a quawter'v an hour. They're waitin' lunch at the Williamses ; so you let thim two poor dogs go—if they still got the strenk to walk. Are you comin' to yer lunch, Musther Penrod, or not ? Come in and try to eat like a human person and not like a rhinoceros the way you did yesterday, and you know what you got fer it, too—I'm glad, praise hiven ! " She returned into the house, slamming the door.

" What's she mean, Penrod ? " Sam inquired, as he released Walter-John from the wall. " What did you get for what, that she says she was so glad about ? "

" Nothin'," said Penrod, though his expression had become momentarily unpleasant. " Those Irish always got to be sayin' sumpthing or other."

" Yep," Sam agreed. " Let's go ahead and train our dogs some more this afternoon. You bring Duke over to our yard, Penrod, and let's get started early."

BOOTH TARKINGTON

THE STORY-TELLER

WHAT a fellow, wanting to be loved, was my father ! And now he is in the farmhouse sitting-room and it is late evening and the tow-headed children have gone regretfully to bed. There is something in the air of the room, a kind of suspense, a feeling that something is about to happen. Father has so carefully worked that up. He would do it by silences, by sudden breakings out into suppressed laughter, and then by quickly looking sad. I have seen him do the thing, oh, many times. " My dear people—you wait ! There is something inside me that is wonderful, and if you will only be patient you will presently see or hear it come forth," he seemed to be saying.

He is by the fire with his legs spread out and his hands are in his trousers pockets. He stares at the floor. He is smoking a cigar. In some ways he always managed to keep himself supplied with the little comforts of life.

And he has so placed his chair that he can look at Tilly, who has retired into her corner, without anyone else in the room seeing the look. Now she is sitting in deep shadows, far away from the kerosene lamp with which the room is lighted, and as she sits there, half

lost in the darkness, there is suddenly something—a haunting kind of beauty hangs over her.

She is a little excited by something father has managed in some indescribable way to do to the very air of the room. Tilly also was once young and must at some time have had her grand moment in life. Her moment was not very prolonged. Once, when she was a young woman, she went to a country dance and a man, who dealt in horses, took a fancy to her and carried her home after the dance in his buggy. He was a tall man with a heavy moustache, and she—it was a moonlight night in October—she grew sad and wistful. The horse dealer half intended—well, he had been buying horses for a trucking company at Toledo, Ohio, had secured all he wanted and was leaving the neighbourhood on the next day—the thing he felt during that evening later quite went out of his mind.

As for father he is at the moment perhaps thinking of mother, when she was young and lovely and was a bound girl in just such another farmhouse, and surely he wanted something lovely for mother then as he does for Tilly now. I have no doubt at all that father always wanted lovely things for people—to happen to people—and that he had also an absurd and never-dying faith in himself—that he was, in some inscrutable way, appointed to be the bearer of lovely things to obscure people.

However, there is something else in his mind also. Is he not the fellow who, by his personal charm, is to earn for himself, Aldrich and the horse, board, a bed, a welcome—without pay—until the show is pulled off at the schoolhouse ? That is his business now and this is his hour.

In fancy I can hear the tale he would now begin telling. There was that one about his escape from the guards when he was a Union soldier in the Civil

War and was being marched off to a Southern prison camp. He would no doubt use that. It was a bull's-eye story and always hit the mark ! Oh, how often and under what varying circumstances has not my father escaped from prisons ! Benvenuto Cellini or the count of Monte Cristo had nothing on him.

Yes, the story he would now tell would be that once when it rained and the Union prisoners, father among them—some forty men in all—were being marched off along a road in the deep mud—

That was indeed a night of adventure ! It was a tale he loved telling, and what realistic touches he could put into it : the rain that wet the prisoners to the skin—the cold—the chattering teeth—the groans of weary men—the closeness of the dark forest on either hand—the steady weary chug-chug of the feet of the prisoners in the mud—the line of guards at either side of the road, with the guns over their shoulders—the curses of the Rebel guards when they stumbled in the darkness.

What a night of weary anguish on the part of the prisoners ! When they stopped to rest the guards went into a house and left the prisoners to stand outside in the rain, or lie on the bare ground, guarded by part of the company. If any died of exposure—well, there would be that many less men to feed when they were got into the Southern prison camp.

And now, after many days and nights, marching thus, the souls of the prisoners were sick with weariness. A dreary desolate look would come upon father's face as he spoke of it.

They marched steadily along in the deep mud and the rain. How cold the rain was ! Now and then, in the darkness, a dog barked, far away somewhere. There was a break in the solid line of timber along the road and the men marched across the crest of a low hill. There are lights to be seen now, in distant

farmhouses, far away across a valley—a few lights like stars shining.

The story-teller has got his audience leaning forward in their chairs. Outside the farmhouse in which they sit a wind begins to blow and a broken branch from a near-by tree is blown against the side of the house. The farmer, a heavy, stolid-looking man, starts a little and his wife shivers as with cold and Tilly is absorbed—she does not want to miss a word of the tale.

And now father is describing the darkness of the valley below the hill and the lights seen, far off. Will any of the little company of prisoners ever see their own homes again, their wives, their children, their sweethearts? The lights of the farmhouses in the valley are like stars in the sky of a world turned upside down.

The Rebel commander of the guard has issued a warning and a command: "It's pretty dark here, and if any of the Yanks make a stir to move out of the centre of the road, fire straight into the mass of them. Kill them like dogs."

A feeling creeps over father. He is, you see, a southern man himself, a man of the Georgia hills and plains. There is no law that shall prevent his having been born in Georgia, although to-morrow night it may be North Carolina or Kentucky. But to-night his birthplace shall be Georgia. He is a man who lives by his fancy and to-night it shall suit his fancy and the drift of his tale to be a Georgian.

And so he, a prisoner of the Rebels, is being marched over the low hill, with the lights from distant farmhouses shining like stars in the darkness below, and suddenly a feeling comes to him, a feeling such as one sometimes has when one is alone in one's own house at night. You have had the feeling. You are alone in the house and there are no lights and it is

cold and dark. Everything you touch—feel with your hands in the darkness—is strange and at the same time familiar. You know how it is.

The farmer is nodding his head and his wife has her hands gripped, lying in her lap. Even Aldrich is awake now. The devil! Father has given this particular tale a new turn since he told it last. "This is something like." Aldrich leans forward to listen.

And there is the woman Tilly, in the half darkness. See, she is quite lovely now, quite as she was on that evening when she rode with the horse dealer in the buggy! Something has happened to soften the long harsh lines of her face and she might be a princess sitting there now in the half-light.

Father would have thought of that. It would be something worth while now to be a tale-teller to a princess. He stops talking to consider for a moment the possibilities of the notion, and then with a sigh gives it up.

It is a sweet notion but it won't do. Tale-teller to a princess, eh! Evenings in a castle and the prince has come in from hunting in a forest. The tale-teller is dressed in flashy clothes and with a crowd of courtiers, ladies-in-waiting—whatever hangers-on a princess has—is sitting by an open fire. There are great magnificent dogs lying about too.

Father is considering whether or not it is worth trying some time—the telling of a tale of himself in just that rôle. An idea crosses his mind. The princess has a lover who creeps one night into the castle and the prince has become aware of his presence, is told of his presence by a trusty varlet. Taking his sword in hand the prince creeps through the dark hallways to kill his rival, but father has warned the lovers and they have fled. It afterward comes to the ears of the prince that father has protected the lovers and he—that is to say, father—is

compelled to flee for his life. He comes to America and lives the life of an exile, far from the splendour to which he has been accustomed.

Father is thinking whether it would be worth trying —the telling of such a fable of his former existence, some evening at some farmhouse where he and Aldrich are staying ; and for a moment a sort of George Barr M'Cutcheon light comes into his eyes, but with a sigh he gives it up.

It wouldn't go over—not in a farmhouse in northern Ohio, he concludes.

He returns to the fable, that so evidently is going over ; but, before he resumes, casts another glance at Tilly. " Oh, Tilly, thou dear lovely one," he sighs inwardly.

The farmhouse is in the North and he has set himself forth as a Southerner enlisted in the Northern army. An explanation is in order, and he makes it, with a flourish.

Born a Southerner, the son of a proud Southern family, he was sent to school, to a college in the North. In college he had a room-mate, a dear fellow from the state of Illinois. The " room-mate's father was owner and editor of the *Chicago Tribune*," he explains.

And during one summer, a few years before the breaking out of the war, he went on a visit to the home of his Illinois friend, and while he was there he, with his friend, went to hear the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates. It was odd, but the facts were that the young fellow from Illinois became enamoured of the brilliant Douglas, while he—well, to tell the truth, his own heart was wrung by the simplicity and nobility of the rail-splitter, Lincoln. " Never shall I forget the nobility of that countenance," he says in speaking of it. He appears about to cry, and does in fact take a handkerchief from his pocket and wipe his eyes. " Oh, the noble, the indescribable effect upon my

boyhood heart of the stirring words of that man. There he stood like a mighty oak of the forest breasting the storms. 'A nation cannot exist half slave and half free. A house divided against itself cannot stand,' he said, and his words thrilled me to the very marrow of my being."

And then father would have described his home-coming after that terrific experience. War was coming on and all the South was aflame.

One day at table in his Southern home, with his brothers, his father and mother, and his beautiful and innocent young sister sitting with him, he dared to say something in defence of Lincoln.

What a storm was then raised! The father, getting up from his place at table, pointed a trembling finger at his son. All eyes, except only those of his younger sister, were turned on him in wrath and disapproval. "Mention that hated name again in this house and I will shoot you like a dog, though you are my son," his father said, and the son got up from the table and went away, filled with the sense of filial duty that would not let a born Southerner answer his own father, but nevertheless determined to stick to the fate aroused in him by the words of the noble Lincoln.

And so he had ridden away from his Southern home in the night and had finally joined the Union forces.

What a night—riding away from his father's house in the darkness, leaving his mother behind, leaving all tradition behind, condemning himself to be an outlaw in the hearts of those he had always loved—for the sake of duty!

One can imagine Aldrich blinking a little and rubbing his hands together. "Teddy is laying it on rather thick," he no doubt says to himself; but he must nevertheless have been filled with admiration.

However, let us, who are together revisiting the

scene of my father's triumph on that evening in the farmhouse long ago, be not too much in fear for the heart of the woman Tilly. At any rate her physical self, if not her heart, was safe.

Although there can be little doubt that the presence of the virgin Tilly, sitting in the half-darkness, and the kindliness of the shadows that had temporarily enhanced her failing beauty, may have had a good deal to do with father's talent on that evening, I am sure nothing else ever came of it. Father, in his own way, was devoted to mother.

And he had his own way of treasuring her. Did he not treasure always the lovelier moments of her ?

He had found her in a farmhouse when he was by way of being something of a young swell himself and she was a bound girl ; and she was then beautiful—beautiful without the aid of shadows cast by a kerosene lamp.

In reality she was the aristocrat of the two, as the beautiful one is always the aristocrat ; and oh, how little beauty in woman is understood ! The popular magazine covers and the moving-picture actresses have raised the very devil with our American conception of womanly beauty.

But father had delicacy, of a sort, of that you may be quite sure ; and do you not suppose that Tilly, in the Ohio farmhouse, sensed something of his attitude toward what fragment of beauty was left in her, and that she loved him for that attitude—as I am sure my own mother also did ?

> " My fruit shall not be my fruit until it
> drops from my arms, into the arms of the
> others, over the top of the wall."

And now the weary prisoners with their escort have come down off the hillside to a valley and are approaching a large old southern mansion, standing

back from the road they have been travelling, and the officers in charge of the prisoners—there were two of them—command the guards to turn in at a gate that leads to the house.

There is an open space before the house where the prisoners are gathered and the ground—covered with firm turf during most of the year—has, under the continuous rains, become soft and yielding. Where each prisoner stands a puddle gathers about his feet.

The house is dark but for a single light at the back, and one of the officers begins shouting. A large pack of hunting dogs have come from a shed, hidden away in the darkness somewhere, and are gathered growling and barking in a half-circle about the prisoners.

One of the dogs rushes through the mass of prisoners and with a glad cry leaps upon father, and all the others follow, so the guards are compelled to drive the dogs off, kicking them and using the butts of their guns. Lights are lit inside the house. The people are astir.

You will understand what a moment this was for father. By one of those strange streaks of fate—which he is very careful to explain to his audience happen much more frequently in life than one imagines—he had been led, as a prisoner on his way to a Southern prison pen, right to the door of his own father's house.

What a moment indeed ! Being a prisoner he has of course no idea how long he will be kept there. Thank God, he has grown a thick, bushy beard since he left home.

As to his fate—if the prisoners are kept in the yard until daylight comes—well, he knows his own mother.

His own father, old man though he is, has gone off to the war and all his brothers have gone; and his mother has come from a proud old Southern family, one of the oldest and proudest. Had she known he was there among the prisoners she would have seen

him hanged without a protest and would herself have lent a hand at pulling the rope.

Ah, what had not my father given for his country! Where will his equal be found, even among the whole world's heroes? In the eyes of his own mother and father, in his brothers' eyes, in the eyes of all the branches and ramifications of his Southern family, in the eyes of all—except only one unsophisticated and innocent girl—he had brought everlasting disgrace on one of the proudest names of the South.

Indeed it was just because he, the son, had gone off to fight with the Northern army that his father, a proud old man of sixty, had insisted on being taken into the Southern army. "I have a strong old frame and I insist," he had said. "I must make good the loss to my Southland for my own son, who has proven himself a dog and a renegade."

And so the old man had marched off with a gun on his shoulder, insisting on being taken as a common soldier and put where he could face constant and terrible danger, and the seeds of an undying hatred against the son had been planted deep in the hearts of the whole family.

The dullest mind surely will comprehend now what a position father was in when, in answer to the shouts of the officer, lights began to appear all through the house. Was it not a situation to wring tears from the heart of a man of stone! As for a woman's heart—one can scarcely speak of the matter.

And in the house, before father's eyes, there was one—a pure and innocent Southern girl of rare beauty—a pearl of womanhood in fact—rarest example of the famed spotless womanhood of the Southland—his younger sister—the only woman child of the family.

You see, as father would so carefully have explained that evening in the farmhouse, he did not care so

much for his own life. That had already been given to his country, he would have said proudly.

But, as you will understand quickly enough, had his presence among the prisoners been discovered, his proud mother—eager to wipe out the only stain on the family escutcheon—would at once have insisted that he be hanged to the doorpost of the very house in which he was born, her own hand pulling the rope that was to jerk him up into the arms of death—to make white again the family escutcheon, you understand.

Could a proud Southern woman do less ?

And in the event of such an outcome to the adventures of the night, see how that younger sister—the love of his life at that time—see how she would have suffered.

There she was, the pure and innocent girl, the one who understood nothing, to be sure, of the import of his decision to stick to the old flag and fight for the land of Washington and Lincoln, and who, in her innocent way, just loved him. On that day at his father's table, when he—so deeply affected by the Lincoln-Douglas debates—had dared say a word for the cause of the North, it had been her eyes and her eyes alone that had looked at him with love, when all the other eyes of his family had looked at him with hatred and loathing.

And she would just be bursting into womanhood now. The aroma of awakening womanhood would be lying over her as perfume over the opening rosebud.

Think of it ! There she, the pure and innocent one, would have to stand and see him hanged. A blight would be brought down upon her young life and her head would, ever after that night, be bowed in lonely and silent sorrow. That brave, pure and just girl made old before her time. Ah, well might it be that in one night the mass of golden locks that

now covered her head like a cloud just kissed by the evening sun—that very golden hair might be turned as white as snow !

I can, in fancy, hear my father saying the words I have set down here and coming very near to crying himself as he said them. At the moment he would have believed without question the story he himself was telling.

And now the front door to the old Southern mansion is thrown open and there, in the doorway facing the prisoners in the rain, stands a gigantic young negro—my father's own body-servant before he left home. (Father stops the flow of his talk long enough to explain how he and the negro boy, as lads together, had fought, wrestled, hunted, fished, and lived together like two brothers. I will not go into that, however. Any professional Southerner will tell you all about it, if you care to hear. It would have been the most trite part of father's evening effort.)

Anyway, there the gigantic young negro stands in the doorway and he is holding in his hand a candle. Back of him stands my grandmother and back of her the young and innocent sister.

The figure of father's mother is erect. She is old but she is yet tall and strong. One of the officers explains to her that he and his men have been on an all-night march, taking the crowd of Yankee prisoners to a prison camp, and asks for the hospitality of the house. Being a Southerner, himself, he knows that Southern hospitality can never fail, even at midnight. " A bite to eat and a cup of hot coffee in the name of our Southland," he asks.

It is granted, of course. The proud woman beckons him and his brother officer into the house and herself steps out into the cold drizzling rain.

She has ordered the young negro to stand on the

porch, holding the candle aloof, and now, marching across the wet lawn, approaches the prisoners. The Southern guards have stepped aside, bowing low before Southern womanhood, and she goes near the prisoners and looks at them, as well as one may in the uncertain light. " I have a curiosity to see some of the unmannerly dogs of Yanks," she says, leaning forward and staring at them. She is very near her own son now, but he has turned his face away and is looking at the ground. Something, however, causes him to raise his head just as she, to express more fully her contempt, spits at the men.

A little speck of her white spittle lands upon father's thick, tawny beard.

And now his mother has gone back into the house and it is again dark on the lawn in front. The Rebel guards are relieved—two at a time—to go to the kitchen door, where they are given hot coffee and sandwiches. And once his young sister, she of the tender heart, tries to creep to where the prisoners stand in the darkness. She is accompanied by an old negro woman and has planned to give food, aid and comfort to the weary men but is prevented. Her mother has missed her inside the house and, coming to the door, calls to her. " I know your tender heart," she says, " but it shall not be. The teeth of no Yankee dog shall ever bite into food raised on the land of your father. It shall not happen, at least while your mother is alive to prevent. . . ."

As it turned out on that night, when it rained and when he in his young manhood stood just outside the door of that Southern mansion-house of his childhood, and when his mother, that proud woman of the Southland, spat at him and his companions in misery so that a white speck of her spittle landed on his beard—where, as he said, it lay like a thing of fire burning

into his soul—on that night, I say, he did, by a stroke of fortune, escape the fate that seemed to have him in its clutches.

Dawn was just beginning to break when the two Confederate officers came out at the door of the house and marched their prisoners away.

" We went off into the grey dawn, up out of the valley and over the hills, and then I turned to look back," father explained. Grey and weary and half dead with starvation, he turned to look. If he dropped dead from starvation and weariness on his way to the prison pen, what did it matter now? The light of his life had gone out. He was never again to see any of his own people, that he knew.

But even as he looked he did see something. The company had stopped to rest for a moment and stood where a sharp wind blew over them, just at the crest of a hill. Down in the valley the dawn was just breaking and, as father looked, he could see the grey of the old house and against the grey of it, on the front verandah, just a fleck of white.

That would be his young and innocent sister, come out of the house, you will understand, to look along the road taken by the prisoners, whose evident misery had touched her young heart.

For father it would be, as he would so elaborately explain, a very high spot in his life, perhaps the highest spot he was to reach in all his weary march to the grave.

He stood there on the hillside, quite cold and miserable—in just that utterly miserable and weary state when one is sometimes most alive—the senses, that is to say, are most alive. At the moment he felt, as any man must feel sometimes in life, that an invisible cord does extend from the innermost parts of himself to the innermost parts of some other person. Love comes. For once in a lifetime a state of feeling becomes as

definite a thing as a stone wall touched with the hand.

And father had that feeling, at that moment on the hill ; and that the person for whom he had it was a woman and his own sister, made it even more an assured thing. He might have expressed the feeling by saying that, as by a miracle, the hill dropped away and he stood on dry level ground in the very presence of his younger sister, so close to her in fact that he might very easily have put out his hand and touched her. So strong was the feeling that he lost for the moment all sense of his presence among the prisoners, all sense of the cold hunger and weariness of the hour and—exactly as the thing might be done, quite ridiculously, by a second-rate actor in the movies—he did in fact step out from among the ranks of prisoners and, with his hands extended before him and his eyes shining, took several steps down the hillside, only to be stopped by an oath from one of the guards.

In the farmhouse, as he told of that moment he would get out of his chair and actually take several steps. He would at bottom be always a good deal of an actor as well as a story-teller, as every story-teller worth his salt inevitably is.

And then came the oath from the guard and an upraised gun, the heavy butt of a gun, ready to swing down upon his head, and back he goes into the ranks of prisoners. He mutters some excuse : " I just wanted to have a look "—and is thus jerked down from the high place, to which his imagination had suddenly lifted him, and back into the weariness of his apparently hopeless journey. Gone, he thought at the moment, was the sister he loved, his boyhood with its memories, all his past life, but it wasn't quite true.

Father did make an escape. How many escapes he, in fancy, made from the hands of the enemy during

that Civil War! He lived, you will understand, in a rather dull farming community and loved at least some air of probability hanging over his tales.

And so the Civil War became for him the canvas, the tubes of paint, the brushes with which he painted his pictures. Perhaps one might better say his own imagination was the brush and the Civil War his paint-pot. And he did have a fancy for escapes, as I myself have always had. My own tales, told and untold, are full of escapes—by water in the dark and in a leaky boat, escapes from situations, escapes from dullness, from pretence, from the heavy-handed seriousness of the half artists. What writer of tales does not dote upon escapes? They are the very breath in our nostrils.

It is just possible that upon that occasion father would have put it to his audience that the sight, or the imagined sight, of his sister that morning had given him new hope. She was a virgin and there was something catholic about father.

Very well, then, off he goes down the road with his head held high, thinking of the possible schemes for escape and of his sister. He had been given something, a new flair for life. A ray of new hope had come into the black night of his situation. He walked more stoutly.

> "Stout Cortes—
> Silent upon a peak in Darien."

It was just that stout way in which he now walked that gave him his opportunity for escape—that time. All that day the other prisoners went with hanging heads, tramping through the deep mud of the Southern roads in winter, but father walked with his head up.

Another night came and they were again in a forest, on a dark and lonely road, with the guards walking at the side and sometimes quite lost in the

shadows cast by the trees—the prisoners a dark mass in the very centre of the road.

Father stumbled over a stick, the heavy branch of a tree, quite dead and broken off by the wind, and, stooping down, picked it up. Something, perhaps just the impulse of a soldier, led him to sling the stick lightly over his shoulder and carry it like a gun.

There he was, stepping proudly among those who were not proud—that is to say, the other prisoners—and not having any plan in mind—just thinking of his virginal sister back there, I dare say ; and one of the two officers of the guard spoke to him kindly.

" Don't walk in there so close to the Yanks, in the deep mud, John," the officer said ; " it's better going out here. There is a path here at the side. Get in here back of me."

By his very pride, lifted up out of the ranks of the prisoners, father's mind acted quickly and with a muttered thanks he stepped to the side of the road and became as one of the guards. The men came out on the crest of another low hill and again, in the valley below, there was the faint light of a farmhouse. " Halt ! " one of the officers gave command ; and then—the younger of the two officers having been told by his superior to send a man down into the valley to the farmhouse to see if there was a chance for the guard and prisoners to rest for a few hours and to get food—he sent father. The officer touched him on the arm. " Go on, you," he said. " You go down and find out."

So off father went, down a lane, holding the stick very correctly, like a gun, until he was safely out of sight of the others, and then he threw the stick away and ran.

The devil ! He knew every inch of the ground on which he now stood. What an opportunity for escape ! One of his boyhood friends had lived in the very house

toward which he was supposed to be going, and often, in his young manhood and when he had come home for vacation from the Northern school, he had ridden and hunted along the very path his feet now touched. Why, the very dogs and " niggers " on the place knew him as they might have known their master.

And so, if he ran madly now, he ran knowing the ground under his feet. Ah, he would be sure ! When his escape was discovered dogs might be set on his trail.

He plunged downward, getting clear of the trees, running across a field—the soft mud clinging to his feet—and so skirted the house and got to where there was a small creek down which he went for a mile in the darkness, walking in the cold water that often came up to his waist. That was to throw dogs off his trail, as any schoolboy should know.

By making a great circle he got back into the road by which he and the other prisoners had been marched from his own father's house. They had come some twelve miles during the day and early evening, but the night was still young and, after he had gone three or four miles, he knew a short cut through the woods by which several miles could be cut off.

And so, you see, father went back again to his old home after all, and once again saw the sister he loved. The dawn was just breaking when he arrived, but the dogs knew him and the negroes knew him. The very negro who had held the light while his mother spat at the prisoners hid him away in the loft of a barn and brought him food.

Not only food was brought, but also a suit of his own clothes that had been left in the house.

And so he stayed hidden in the loft for three days, and then another night came when it rained and was dark.

Then he crept out, with food for the needs of his

journey, and knowing that, when he had walked for a mile along the road that led back toward the distant Union camp, a negro would be standing in a little grove with a good horse saddled and bridled for him. The negro, in the late afternoon, had gone off to a distant town, ostensibly for mail and was to be bound to a tree where he would be discovered later by a party of other negroes sent in search of him. Oh, all was arranged—everything elaborately planned to ward off, from his helpers, the wrath of the mother.

There was the night and the rain, and father, with a dark cloak now about his shoulders, creeping from the stables and toward the house. By the window of one of the rooms downstairs his young sister sat playing an organ, and so he crept to the window and stood for a time looking. Ah, there was moving-picture stuff for your soul! Why, oh why, did not father live in another generation? In what affluence might we not all have flourished! The old homestead, a fire burning in the grate, the stern and relentless parent, and outside, in the cold and wet, father, the outcast son, the disowned, the homeless one, about to ride off into the night in the service of his country—never to return.

On the organ his sister would have been playing "The Last Link is Broken," and there stands father with the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

Then to ride away into the night, to fight again for the flag he loved, and that to him meant more than home, more than family—ah! more than the love of the woman who was long afterward to come into his life, and to console him somewhat for the fair sister he had lost.

For he did love her, quite completely. Is it not odd, when one considers the matter, that the fair sister—who would have been my aunt, and who never perhaps existed except in father's fancy, but concerning whom I have heard him tell so many touching tales—

is it not odd that I have never succeeded in inventing a satisfactory name for her? Father never—if I remember correctly—gave her a name and I have never succeeded in doing so.

How often have I tried and without success! Ophelia, Cornelia, Emily, Violet, Eunice. You see the difficulty? It must have a quaint and Southern sound and must suggest—what must it not suggest?

But father's tale must have its proper *dénouement.* One could trust the tale-teller for that. Even had he lived in the days of the movies and had the *dénouement* quite killed his story—for movie purposes, at least in the Northern towns, which would have been the best market—even in the face of all of such difficulties which he fortunately did not have to meet, one could be quite sure of the *dénouement.*

And he made it splashy. It was at the dreadful battle of Gettysburg, late in the war and on the 3rd of July too. The Confederates had such a dreadful way of getting off on just the wrong foot on the very eve of our national holiday. Vicksburg and Gettysburg for Fourth of July celebrations. Surely it was what, during the World War, would have been called "bad war psychology."

There can be no doubt that father had been a soldier of some sort during the Civil War and so, as was natural, he would give his tale a soldier's *dénouement*, sacrificing even the beloved and innocent younger sister to his purpose (to be brought back to life—oh, many, many times later, and made to serve in many future tales).

It was the second day of that great, that terrible battle of Gettysburg, father had picked upon to serve as the setting for the end of his yarn.

That was a moment! All over the North the people stood waiting; farmers stopped working in the fields and drove into Northern towns, waiting for

the click of the little telegraph instruments ; country doctors let the sick lie unattended and stood with all the others in the streets of towns, where was no running in and out of stores. The whole North stood waiting, listening. No time for talk now.

Ah ! that Confederate General Lee—the neat quiet Sunday-school superintendent among generals ! One could never tell what he would do next. Was it not all planned that the war should be fought out on Southern soil ?—and here he had brought a great army of his finest troops far into the North.

Everyone waited and listened. No doubt the South waited and listened too.

No Lincoln and Douglas debates now. " A nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

Now there is the rattle of the box, and the dice that shall decide the fate of a nation are being thrown. In an obscure farmhouse, far in the North, long after the battle of those two terrible days was fought and half forgotten, father also has got his hands on the dice-box. He is rattling words in it now. We poor tellers of tales have our moments too, it seems. Like great generals sitting upon horses upon the tops of hills and throwing troops into the arena, we throw the little soldier words into our battles. No uniforms for us, no riders springing away into the grey smoke-mist of battle to carry out orders. We must sit in lonely farmhouses or in cheap rooms in city lodging-houses before our typewriters ; but if we do not look like generals, we at least feel like that at moments anyway.

Father dropping his little rattling words into the hearts of the farmer, the farmer's wife, Tilly's heart too. At Gettysburg a nation in the death grapple. The innocent sister, fair virgin of the South, cast in too.

Look at the eyes of that stoic Aldrich. They are

shining now, eh? Ah! he has been a soldier too. In his youth he also stood firmly amid shot and shell, but ever after, poor dear, he had to be satisfied with mere blank dumbness about it all. At the best he could but turn the crank of a magic-lantern machine or join the G.A.R. and march with other men through the streets of an Ohio town on Decoration days, when the real question in the minds of all the onlookers was as to whether Clyde or Tiffin, Ohio, would win the ball game to be played at Ame's field that afternoon.

A poor sort Aldrich, being able to do nothing but fight. On Decoration days he marched dumbly through the dust to a graveyard and listened to an address made by a candidate for Congress who had made his money in the wholesale poultry business. At best Aldrich could but speak in low tones to another comrade, as the file of men marched along. "I was with Grant at the Wilderness and before that at Shiloh. Where were you? Oh, you were with Sherman, one of Sherman's bummers, eh?"

That and no more for Aldrich—but for father, ah!

The second day at Gettysburg and Pickett's men ready for their charge. Was that not a moment? What men—those fellows of Pickett's—the very flower of the Southland—young bearded giants, tough like athletes, trained to the minute.

It is growing late on that second day of the fight and Pickett's men are to decide it all. The sun will soon be going down behind the hills of that low flat valley—the valley in which, but a few short days ago, farmers were preparing to gather the grain crops. On the slope of one of the hills a body of men lies waiting. It is the flower of the Union army too. Father is among them, lying there.

They wait.

They are not trembling, but back of them in a thousand towns men and women are both waiting and trembling. Freedom itself waits and trembles—liberty is trembling—" You can't fool all of the people all of the time " is trembling like a broken reed. How many grand passages, words, Decoration day addresses, messages to Congress, Fourth of July addresses of the next two hundred years, not worth eight cents on the dollar at the moment !

And now they come—Pickett's men—down through the valley, in and out of groves of trees and up the little slope. There is a place, known to history as " the bloody angle." There the men of the South rush straight into a storm of iron. A hailstorm of iron swept also in among the men of the North waiting for them.

That wild Rebel yell that broke from the lips of Pickett's men is dying now. The lips of Pickett's men are turning white.

The voice of Meade has spoken, and down through the valley go the Union men in their turn—father among them.

It was then that a bullet in the leg dropped him in his tracks, and in memory of that moment he stops the telling of his tale in the farmhouse long enough to pull up his pants leg and show the scar of his wound. Father was a true naturalist, liked to pin his tales down to earth, put a spike of truth in them—at moments.

He pitched forward and fell and the men of his company rolled on to a victory in which he could have no part. He had fallen in what was now, suddenly, a little quiet place among trees in an old orchard, and there close beside him was a Confederate boy, mortally wounded. The two men roll uneasily in their pain and look directly into each other's eyes. It is a long, long look the two men give

each other, for one of them the last look into the eyes of a fellow before he goes on, over the river.

The man lying there, and now dying, is just that young man who, as a boy, was father's best friend and comrade, the lad to whose place—some twelve miles from his own father's plantation—he used to ride for days of sport. What rides they had taken together through the forests, a pack of dogs at their heels, and what talks they then had !

You will understand that the young man now dying lived in that very house, far back from the road, toward which father went that night when he escaped the Rebel guard. He had marched off with the stick over his shoulder, you will remember, and had then cut off across fields to his own home, where he was concealed by the negroes until the night of his final escape.

And he had gone away from his own home on that dark night, dreaming of a return, some time when the cruel war was over and the wounds it had made were healed ; but now he could never return. He was condemned to remain alone, a wanderer always on the face of this earth.

For the lad now dying beside him on the field of Gettysburg was, in his death hour, telling a fearful and tragic story.

Father's family had been entirely wiped out. His father had been killed in battle as had also his brothers.

And now, from the lips of his old comrade, he was to hear the most fearful tale of all.

A party of Northern foragers had come to the Southern plantation house on just such another dark, rainy night as the one on which he was taken there as a prisoner. They marched as the Confederate troops had marched, along the drive-way to the front of the house, and stood on the lawn. A Northern

officer's voice called as the Southern officer had called on that other night, and again the tall young negro came to the door with a light, followed by that fiery woman of the Southland.

The negro held the light above his head so that, even in the darkness, the blue coats of the hated Northern troops could be seen.

The old Southern woman came to stand at the edge of the porch. She understood for what purpose the Northern men had come, and she had sworn that not a bite of food, raised on that plantation, should ever pass the lips of a Yank.

Now she held a shotgun in her hand and, without a word or without any sort of warning, raised it and fired into the mass of the men.

There was a cry of rage, and then many guns were raised to shoulders. A sudden roar of the guns and a hundred leaden bullets cut through the front of the house. It wiped out all of father's family—except just himself—and deprived his sons, too, of a proud Southern ancestry; for, just in the moment before the shower of bullets came, father's young and innocent sister—realizing with that sure instinct that everyone understands all women inevitably possess—realizing, I say, that death was about to call her mother—the young girl had rushed panic-stricken out of the door and had thrown her arms about her mother's body, just in time to meet death with her. And so all that was left of the family—except just father—fell there in a heap. The captain of the Northern troops—a German brewer's son from Milwaukee, Wisconsin—cried when later he looked down into the white silent face of the young girl, and all his life afterward carried in his heart the remembrance of the dead, pleading young eyes; but, as father so philosophically remarked, what was done was done.

And with that fall there was father—a man left to wander for ever stricken and forlorn through life. Later he had, to be sure, married and he had children whom he loved and treasured, but was that the same thing? To the heart of a Southerner, as every American understands, ancestry means everything.

The purity of a Southern woman is unlike any other purity ever known to mankind. It is something special. The man who has been under the influence of it can never afterward quite escape. Father didn't expect to. He declared always, after he had told the above story, that he did not ever expect to be gay or happy again.

What he expected was that he would go on for the rest of his days doing just what he was doing at the time. Well, he would try to bring a little joy into the hearts of others—he would sing songs, dance a little dance—he would join an old comrade in arms, one whose heart he knew was as true as steel, and give a magic-lantern show. Others, for an hour anyway, would be made to forget that element of sadness and tragedy in life that he, of course, could never quite forget.

On that very night, lying half dead on the field of Gettysburg beside the dead comrade of his youth, he had made up his mind to spend the remaining days of his life bringing what sweetness and joy he could into the lacerated hearts of a nation torn by civil strife. It had been two o'clock in the morning before he was picked up by a squad of men sent out to gather in the wounded, and already the news of the great victory and the triumph of the cause of freedom was sweeping over the Northern land. And he had lain looking at the stars and had made his resolution. Others might seek for the applause of the world, but, as for himself, he would go into the

dusty highways and byways of life and bring to the lowly and forgotten the joy of a little fun at the schoolhouse.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE STEEL WORKS

THE steel works were fifteen miles away, and as usual it was so contrived that one had to pay two fares to get there. Far and wide the sky was flaring with the red glare that leaped from rows of towering chimneys—for it was pitch dark when Jurgis arrived. The vast works, a city in themselves, were surrounded by a stockade ; and already a full hundred men were waiting at the gate where new hands were taken on. Soon after daybreak whistles began to blow, and then suddenly thousands of men appeared, streaming from saloons and boarding-houses across the way, leaping from trolly-cars that passed—it seemed as if they rose out of the ground, in the dim grey light. A river of them poured in through the gate—and then gradually ebbed away again, until there were only a few late ones running, and the watchman pacing up and down, and the hungry strangers stamping and shivering.

Jurgis presented his precious letter. The gatekeeper was surly, and put him through a catechism, but he insisted that he knew nothing ; and as he had taken the precaution to seal his letter, there was nothing for the gatekeeper to do but send it to the person to whom it was addressed. A messenger came back to say that Jurgis should wait, and so he came inside of the gate, perhaps not sorry enough that there were others less fortunate watching him with greedy eyes.

The great mills were getting under way—one could hear a vast stirring, a rolling and rumbling and hammering. Little by little the scene grew plain :

towering black buildings here and there, long rows of shops and sheds, little railways branching everywhere, bare grey cinders underfoot and oceans of billowing black smoke above. On one side of the grounds ran a railroad with a dozen tracks, and on the other side lay the lake, where steamers came to load.

Jurgis had time enough to stare and speculate, for it was two hours before he was summoned. He went into the office building, where a company timekeeper interviewed him. The superintendent was busy, he said, but he (the timekeeper) would try to find Jurgis a job. He had never worked in the steel-mill before? But he was ready for anything? Well, then, they would go and see.

So they began a tour, among sights that made Jurgis stare amazed. He wondered if ever he could get used to working in a place like this, where the air shook with deafening thunder, and whistles shrieked warnings on all sides of him at once; where miniature steam-engines came rushing upon him, and sizzling, quivering, white-hot masses of metal sped past him, and explosions of fire and flaming sparks dazzled him and scorched his face. The men in these mills were all black with soot, and hollow-eyed and gaunt; they worked with fierce intensity, rushing here and there, and never lifting their eyes from their tasks. Jurgis clung to his guide like a scared child to its nurse, and while the latter hailed one foreman after another to ask if they could use another unskilled man, he stared about him and marvelled.

He was taken to the Bessemer furnace, where they made billets of steel—a dome-like building the size of a big theatre. Jurgis stood where the balcony of the theatre would have been, and opposite, by the stage, he saw three giant cauldrons, big enough for all the devils of hell to brew their broth in, full of something

white and blinding, bubbling and splashing, roaring as if volcanoes were blowing through it ; one had to shout to be heard in the place. Liquid fire would leap from these cauldrons and scatter like bombs below ; and men were working there, seeming careless, so that Jurgis caught his breath with fright. Then a whistle would toot, and across the curtain of the theatre would come a little engine with a car-load of something to be dumped into one of the receptacles; and then another whistle would toot, down by the stage, and another train would back up, and suddenly, without an instant's warning, one of the giant kettles began to tilt and topple, flinging out a jet of hissing, roaring flame. Jurgis shrank back appalled, for he thought it was an accident ; there fell a pillar of white flame, dazzling as the sun, swishing like a huge tree falling in the forest. A torrent of sparks swept all the way across the building, overwhelming everything, hiding it from sight ; and then Jurgis looked through the fingers of his hands, and saw pouring out of the cauldron a cascade of living, leaping fire, white with a whiteness not of earth, scorching the eyeballs. Incandescent rainbows shone above it, blue, red, and golden lights played about it ; but the stream itself was white, ineffable. Out of regions of wonder it streamed, the very river of life ; and the soul leaped up at the sight of it, fled back upon it, swift and resistless, back into far-off lands, where beauty and terror dwell. Then the great cauldron tilted back again, empty, and Jurgis saw to his relief that no one was hurt, and turned and followed his guide out into the sunlight.

They went through the blast-furnaces, through rolling-mills where bars of steel were tossed about and chopped like bits of cheese. All around and above giant machine-arms were flying, giant wheels were turning, giant hammers crashing ; travelling cranes

creaked and groaned overhead, reaching down iron hands and seizing iron prey—it was like standing in the centre of the earth, where the machinery of time was revolving.

By and by they came to the place where steel rails were made ; and Jurgis heard a toot behind him, and jumped out of the way of a car with a white-hot ingot upon it, the size of a man's body. There was a sudden crash and the car came to a halt, and the ingot toppled out upon a moving platform, where steel fingers and arms seized hold of it, punching it and prodding it into place, and hurrying it into the grip of huge rollers. Then it came out upon the other side, and there were more crashings and clatterings, and over it was flopped, like a pancake on a gridiron, and seized again and rushed back at you through another squeezer. So amid deafening uproar it clattered to and fro growing thinner and flatter and longer. The ingot seemed almost a living thing ; it did not want to run this mad course, but it was in the grip of fate, it was tumbled on, screeching and clanking and shivering in protest. By and by it was long and thin, a great red snake escaped from purgatory ; and then, as it slid through the rollers, you would have sworn that it was alive—it writhed and squirmed, and wriggles and shudders passed out through its tail, all but flinging it off by their violence. There was no rest for it until it was cold and black—and then it needed only to be cut and straightened to be ready for a railroad.

It was at the end of this rail's progress that Jurgis got his chance. They had to be moved by men with crowbars, and the boss here could use another man. So he took off his coat and set to work on the spot.

UPTON SINCLAIR

THE REVIEW ON THE CHAMP DE MARS

ALL Paris was streaming toward the Champ de Mars. Cavalry wheeled at the end of street vistas, and artillery rumbled. Citizens walked, rode, and ran. The guns on Mont Valérien and at the Invalides marked the minutes alternately. Here and there above the heads of the multitudes flags passed, swept along by a river of bright troopers that flowed like streams of blood or grey and blue and silver through the more drably-clad Parisiens. At the Pont-Neuf they waited while a whole brigade of artillery trundled past trotting swiftly, relentlessly, all at the same pace, with little gamins riding on the axles and caissons, beside the cannons, waving their hats and shouting. It was tremendous and yet it was gay. It was Paris, the new Paris which had suddenly found itself and was rising stronger and cleaner and more magnificent out of the ashes, the blood, and the grime of the old. The endless front of the Tuileries from one pavilion to another was draped with colours and standards. It shone. To-day the new-born phoenix who lived there was going to soar.

They hurried quickly through some tortuous by-streets and picked up Señor Montijo at the Spanish embassy. He could provide them with a permit for the ambassadors' carriage-stand, which was why Vincent had remembered him. And with the dapper young under-secretary, glad enough to be able to chatter Spanish unreservedly, they soon found themselves admitted to the "cour des ambassadeurs" and pressing forward to the ropes with the families of the legations seated amid flapping foreign ensigns behind. A little crowding among the hangers-on, and they were looking out across the wide, level sweep of the Champ de Mars.

Perhaps it was not an accident that the stand for the ambassadors of foreign powers, and for what remained of the legislative bodies of France, had been placed directly opposite the reviewing tribunal before which the armies of the victorious Republic were to pass under the eye of the first consul. Certainly it was not an accident that his tribune reposed on the exact spot occupied by the Altar of the Nation only a few years before. The fierce heat engendered by internal and external wars had fused the two objects. To the vast majority of the spectators Napoleon and France ; the Altar of the Nation and the tribune were now one and the same thing. A political poet and a dramatic military genius who understood the use of symbols had chosen this day of his elevation to the consulship for life to make them actually and visibly so.

Napoleon had been brought forth on a bit of tapestry covered by the legendary deeds of the heroes of Homer just after his mother had hurried home from Mass. He liked to remember that. The birth of the first consul, who consciously intended to grow into the emperor, was now to recapitulate the original event. But it was France which was now laid out upon a classically decorated background about to be safely delivered of a demigod. He moved with great precision. The presentation of standards was to take place at high noon and to be followed by a great banquet and civic feast tendered by the municipality of Paris.

At 10.30 exactly the sudden cessation of cannon, church bells, and all military music announced that Napoleon was hearing Mass at Notre-Dame. This impressive silence, in which the whole city seemed to participate as in a prelude of worship, lasted for nearly half an hour during which time nothing was to be heard except the earth-shaking tread of troops marching down from the Barrière de l'Étoile and massing

along the embankments of the Seine. At 10.45 a sudden peal of bells proclaimed that Mass was over and the first consul leaving the cathedral.

At 11.00 the guns at the Invalides boomed the warning of his approach. A few minutes later his coach drawn by the six white horses presented by the Emperor of Austria after Campo Formio emerged from the gate of the École Militaire and moved slowly down the Champ de Mars. At the same instant from the opposite end of the field a battalion of the guards began to advance to meet it. No commands were heard. In the huge vacant area of the fields of manœuvre there was nothing but the glittering carriage with the six superlative white horses ; the advancing oblong of the guards. These two things must inevitably meet in the centre of the field opposite the tribunal.

Napoleon sat erect in the carriage. He no longer had colleagues. He was enormously alone. So great was the spell of that lonely figure in the transverse cocked hat and the green coat with white facings that the fascinated multitude looked at him, looked at the carriage advancing toward the guards, and the guards advancing toward the carriage, in electric silence. Its number was sandy. Everybody in Paris who was not blind or paralysed, an ancient or an infant, was there. The people swarmed both barriers of the long fields from the Military School to the river ; they climbed trees ; they ascended backward in waves on to the adjacent house-tops. No one uttered a sound. The carriage and the troops met. The guards wheeled with that magic of mathematical motion in life which only soldiers possess, advanced obliquely to each side of the tribune, countermarched, halted, and came to present-arms with fixed bayonets. On each side of the tribune there now extended a living wall of steel.

The man in the carriage got out with his hat on. He walked alone across the ample space that separated him from the tribune, the focus of countless eyes. He began to ascend the stairs through the forest of eagles. They tipped the flags, still tightly wrapped about their standards. These, when he descended the stairs a few minutes later, he would present rapidly to the troops. On each side of the stairs a colossal bronze tripod smoked. At the top of the stairs was a curule chair, and the sky.

A horse neighed and a woman screamed. The multitude broke out into a brassy roar. The sound grew in volume, died down, rose in ever ascending waves of delirious enthusiasm and lifted Napoleon to the top of the steps. He turned, stood there with his hat extended in his hand for five minutes and sat down. The regular acclamations from the troops on the river-banks still proclaimed his name.

Something of a surprise now developed. A procession of young girls dressed in white and green, the youngest of whom bore a laurel crown on a satin cushion, approached the tribune. At this unexpected intrusion of the feminine into what had promised to be a purely military occasion the crowd shouted again. Napoleon came down the steps and held up his hand. A childish voice was heard reciting a brief ode in which " Paris " conferred the wreath of victory on her hero. Napoleon lifted the child in his arms while she placed it on his head, amid appreciative roars from the mob and soldiers.

Apparently by a happy thought of the moment he beckoned to the children to seat themselves amid the flags, thus charming untold legions of Parisiens into pandemonium. The human noise eventually subsided. He re-ascended the tribune and lifted one hand.

From the lower end of the Champ de Mars a

thousand trumpets smote the summer morning flat with one stunning fanfare of clear, brazen sound.

The bugle is the essential voice of France. Other nations employ the instrument to give military signals, but they merely blow upon hoarse war-horns by comparison. Through bugles the French soldier releases his sublimest emotion in a wordless song. In it are mingled the tones of the Roman buccina, the far-calling of the mighty horn of Roland, the shouts and shrieks of Joan of Arc. The song is irresistible. The trumpets are torches. From the mouth of French bugles flames the fiery, golden soul of France.

A front of trumpeters a quarter of a mile wide and four files deep started to march up the Field of Mars. Before them twinkled the batons of the drum-majors, behind them thundered twelve files of drums, snare, tenor, and bass. It was the massed field-music of the veteran armies of Italy and the Rhine. The trumpets ceased and the drums began ; the drums stopped, a thousand scarlet tassels tossed, there was a brazen flash, and the trumpets spoke again. So to alternate thunder and lightning the long lines advanced like rigid rulers, scarlet and blue, scarlet and blue, legs passing ; every elbow of every drummer thrown upward at the same time, rolling sound before them.

As the lines swept steadily forward the spectators began to go mad. The flanks of the marching lines aroused on either side along the barriers as they passed whirlpools among the people ; dashed a spray of hats into the air. All those who were still seated rose as one man. It became necessary to shout, or stifle with excitement. Those who remained silent did so at the cost of tears. Here and there women began to faint and to be trampled upon. The drums and bugles passed on. Before the tribune the long lines wheeled, advanced, countermarched, and at one signal—stopped.

In the midst of this sudden stupefying silence every eye turned once more to the little man in the curule chair. But he no longer seemed little. He stood now at the top of twenty-four steps exalted against the sky ; above the eagles with laurel on his head. To the multitude, exhausted, but still beside themselves with emotion, still looking up at him, he had become a god.

In the blinding August noon a hot whirlwind swept down the field and vanished.

" It is the ghost of the Republic," croaked a voice in Anthony's ear. He turned, astounded to see a venerable, clerical-looking man with a fine wide forehead standing just behind him. He was clasping a green umbrella close to one side of his chest and muttering to himself. He had been weeping too.

Just then the drums began again.

They were now tapping a cavalry trot. The god had not remained doing nothing long enough to become ridiculous. At precisely the expected moment the manifestation of his powers began.

All the landscape from the Barrière de l'Étoile to the Pont-d'Iéna, from that bridge to the Tuileries, began to move upon the Champ de Mars in a sliding avalanche of men. The trumpets gave tongue, ceased.

A column of cavalry poured across the bridge, emerged on the level parade of the field like a bright sword thrusting itself into a brown body, and trotted along the west barrier. A bugle screamed. The leading squadron wheeled on a right pivot, drew sabres and charged. As each squadron reached the same mark it executed the same manœuvre.

The irresistible might of the god on the tribune was now visibly apparent. In a moment, by a majestic magic, the Champ de Mars was a square mass of armed centaurs, the earth shuddering as if with subterranean thunder, the sun playing with dazzling

lightnings along the descending lines. So overpowering was the solid reality, the threat of weight in this mass of cavalry, that the spectators at the end of the field directly before it milled about in panic and tried to scatter. But at a point some hundred yards ahead of them the line drew off by the centre into column, rushed at an even more furious gallop through the central arch of the École Militaire ; hurtled headlong down the Avenue Saxe.

From the stand of the ambassadors, where Anthony and Vincent were looking directly across the middle of the field toward the tribune the effect was a curious and memorable one. The horses seemed to be galloping furiously upon a treadmill. As each line passed it was immediately followed by another precisely the same. The motion thus compensated became static. The square of charging cavalry, renewed by its feeding column at the rear and drawn off in a similar flume of men at the front, continued to move at tremendous speed and yet to occupy precisely the same space of ground by the force of a calculated discipline in space and numbers. At the exact centre there was always an officer rising in his stirrups to salute the first consul. This continued for the space of nearly half an hour while the dust rolled until the field smoked ; while the hoofs thundered.

It was some moments before the multitude became fully aware of this curious vision of irresistible force in furious motion maintained *in statu quo.* All the recklessness, the threat, the enthusiasm, and the *élan* of the Revolution were still contained in the terrific square of charging figures upon which a perfection of order had now been conferred. All, without thinking, beheld this. They saw it—and the man who had brought it about was standing upon the tribune before which the colossal tripods smoked.

It was suddenly borne in upon Anthony that the

silence of a few minutes before while the first consul had been attending Mass was a mere salute to the past, the brief acknowledgment of a faded sacred memory. *Now*, in this overpowering and thundering present, he was participating with the French nation and all Paris in the living worship of Mars whose emanation stood opposite upon his altar, crowned with victorious laurel, playing with pure force.

The thunder muttered into a new and more continuous rumble. The lines of cavalry had suddenly changed into artillery. The square of men sitting upon horses melted without losing outline or substance into lines of men sitting with folded arms upon caissons with golden cannons flashing behind. A noise as of ten thousand chariots quivered in the air. The crowd broke into an ecstasy of cries echoed and re-echoed by the signalling bugles. Where had been the haunches of galloping horses were now lines of glimmering wheels with the smoke of battle drifting through the spokes. The cannons passed and the endless lines of infantry, blue, grey, and scarlet, furnished and twinkling to the last accoutrement, strode after them, saluted the first consul, and passed. Their meaning was perfectly expressed by the sound of the enormous march music to which they advanced.

There were not many present who understood the full significance of these advancing lines. By far the majority of the spectators were now overpowered and satiated. They were merely waiting for the final scene of the occasion to go home. The Prussian ambassador, however, leaned forward a little. The lines did not move as precisely as did those of the guards of his master at Potsdam. They were, he saw, not composed of human automatons moving rigidly but of individual and enthusiastic men. Yet they were lines, lines that rippled with life and with the resiliency of beautifully-tempered steel. The old general of

Frederick looked up to the man on the tribune and at once admired and cursed him for the perfect sword he had forged. He knew that the world could be altered by it. He determined to make his speech to follow at the Hôtel de Ville even more flattering than that which his secretary had prepared. "Those who do not temper their metal must temper their words," he muttered gloomily—and looked at Napoleon again with reluctant admiration.

The first consul was now descending the steps distributing eagles to the various standard-bearers who had been chosen to receive them. The newly recruited regiments which were to receive their colours were massed before him and their colour guards had come forward. On each step as he descended he plucked a furled flag from its socket and, leaning forward with an imperial gesture, placed it in the hands of a soldier with appropriate and inspiring words. As each soldier received his flag he unfurled it.

Thus, as the brilliant standards unfurled behind him, he moved to the bottom of the tribune. There, on the last step, he presented swords of honour to a couple of chosen veterans in a brief and fiery speech that all the recruits heard. Then he turned, pointed to the flags, and lifted his voice so that all the waiting regiments heard.

"Soldiers, these eagles and these flags are the honour of the nation which I deliver for safe-keeping into your hands. I shall send them in her defence where glory leads and victory follows. Swear that it shall be so, swear to defend them with your lives."

He raised his own hand.

A tremendous roar followed, the authentic sound of the military tumult by which conquerors are acknowledged. Paris had heard nothing like it since Julian had been hailed as Augustus and raised on the shields of his veterans at the Roman palace just

across the river from Notre-Dame fifteen centuries before.

The review was over.

Napoleon mounted his charger and, at the head of a brilliant staff, rode off to the Hôtel de Ville. The multitude swarmed over the Champ de Mars in every direction. Coaches, citizens, and soldiers struggled with one another across the thronged bridges going home. The golden dome of the Invalides swam glowing warmly in the azure mist of Paris on a hot afternoon. From the Jardin des Plantes balloons rising by virtue of hot air floated over the devoted city and the gaping crowds. The device was still a novelty. They were magical. The distant strains of military music where the troops returned to barracks followed by groups of marching and capering gamins slept drunkenly on the molten August air. Trees drooped, and nursemaids with the next generation of conscripts in perambulators turned reluctantly home.

HERVEY ALLEN

CHARLIE—AS EVER WAS

A GREAT statue is being unveiled. It is a group of three heroic figures in marble, hidden now under a canvas covering that is like a gigantic tea-cosy. At the tug of a rope, when the right moment comes, these swaddling clothes will fall away and the sculptor's work will greet the sun and sky. For this right moment a mighty, milling multitude waits in the square. Waits while the band plays and the pennants flutter. Waits while the fat governor falls all over himself shaking hands with the more aggressively prominent and hatchet-faced club-women who come simpering into the speaker's stand. Waits while huge bouquets and floral horseshoes are duly hoisted

into view. Waits while the dedicatory speeches (fortunately inaudible) are squawked into the microphone.

At last the breathless moment comes. Everyone rises. The military guard of honour goes into a catalepsy of attention. The band lets out a blare of triumph. The rope is pulled. The canvas shivers and drops to the ground. The statue emerges in its splendour. And in the lap of the central figure, on the knees of Columbia herself, a little tramp lies curled up in the comfort of a nap, a homeless waif now grossly intruded upon in his snug refuge, even as he was sleeping the sleep of the pure in heart.

In all officialdom there is consternation unutterable. But from the milling multitude—of which you and I by now are part—comes a fond roar in recognition of this bantam tramp now tipping his hat disarmingly. This *soigné* ragamuffin, who is so visibly sorry to have disturbed the nice celebration, is no stranger. Not he. We recognize his battered but cherished bowler, his jaunty bamboo stick, his absurd black patch of a moustache, his monstrous shoes, and the desperate, defiant elegance of his shabby clothes. It is Charlie, Charlie—as ever was. Charlie—with the odds, as always, against him. Charlie—God bless him !

Revisiting us as a comet might. Returning after four years of loitering on the other side of the moon. Bringing to a sore and anxious world a gift of healing laughter and quickening, cleansing, inexplicable tears. A gift comparable, let us say—there is really no good analogy anywhere—to the sweet melodies that Franz Schubert left behind him when he visited this earth. Or comparable—and this is nearer—to the tale a jolly old pedagogue told to some wide-eyed children on a river's bank one afternoon and then put into a book which he signed Lewis Carroll.

Off and on during the next two years, in sundry

towns the world around, you may come upon the new Chaplin picture which, for no good reason, is called *City Lights*. In the town where I happen to live, during the week after its first showing, no one talked much of anything else. A couple of our banks had closed their doors and a few of our judges were hastily leaving town, but as men met on the street the first word between them would be " Have you seen it ? " And the question needed no elaboration.

It is a great brotherhood, the Chaplinites. There has been nothing in the world quite like the sheer fraternity of his following since the novels of Charles Dickens were new. When *David Copperfield* was first appearing a few chapters at a time, each monthly instalment bound as a slim green pamphlet, there would be a considerable dropping around to any house in the neighbourhood that had received one. " Have you read it ? " men asked each other in London, when the earliest editions of *A Christmas Carol* were issuing from the press. And the answer would be, " Yes, God bless him, I have." I remember my grandmother telling me how she used to wait each month for the instalment of *David Copperfield*, and how it was at a neighbour's house, one afternoon late in 1850, that someone read her the fateful paragraph, just off the boat from England, which reads :—

> " He led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children —on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school."

She caught up her shawl and ran home through the twilight with the news, the heart-breaking news, that Steerforth was dead.

Now, as one neighbour to another, as I might call across the fence from my back yard to yours, I here report on the latest instalment of a saga told in another idiom by another Charles. This other Charles learned his humanity also in the same streets of London through which he, too, once wandered ragged and hungry as a child.

It has often been said of Charles Dickens (not quite accurately, by the way) that, though he created scores of immortal characters, there was not a gentleman in the lot. It must be said of Charles Chaplin that he has created only one character, but that one, in his matchless courtesy, in his unfailing gallantry—his preposterous, innocent gallantry, in a world of gross Goliaths—that character is—I think, the finest gentleman of our time.

In the latest chapter of this gentleman's adventures he has his full share of the anguish of this world. This time his vagrant steps bring him across the pathway of a blind girl who must sell flowers all day long on a street corner. At first sight he is sick with love and pity, and from the moment he must needs be her knight-errant, emptying her flower-basket with his lavish purchases and luxuriating in the stolen sweetness of her romantic belief that he is some rich and handsome gallant who will one day carry her off on his milk-white steed.

To pay the overdue rent of her tenement home and to buy the surgery that will restore her sight, he steals and goes to prison. It is a pretty forlorn knight-errant who creeps out of jail some months later. The shabby elegance is in tatters. The once incorrigibly cheerful face has lost its fine defiance. Newsboys pelt him with their bean-blowers and he can only drag himself along. Then he sees her—her sight restored, her flower-basket expanded into a resplendent shop, her loveliness become radiant. She is the

work of his hands—the oblivious work of his loving hands. And at the sight of the little hobo she cries out, " Did you ever see such a spectacle ? " and goes into gales of laughter.

As the picture was originally made, Charlie gave one terrified look at this toppling of the tower his dreams had built, then tipped his eternally propitiatory hat and, with his secret locked for ever in his heart, went shuffling off into eternity. But now a pang of pity sends her flying after him with a flower for his preposterous buttonhole and a bit of silver for his hunger. As her hand touches his, by a sense far quicker than her new-found sight, she knows him. And the end of the chapter is just the incredulous wonder in his eyes as he looks at her. You do not need sound effects to make you hear the thump of his heart against his ribs, and the glory that shines round him is not made by any lights that electricians can devise.

The picture, of course, is a history of his struggles to fend for her. For her sake he is decoyed into the prize-ring for a couple of nightmare rounds that constitute as mad a ballet as ever witch danced on a blasted heath in the dark of the moon. For her sake he goes to work as a street-cleaner. His fastidious displeasure at the goings-on of a single horse lends point to his nimble avoidance of the next street, down which a pack of mules chance to be jogging. He seeks refuge around the corner, only to be confronted there with a sight that discourages him utterly. A moment later the plausible cause of his discouragement lumbers into view. It is an elephant.

But his great hope is pinned to the singularly intermittent generosity of a rollicking old sport who, when in his cups, has a maudlin passion for Charlie, but on sober reflection next day cannot recall ever having seen the fellow before. Thus is Charlie again

and again lifted to the stars only to be cast down next morning. The distaste with which the recovering Mæcenas discovers his erstwhile protégé in bed with him cannot be expressed in such poor things as words. And a moment later Charlie, who in last night's debauch had been promised motor-cars, a home for life, the kingdoms of the earth, finds himself out on the doorstep in the morning sunlight with nothing to show for his recent dizzying good fortune except one banana, salvaged from the wreck of his hopes, as he was being thrown out by the butler. Well, at that, a banana is something. You can imagine how smartly he peels it as he steps forth once more to make his fortune, somehow imparting to the homely process of peeling a banana the elegant nonchalance of a duke drawing a monogrammed cigarette from a platinum case.

Some will rejoice most in the moment when the sadism of an Apache dance so outrages our Charlie's sense of chivalry that, with dignity but firmness, he kicks the Apache in the stomach. Others will chuckle reminiscently over the episode of the spaghetti course, when Charlie must eat endlessly because his fork has caught up by mistake an interminable paper streamer. But I suppose *City Lights* will be remembered longest for the mishap of the penny whistle. You see, at a party, he is blowing it in a resolute attempt to partake of the general gaiety. When some jocund reveller slaps him on the back he swallows the whistle. Thereafter he is most unhappy. The newcomer does not rest easy within him. He begins to hiccup and, at each surge, the whistle within lets out a little, persistent cheep.

This grows embarrassing. Guests draw away from him. A baritone, who is determined to sing, cannot get started. Always his impressive preliminary pause is disturbed by the whistle invisible. Finally, with the

feelings of a leper, Charlie staggers out into the garden to be alone in the moonlight with his unhappiness. Just when he thinks he has conquered it, he hiccups again. A taxi responds, and when it is silently waved away, the driver departs cursing. Another pause. Another hiccup. Several collies respond. When Charlie comes back to the party, he is followed by all the dogs in the neighbourhood.

All of which is pretty comical, and each audience in which I have (with the aid of a shoe-horn) imbedded myself for a glimpse of *City Lights* has rocked with laughter—your correspondent doing a tidy bit of rocking himself. Mr. Chaplin's comedic gift is at high tide. Quite as if he thought of *City Lights* as a gauntlet thrown down to all of Hollywood, he has taken pride in cramming this cake with the richest plums of his invention. Yet when, as has occasionally happened in the past fifteen years, someone says to me (just for something to say, I suppose) that this or that new-risen comedian is " funnier than Chaplin," I am always taken by incurable surprise. But only because I never think of the dauntless Charlie as a figure of fun. Or at least not as primarily as a figure of fun. Primarily Charlie is innocent courage, gallantry—the unquenchable in mankind—taking on flesh and walking this earth to give us heart.

And if Chaplin, of whose incomparable art and winged imagination this insouciant tatterdemalion is the creature—as authentic a creation, mind you, as Falstaff or Don Quixote—if in our time he is the ultimate clown, it is because he is an artist whose craftsmanship is at once as sinewy and as exquisite as Heifetz's, and whose secret of the sorcery of motion is the same that transformed Pavlova into thistledown. I would be prepared to defend the proposition that this darling of the mob is the foremost living artist. There could be no conceivable need to defend the

proposition that he is the foremost living actor. It so happens that he drifted into the movies as a medium, and whenever the world's first actor makes a picture that matches the best work he has done—*City Lights* belongs in the gallery of immortals with *The Kid* and *Shoulder Arms* and *The Pilgrim*—why, surely some such immoderate fandango in the streets as this discourse involves is, as they say, indicated.

But just as no one can rely on the grandfather's clock in the hall who does not keep in mind that the creaky old timepiece is always about half an hour fast, so, perhaps, you ought to know something of the predilections of your oracular correspondent. For one thing, I suppose I should break down at this point and admit that if there is one thing I cannot abide in this raucous age it is the transitory monstrosity known as the talkie. This aversion is essentially undebatable, just as I could never explain to the manufacturer who put out a Venus of Milo with a clock in her stomach that he had, to my notion, got hold of a bad idea. His dashing invention won first prize in the Bad Taste Exhibition held in New York twenty years ago, and yet it seems to me, as I look back on it, no uglier a piece of fancy work than this idea of a talking photograph.

I have made this avowal thus far down on the page, not to be furtive about it, but only because it does seem to me irrelevant. Chaplin is Chaplin, and nothing can be proved by him. The fact that the public has clasped to its multitudinous bosom this movie without a single spoken syllable in all its crowded length is no proof that the talkie is doomed or even on the wane, and no proof that any other player would be thus accepted at his face value.

So much for *City Lights*. So much for Charlie. Please think of my testimony as one of thankfulness. I sometimes wish I had lived in my grandfather's

time instead of to-day. This was a cleaner, greener land, and a man who took to the high-road might breathe, instead of gasoline vapours, a forgotten boon called air. But there are times when I would not swap places with my grandfather, and one of those times is when there is a new chapter of the Charlie saga to be seen in town.

I wrote that last sentence in the present tense. But that was bravado. For there is no use pretending that we can count on such chapters as an endlessly recurrent phenomenon. Indeed, there must, I think, fall across each screen on which *City Lights* is shown a shadow not cast by any of the properties or puppets of the Chaplin lot. It is the shadow of a foreboding, an uneasy feeling that in this visitation we are seeing our Charlie for the last time.

Well, that is as may be. At all events, his like has not passed this way before. And we shall not see his like again.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THE NEW STROKES

It will be interesting to see what the new season will bring out in the way of novel swimming strokes. I'll bet it involves the use of an auxiliary motor strapped on the shoulders.

When I was learning to swim people just swam. The idea was to keep afloat and, in an orderly fashion, to get somewhere if possible. If there was nowhere you wanted to get to, you just swam quietly 'round and 'round until your lips got blue. Then you went in.

The stroke that I was first taught was known as the "breast, or gondola, stroke." High out of the water by the bows. It was dignified and stately and went something like this: "One-two-three-sink! One-

two-three-sink!" The legs were shot out straight behind, like a frog's, except that they were not good to eat.

Then the more sporting among the swimming crowd took to swimming tipped over on one side, with one ear dragging in the water.

This was considered very athletic, especially if one arm was lifted out of the water at each stroke. But even then the procedure was easy-going, pleasant, and more of a pastime than a chore. It was considered very bad form to churn.

But with the advent of the various "crawls," swimming took on more the nature of a battle with the elements. You had to lash at the water, tear at the waves with your teeth, snort and spit, kick your feet like a child with tantrums, and, in general, behave as if you had set out deliberately to drown yourself in an epilepsy. It became tiring just to watch.

I never learned the names of the new strokes as they came along, but I gather that the instructions for some of them must read:—

The Australian Wrench: Place the head under water up to the shoulder blades. Bring the left arm up, over and around the neck until the fingers of the left hand touch the right cheek (still under water). Shove the right arm sideways and to the left until the right shoulder touches the chin. Then shift arm position suddenly, and with great splashing, propelling the body through the water by lashing upward and downward with the feet and legs. The head is kept under water during the entire race, thereby eliminating both wind-resistance and breathing. It is bully fun.

The Navajo Twist: Rotate the entire body like a bobbin on the surface of the water, with elbows and knees bent. Spit while the mouth is on the up-side. Inhale when it is under. This doesn't get you much of

anywhere, but it irritates the other swimmers and makes it difficult for them to swim.

The Lighthouse Churn : Just stand still, in water about up to your waist, and beat at the surface with your fists, snorting and spitting at the same time. This does nothing but make you conspicuous, but, after all, what is modern swimming for ?

ROBERT BENCHLEY

TADPOLES

NEAR our house, out in the sylvan Salamis Estates, there is a pond. We fear we cannot describe this pond to you in a way to carry conviction. You will think we exaggerate if we tell you, with honest warmth, how fair the prospect is. Therefore, in sketching our scene, we will be austere, churlish, a miser of adjectives. We will tell you naught of sun-sparkling by day, where the green and gold of April linger in that small hollow landscape, where the light shines red through the faint bronze veins of young leaves—much as it shines red through the finger-jointings of a child's hand held toward the sun. We will tell you naught of frog-song by night, of those reduplicated whistlings and peepings. We will tell you naught of . . . No, we will be austere.

On one side, this pond reflects the white cloudy bravery of fruit trees in flower, veterans of an orchard surviving an old farmhouse that stood on the hilltop long ago. It burned, we believe : only a rectangle of low stone walls remains. Opposite, the hollow is overlooked by a bumpy hillock fringed with those excellent dark evergreen trees—shall we call them hemlocks ?—whose flat fronds silhouette against the sky and contribute a feeling of mystery and wilderness. On this little hill are several japonica trees,

in violent ruddy blossom; and clumps of tiger lily blades springing up; and bloodroots. The region prickles thickly with blackberry brambles, and mats of honeysuckle. Across the pond, looking from the waterside meadow where the first violets are, your gaze skips (like a flat stone deftly flung) from the level amber (dimpled with silver) of the water, through a convenient dip of country where the fields are folded down below the level of the pool. So the eye, skittering across the water, leaps promptly and cleanly to blue ranges by the Sound, a couple of miles away. All this, a mere introduction to the real theme, which is Tadpoles.

We intended to write a poem about those tadpoles, but Endymion tells us that Lewis Untermeyer has already smitten a lute on that topic. We are queasy of trailing such an able poet: Therefore we celebrate these tadpoles in prose. They deserve a prose as lucid, as limpid, as cool and embracing as the water of their home.

Coming back to tadpoles, the friends of our youth, shows us that we have completed a biological cycle of much import. Back to tadpoles in one generation, as the adage might have said. Twenty-five years ago we ourselves were making our first acquaintance with these friendly creatures, in the immortal (for us), waters of Cobb's Creek, Pennsylvania (who was Cobb, we wonder?). And now our urchins, with furious glee, applaud their sire who wades the still frosty quays of our pond, on Sunday mornings, to renew their supply of tads. It is considered fair and decent that each batch of tadpoles should live in their prison (a milk bottle) only one week. The following Sunday they go back to the pond and a new generation take their places. There is some subtle kinship, we think, between children and tadpoles. No childhood is complete until it has watched

their gloomy and impassive faces munching against the glass, and seen the gradual egress (as the encyclopædia pedantically puts it) of their tender limbs, the growing froggishness of their demeanour.

Sometime when you are exploring in the *Britannica*, by the way, after you have read about Tactics and William Howard Taft, turn to the article on tadpoles and see if you can recognize them as described by the learned G.A.B. An amusing game, we submit, would be to take a number of encyclopædia descriptions of familiar things, and see how many of our friends could identify them under their scientific nomenclature.

But it is very pleasant to dally about the pond on a mild April morning. While the Urchiness mutters among the violets, picking blue fistfuls of stalkless heads, the Urchin, on a plank, at the waterside, studies these weedy shallows which are lively with all manner of mysterious excitement, and probes a water-logged stump in hope to recapture Brer Terrapin, who once was ours for a short while. Gissing (the juvenile and too enthusiastic dog) has to be kept away from the pond by repeated sticks thrown as far as possible in another direction ; otherwise he insists on joining the tadpole search, and, poking his snout under water, attempts to bark at the same time, with much coughing and smother.

The tadpoles, once caught, are taken home in a small yellow pail. They seem quite cheerful. They are kept, of course, in their native fluid, which is liberally thickened with the oozy emulsion of moss, mud, and busy animalculæ that were dredged up with them in clutches along the bottom of the pond. They lie, thoughtful, at the bottom of their milk-bottle, occasionally flourishing furiously round their prison. But, since reading that article in the *Britannica*, we are more tender towards them. For

the learned G.A.B. says: "A glandular streak extending from the nostril towards the eye is the lachrymal canal." Is it possible that tadpoles weep? We will look at them again when we go home to-night. We are, in the main, a kind-hearted host. If they show any signs of effusion . . .

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTES

The Spectre Bridegroom. From "The Sketch Book," by Washington Irving.

Washington Irving (1783–1859), the son of an Englishman, was born in New York. He studied for the American bar, which he abandoned for business. Unsuccessful in business, he won fame as an author, and also served with distinction as Minister in Spain and as Secretary to the United States Legation in London. His greatest book is his "Life of George Washington," but he is perhaps best known for the collection of essays called "The Sketch Book" in which "The Spectre Bridegroom" is included.

P. 3, ll. 3–4. *Odenwald:* (*Wald* means forest) a district between the rivers Neckar and Main, in the German provinces of Hessen and Baden.

P. 4, l. 24. *The Heldenbuch:* literally the "book of Heroes."

l. 32. *Minnielieders:* a "Minnelied," literally a 'love-song,' was the usual type of sentimental ballad sung by the old troubadours.

P. 6, l. 31. *Wurtzburg:* probably Würzburg, a university city in Bavaria.

P. 7, ll. 29–30. *Rhein-wein and Ferne-wein:* *Rhein-wein*, made locally from the grapes grown on the Rhine; *Ferne-wein*, imported wine (*Ferne*, German: distance).

l. 30. *The great Heidelburg tun:* Heidelberg is a famous old university town on the bank of the Neckar. The "tun" or vat is in the cellar of the castle, and is 20 feet high and 31 feet long and has a capacity of 49,000 gallons.

ll. 32–33. *Saus und Braus:* a well-known German expression meaning bustle and excitement.

P. 12, l. 14. *Fond:* in the old-fashioned sense of "foolish."

P. 13, l. 23. *Hockheimer:* a white Rhine wine, made at Hockheim.

P. 14, l. 19. *Leonora:* The famous poem "Lenore" was

written in 1773 by Gottfried August Bürger. It tells the story of Leonora who, in her distress at her lover's failure to return from the wars, spoke words of blasphemy. Her lover returned that night, in the form of a skeleton horseman, and carried her off.

P. 15, l. 14. *Cresset:* a kind of iron basket, containing burning material, which was hung in the courtyard as a means of lighting.

P. 16, l. 3. *The Wild Huntsman:* a very ancient myth, probably pre-historic in origin, of a wild huntsman who haunts the forests, particularly on stormy nights. He has an English counterpart in the legendary Herne the Hunter of Windsor Great Park.

In the hands of the Redskins. From "The Last of the Mohicans," by James Fenimore Cooper.

Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851) was born at Burlington, New Jersey. After spending some time in the Merchant Service and the American navy he became a landed proprietor and novelist. "The Last of the Mohicans," together with "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deer Slayer," form a series entitled "The Leather Stocking Tales," which gives a vivid picture of Red Indian life.

As described in the preceding chapters, Major Duncan Heyward, an officer in the English Army, at that time fighting the French in North America, has undertaken to accompany Cora and Alice Munro on a dangerous journey through the forest, believing in the fidelity of a Red Indian guide, Magua, one of the tribe known as Hurons. This guide or runner is also known by the nick-name of *le Renard Subtil* (the cunning fox.) The term "Mingo" was also applied contemptuously to the Hurons by their enemies. Hawk-eye is an English hunter, acting as a scout, and Chingachgook and his son Uncas are Red Indians of the Mohican tribe, friendly to the English. These three fall in with Major Heyward and his party when they have been betrayed and led astray by the Huron guide, and undertake to help them. (Hawk-eye is also known by the nick-name of *La Longue Carabine* (the long rifle).) *Le Gros Serpent* (the great snake) was the nick-name of the Mohican Chingachgook, and *Le Cerf Agile* (the nimble stag) that of Uncas, his son. Having run out of ammunition, the scout, Hawk-eye, and his two

Mohican allies reluctantly leave Heyward and the two girls in the forest and go to get help and to warn the girls' father of their danger. The Hurons, brought down upon them by the treacherous guide, who has an old grudge against the English, capture Major Heyward and the two girls and try to carry them off; they are bound to trees, and the Indians are preparing to torture them.

P. 21, l. 29. *Palefaces:* the Red Indian name for white men.

P. 23, ll. 34–35. *Tomahawk:* a small axe used as a weapon.

P. 24, l. 33. *Clubbed:* a gun held by its barrel and used as a club is said to be "clubbed."

Withes: ropes made of split branches.

The Promised Land! From "The Conquest of Mexico," by William Hickling Prescott.

W. H. Prescott (1796–1859) was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard. He devoted his life to the study of history, and in addition to his "Conquest of Mexico" wrote "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella" and "The History of the Conquest of Peru."

P. 27, l. 31. *Cortés:* Hernando Cortés (1485–1547), the Spanish conqueror of Mexico. The incidents described took place in the year 1519.

P. 28, l. 12. *Sierra:* a ridge of mountains with a serrated outline.

P. 30, l. 37. *Quixotic:* from Don Quixote, the hero of Cervantes' romance published in 1605, a knight who tried to perform deeds of chivalry which were turned to ridicule.

P. 31, l. 2. *The Emperor Charles V.:* Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (1519–1556) which at that time comprised a considerable part of central and western Europe; he was also King of Spain (1516–1556).

l. 4. *Escutcheon:* coat of arms.

P. 33, l. 2. *Maguey:* a plant of the aloe tribe which produces useful fibre.

l. 14. *Aztecs:* the "Indians" who founded the Mexican Empire before it was conquered by the Spaniards.

l. 21. *Porphyry:* a dark red or purple rock, containing crystals.

P. 34, l. 7. *Pisgah:* the mountain from which Moses saw the promised land of Canaan before he died.

Wealth. From "Conduct of Life," by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

R. W. Emerson (1803–1882) was born in Concord, Massachusetts. After studying at Harvard he was ordained, but later relinquished his Orders owing to holding certain unconventional views about doctrine. He twice visited England. His works consist chiefly of philosophical essays, but he also wrote poems and a small amount of fiction. He was a strong supporter of the anti-slavery movement.

P. 35, l. 24. *Watt :* James Watt (1736–1819), the Scotsman who invented the steam-engine. He first had the idea of the power of steam from watching the steam rattle the lid of a boiling kettle.

Stephenson : George Stephenson (1781–1848), the English engineer, who built some of the first railway engines.

P. 38, l. 11. *Wall Street :* the street in New York where the chief banks and the Stock Exchange are : hence a synonym for the New York Stock Exchange.

l. 21. *Burke :* Edmund Burke (1729–1797), the famous British statesman.

P. 40, l. 33. *Humboldt's Cosmos :* Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt (1769–1859) was a German scientist and traveller. His best known book, "Cosmos," which was translated into English, was a description of the universe from the physical point of view.

P. 41, l. 1. *Denon :* Dominique Vivant, Baron Denon (1747–1825), a French archæologist.

Beckford : William Beckford (1759–1844), a rich member of Parliament in England, who was a great collector of art treasures and curiosities.

Belzoni : Giovanni Battista Belzoni (1778–1823), an Italian explorer.

Wilkinson : Sir John Gardner Wilkinson (1797–1875), a well-known English Egyptologist.

Layard : Sir Austen Henry Layard (1817–1894), an English diplomatist, who in his earlier life was responsible for important excavations at Nineveh.

P. 41, l. 2. *Kane :* Elisha Kent Kane (1820–1857), an American Arctic explorer.

Lepsius : Karl Richard Lepsius (1810–1884), a German Egyptologist.

Livingstone : David Livingstone (1813–1873), the famous African explorer.

It will be noticed that all these scientists are more or less contemporary with Emerson, and their discoveries were no doubt the daily talk of that great scientific age.

l. 3. *Saadi :* Muslih-ud-Din Saadi. A Persian poet of the thirteenth century.

The Battle of the Pygmies. From " Tanglewood Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864) was born at Salem, Massachusetts. He held a post in the customs house of Salem, and in 1853 was American Consul at Liverpool. He wrote a number of notable romances in which he shows a strong interest in the problems of morality. " Tanglewood Tales " and " The Wonder Book," in which he retells the legends of Greece, were written for his own children.

P. 43, l. 16. *Antæus :* in Greek mythology, a Libyan giant, son of Poseidon (god of the sea) and Ge (the earth).

P. 45, ll. 7–9. *The garden of the Hesperides . . . King Eurystheus :* Hercules undertook twelve " labours " for Eurystheus, King of Argos and Mycenae, one of which was to fetch some golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, the nymphs who guarded the apples with the help of a dragon which Hercules had to kill.

l. 35. *Sconce :* helmet, or, colloquially, head.

P. 47, l. 15. *They once upheld the sky :* Hercules visited Atlas (who had been changed into a mountain so high that the sky rested on the top of it) and relieved him of his burden for a short time.

Hop-Frog. From " Tales of Mystery and Imagination," by Edgar Allan Poe.

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) was born at Boston, the son of parents who were on the stage. Being early left an orphan, his upbringing was supervised by a tobacco merchant of Richmond. He was educated first in England at a school at Stoke Newington and then at the University of Virginia. For some years he attempted without success to follow a military career in the United States army. In addition to his macabre stories, for which he is primarily famous, Poe wrote poetry and literary criticism of notable quality.

P. 49, l. 29. *Rara Avis in terris :* a rare bird (on the earth).

P. 50, l. 1. *Rabelais's Gargantua :* Rabelais was a French monk, doctor, and writer (1494?–1553). His book

"La Vie très horrificque du Grand Gargantua" is a fantastic story of Prince Gargantua who was a giant with an enormous appetite. The word "Rabelaisian" has been coined to mean anything in humour excessively coarse and lavish in a materialistic way.

P. 50, l. 1. *The Zadig of Voltaire:* Voltaire, whose real name was François Marie Arouet, the French writer and philosopher (1694–1778), famous for his wit and scepticism. *Zadig* was one of his amusing satirical tales.

P. 52, l. 9. *Éclat:* something striking.

P. 56, l. 5. *En masse:* in a mass, *i.e.* all together.

P. 57, l. 28. *Sconces:* candle-holders.

P. 59, l. 14, *Flambeau:* torch.

l. 15. *Carytides:* pillars in the form of female figures, supporting the masonry of a building.

Three Addresses. From "Speeches," by Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), the leader of the Northern States in the American Civil War, and President of the United States from 1860 to 1865 (when he was assassinated), is one of the greatest exponents in practice and speech of the democratic theory of government.

(1) Lincoln's reply to Judge Douglas at Chicago, July 10, 1858 (Extract).

P. 61, l. 13. *The 4th of July:* the Day on which American Independence from British rule was declared in 1776.

(2) His Proclamation for a Day of Thanksgiving, October 3, 1863:

P. 66, l. 3. *A civil war of unequalled magnitude:* the war between the Northern and Southern States, which lasted from 1861 to 1865.

(3) Address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863:

P. 67, l. 14. *Gettysburg:* a town in Southern Pennsylvania, where a famous battle was fought during the Civil War. 3747 soldiers killed in this battle were buried in the National Cemetery.

Old Age. From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University. "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1857.

P. 68, ll. 32–33. *Dr. Johnson wrote to Thrale :* The famous Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) was an intimate friend of Mrs. Thrale ; after his death she published some anecdotes of him, and also his letters to her.

P. 69, l. 10. *Incipit Allegoria Senectutis :* "Here Beginneth the Allegory of Old Age."

P. 70, l. 1. *Sign-manual :* an autograph.

l. 13. *Tippet :* muffler.

l. 20. *Explicit Allegoria Senectutis:* "Explains the Allegory of Old Age."

l. 26. *Buttonwood :* the plane tree.

l. 36. *Sir Thomas Browne :* (1605–1682), an English doctor and writer. His most famous book is "Religio Medici."

P. 71, l. 9. *Seven stages of life :* Shakespeare, "As you Like It," Act II, Sc. VII.

P. 72, l. 25. *Systole and Diastole :* the rhythmical contraction and expansion of the heart, causing the "heart-beat."

l. 32. *Vis a tergo :* "Power from behind."

P. 73, ll. 6–7. *Sine qua non :* "Without which not," *i.e.* "that without which something cannot be."

l. 26. *Tully :* Marcus Tullius Cicero, the famous Roman orator and consul (106–43 B.C.). His "De Senectute" ("Concerning Old Age") is among the most famous of his philosophical works.

P. 74, l. 9. *Kneepan :* the knee-cap.

l. 15. *Don Quixote :* See note on p. 30, l. 37.

l. 16. *Tom Jones :* a novel by Henry Fielding (1707–1754).

Watts on the Mind : possibly a reference to Isaac Watts (1674–1748), an English pastor and hymn-writer (author of "O God, our Help in Ages Past"), who wrote an "Essay on the Freedom of the Will."

l. 18. *Lyceum Lecture :* the original Lyceum was a building in Greece where Aristotle lectured. Places where lectures are given to groups of students have been called after it ever since. Cicero's lectures were given in Rome.

Concio Popularis : Popular Assembly.

l. 19. *Papyri :* the papyrus was the leaf of a kind of reed which was used for writing upon before the invention of paper. A papyrus is therefore a manuscript, or, in this case, a newspaper.

l. 20. *Tempora Quotidiana :* The Daily Times.

P. 74, l. 20. *Tribunus Quirinalis :* Roman magistrate.

l. 21. *Praeco Romanus :* all these are imaginary names of Roman newspapers, invented on the lines of modern newspapers.

l. 24. *IV Kal. Mart. :* February 26th.

l. 27. *Sestertia :* a sestertia, which, like *sestertium*, was a sum not a coin, was equal to a thousand sestertii, or two hundred and fifty denarii. The denarius was the " penny " of the New Testament.

l. 29. *Illotum vulgus :* the unwashed poor.

l. 31. *Gladio jugulati :* throats cut by the sword.

l. 35. *Chick-pea :* the chick-pea is a plant which is grown for food in Southern Europe ; the round pea might be supposed to resemble a wart.

P. 75, l. 7. *Pocula quaedam vini :* some small cups of wine.

l. 21. *Tiber :* the river on which Rome stands.

l. 36. *Plato :* the famous Greek philosopher who lived 427–347 B.C.

l. 37. *Milo :* a famous athlete, who commanded the Greek armies in 511 B.C.

P. 76, l. 4. *Pisistratus and Solon :* two famous Athenian politicians, who were cousins and great friends in private life although sometimes opposed to one another politically. Solon lived to be eighty, 638–558 B.C.

P. 76, l. 17. *Cato :* Roman soldier and writer. He lived from 234 B.C. till 149 B.C., reaching the age of eighty-five.

l. 19. *Fidibus :* " fides " was a stringed instrument such as the lyre.

l. 19. *Socrates :* (469–399 B.C.), one of the most famous of the Greek philosophers.

l. 21. *Cyrus :* King of Persia in the sixth century B.C.

P. 77, l. 13. *High low shoes :* short boots that lace up to the ankles.

l. 26. *Eheu :* alas !

William the Silent. From " The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley.

John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877), born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, was educated at Harvard and Berlin, and became American minister to Austria and then to Great Britain. During the last eight years of his life he lived in England.

P. 77-84, l. 32. *Orange :* William, Count of Nassau and Prince of Orange, nick-named " the Silent " (1533–1584).

P. 78, ll. 18–19. *A Convert to the Reformed Church :* William's mother was a Protestant and his father had strong Lutheran leanings. When it was settled that he was to inherit the large Nassau estates in the Netherlands, the Emperor Charles V, who at that time ruled the greater part of Western Europe, only consented on condition that William was taken away from his parents and brought up in the Netherlands as a Catholic. This was done, but he nevertheless went back to the Reformed Faith when he grew up.

P. 79, ll. 26–27. *Alva :* the Duke of Alva, a famous Spanish general. After the death of the Emperor Charles, when his son Philip was ruling Spain and also the Netherlands, Alva was sent as Governor-General to Brussels where he persecuted the Protestants with the greatest cruelty. William, who had now identified himself with the cause of the Protestant Faith and the national independence of the Netherlands, raised an army to fight him, but was defeated, at first, by Alva's superior troops.

Pp. 80–81, l. 37. *Imbize :* John van Imbize, a young nobleman of Ghent who became a leader of the party in revolt against Spain. He worked at first under William, but soon turned against him, thinking him too moderate. He was exiled for six years, but, on his return, resumed his violent and unscrupulous plotting, and was executed for treason.

P. 81, l. 1. *John Casimir :* one of the more unscrupulous of the commanders of the mercenary army of the Netherlands.

l. 2. *Prince Chimay :* Governor of Flanders. A vain, unscrupulous man, who played for both sides.

P. 82, l. 5. *Granvelle :* King Philip's representative in Brussels : a Cardinal who was a strong pillar of the Inquisition.

P. 83, l. 31. *Gérard :* Balthazar Gérard, alias Francis Guion, the fanatic who assassinated William the Silent. He appeared at the dining-room door, on the pretext of asking for a passport ; the Prince was unconcerned, though the Princess was alarmed at his appearance. Gérard shot the Prince at the foot of the staircase, as he was coming out of the dining-room after dinner.

P. 84, l. 5. *Jaureguy :* another assassin who had attempted the Prince's life. On the pretext of presenting a petition, he approached the Prince as he came from

dinner and fired a pistol at point-blank range. The bullet " entered the neck under the right ear, passed through the roof of the mouth, and came out under the left jaw-bone, carrying with it two teeth." The Prince's hair and beard were set on fire by the shot, and this apparently had the effect of cauterizing the wound and stopping the bleeding. He was able to walk to his bed and made a complete recovery from the wound. In spite of William's plea for the life of the assassin, the bystanders killed him on the spot.

Brute Neighbours. From " Walden," by Henry David Thoreau.

Henry David Thoreau (1817–1862) was born at Concord, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard. He combined literary work with engineering and carpentry. He adopted a rebel attitude towards society, and built himself a hut beside the Walden pond where he could indulge his taste for Nature study in solitude.

P. 85, l. 9. *Indian bread :* bread made from maize.

l. 25. *Sumachs :* a common American shrub.

P. 86, l. 10. *Ground-nut :* a plant with a tuberous root whi is eatable.

l. 30. *Con-fut-see :* a corruption of Confucius, the ancie Chinese philosopher.

P. 87, l. 1. *Shiner :* a small American fresh-water fish.

l. 4. *The Concord :* the river of that name.

l. 10. *Pilpay and Co.:* " The Fables of Pilpay " (Bidpai) was a famous collection of fables originally written in Sanskrit and Arabic, and which became the basis of some of the European folk-lore.

l. 35. *Phoebe :* an American flycatcher.

P. 89, l. 17. *Raccoon :* a small animal with thick grey fu and a bushy ringed tail, which lives largely in trees.

l. 31. *Roiling :* stirring up the mud at the bottom.

P. 90, l. 23. *Duellum :* a duel between two combatants. *Bellum :* war.

l. 26. *Myrmidons :* An ancient Greek legend tells how Æacus, King of Ægina, asked the god Zeus to repeople his kingdom, whose population had been destroyed by a plague. Zeus turned all the ants in an old oak tree into men, and called them Myrmidons after a Gree word meaning " ant."

P. 91, ll. 17–18. *To return with his shield or upon it :* an exhortation given to the Greek heroes of old when their

mothers sent them forth to battle. The dead heroes were carried home on their shields.

l. 19. *Achilles :* the famous invulnerable Greek hero who took part in the siege of Troy.

l. 20. *Patroclus :* the friend of Achilles, slain by Hector. Achilles slew Hector, to avenge the death of Patroclus.

P. 92, l. 5. *Austerlitz or Dresden :* two of the battles of the Napoleonic wars. Austerlitz was in Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia) ; in 1805 Napoleon fought the two Emperors, Alexander I of Russia and Francis II of Austria there, and defeated them completely. The French lost 7000 men killed and wounded, while the enemy lost 15,000 killed, in one day. The battle of Dresden was in 1813. Dresden is the capital of Saxony, then one of the German kingdoms. Napoleon defeated a huge army of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians there with very heavy losses.

Concord Fight : Concord was the name of the village as well as of the river.

l. 15. *Bunker Hill :* the reference in the whole of this passage is to the American War of Independence. In 1773 the famous Boston Tea-Party took place, when a group of hot-headed young men expressed the popular feeling against the threepenny tax on tea imposed by the English Parliament, by throwing a newly-arrived cargo of tea into Boston Harbour. In 1775 the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, in which the American volunteers were defeated by the regular English troops, but only after an exceedingly tenacious defence of the hill, which proved to the American colonists that they were able to stand up against trained troops, and encouraged them to continue the war.

P. 93, l. 4. *Hôtel des Invalides :* an institution for disabled soldiers, founded by Louis XIV in Paris in 1670.

l. 11. *Kirby :* William Kirby (1759–1850), an English student of insect life.

l. 13. *Huber :* François Huber (1750–1831), a Swiss naturalist.

ll. 14–15. *Æneas Sylvius :* Eneo Silvio de Piccolomini (1405–1464), later Pope Pius II.

l. 19. *Eugenius IV :* was Pope from 1431 to 1447.

l. 27. *Christian the Second :* (1481–1559), King of Denmark, known as "the Nero of the North."

l. 29. *Polk :* James Knox Polk (1795–1849), eleventh President of the United States. President 1845–1849.

l. 30. *Webster:* Daniel Webster (1782–1852), a famous American lawyer and statesman.

P. 94, l. 17. *Lincoln:* There are a large number of towns and villages in America called Lincoln, no doubt after the English original.

P. 95, l. 4. *The fall:* the autumn.

Loon: a diving bird which feeds on fish.

P. 96, l. 21. *Checker:* a chessman.

l. 37. *Schools:* a "school," for instance, of porpoises, i the same as a shoal.

P. 98, l. 10. *Louisiana:* one of the Southern States o America.

Bayou: from a Red Indian word: an inlet from a lake or from the Gulf of Mexico.

Snow and Frost. From the essay "A Good Word for Winter," from "My Study Windows," by James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Literature at Harvard. He was American minister to Spain and to England, and previously had been editor of the "Atlantic Monthly."

P. 99, l. 14. *Aphrodite:* the Greek goddess of beauty and love, called by the Romans Venus.

l. 15. *Cowley:* Abraham Cowley (1618–1667), the English poet and essayist.

ll. 17–18. *Notre-Dame de la neige:* Our Lady of the Snow.

l. 27. *Phidias's journeyman:* Phidias was the famous Greek sculptor who lived from about 500 to 432 B.C. Therefore his "journeyman" would be a worker at his trade.

P. 100, l. 19. *Poseidon:* the Greek name for Neptune, god of the sea.

l. 28. *Ornithorhynchus:* the duck-billed platypus; a peculiar animal, native of Australia, which, although it is a mammal and covered with fur, has a bill like a duck and lays eggs.

l. 29. *Bedouins:* roving Arab tribes.

P. 101, l. 1. *Jacques:* the melancholy Jacques, the philosophising lord in exile in the Forest of Arden, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Actually it was not Jacques but the banished Duke who was prepared to find "Sermons in stones and good in everything." Act II, Sc. 1.

l. 6. *Homer:* the famous Greek poet who lived in the ninth century B.C., author of "The Odyssey" and "The Iliad."

Dante: Dante Alighieri (1265–1321), the famous Italian poet, author of the "Divina Commedia."

l. 12. *Burns:* Robert Burns (1759–1796), the Scottish poet.

P. 102, l. 7. *Ambrose Philips:* (1675?–1749), an English dramatist and poet.

l. 11. *Lamb:* Charles Lamb (1775–1834), the famous essayist. In his essay "My First Play" (in "Essays of Elia") occurs this passage: "The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!"

l. 14. *Philodendrist:* a tree lover.

l. 17. *Pepys:* Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), the diarist.

P. 103, l. 13. *Pope:* Alexander Pope (1688–1744), the English poet, satirised Ambrose Philips in a poem called "Macer: a Character."

l. 20. *Pentelicus:* a mountain near Athens, where the white marble was quarried of which the Parthenon was built.

l. 26. *Sisyphean toil:* the punishment of Sisyphus, King of Corinth, who, according to Greek mythology, was condemned for his crimes on earth to roll a large stone to the top of a mountain in hell, from which it always rolled down again, so that his toil was everlasting.

P. 104, l. 3. *Bramante:* (1444–1514), an Italian architect.

Sansovino: (1460–1529), also called Andrea Contucci, an Italian sculptor.

l. 11. *Radetzky:* (1766–1858), an Austrian field-marshal.

l. 19. *Vauban:* Sébastien le Prestre de Vauban (1633–1707), a French officer who became a great authority on fortifications and on methods of attacking them.

l. 22. *The young Vermont sculptor:* possibly a reference to Hiram Powers (1805–1873), a famous American sculptor who was born at Woodstock, Vermont.

l. 31. "*O, that I were a mockery-king*": Shakespeare, "Richard II," Act IV, Sc. 1.

P. 105, l. 5. *Silberhorn :* the " silver horn "—the name of a mountain peak.

l. 18. *Frappé :* iced.

l. 30. *Steele :* Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729), the English essayist.

P. 106, l. 23. *Alph :*

" In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

"Kubla Khan," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834).

l. 31. *Tokay :* a Hungarian wine.

P. 107, l. 15. *Agassiz :* two nineteenth-century Swiss naturalists, father and son.

l. 17. *Piranesi :* Giambattista Piranesi (1720–1778), an Italian engraver.

Cape Horn. From " White Jacket," by Herman Melville.

Herman Melville (1819–1891), born in New York, went to sea at the age of eighteen. In 1841 he sailed round Cape Horn in a whaler, and experienced many adventures during the course of his sea life which he records graphically in his various books, the most famous of which is " Moby Dick," an epic account of whale fishing.

P. 107, l. 24. *Gregoes :* rough greatcoats.

Pea Jackets : thick double-breasted sailors' jackets.

Monkey Jackets : short close-fitting jackets.

l. 25. *Reefing Jackets :* more usually called "reefers." Thick double-breasted coats.

P. 108, l. 17. *Dread-naught :* a garment made of very thick cloth.

l. 20. *Buffalo-robe :* American bison skin, dressed with the hair on.

Moose : a very large American deer.

l. 22. *Caboose :* a cooking-hut on the deck of a ship.

l. 30. *Spoke :* to " speak " a ship is to hail it ; hence to get near enough to the icebergs to be within hail.

P. 109, l. 10. *T'-gallant-yards :* top-gallant-yards ; yards are the spars to which the square sails of a full-rigged ship are fastened. The top-gallant-yards support the top-gallant-sails.

l. 14. *Frigate :* a type of full-rigged sailing-ship-of-war.

l. 23. *Selvagee :* the crew's nickname for a very dandified officer, derived from the selvagee which was a slender

rope used for binding the heavy rope, which went round the capstan, to the anchor cable.

l. 26. *Amputation :* in very cold latitudes there is a danger of frost-bite, which, in extreme cases, causes some extremity of the human body, toe, finger, ear, etc., to die, the only remedy being amputation.

P. 111, l. 5. *Fandango :* a Spanish dance.

Donnybrook-jigs : Donnybrook is a village near Dublin, famous for a very ancient and riotous fair.

l. 15. *Fore-top-men :* one of the men whose business it was to look after the fore-top-sails. Every man had his station in the rigging, so that all knew where to go at once in case of emergency.

ll. 29–30. *Belaying-pin :* a piece of metal round which ropes were made fast.

P. 112, l. 8. *Shipped their quarter-deck faces :* put on their official manner.

l. 34. *Steerage way :* sufficient forward movement to make it possible to steer.

P. 113, ll. 2–3. *Stun'-sails, royals, moon-sails :* various sails in a full-rigged ship. Stun'-sail, short for "Studding-sail," was a sail added at the side of the square sails, to give a larger spread of canvas ; the "royal" was the sail next but one to the top of each mast ; the topmost sail was usually called "sky-sail," but it is possible that "moon-sail" may have been used for it too.

ll. 5–6. *Ran up our ensign on the gaff :* hoisted our flag. The gaff was a spar fastened to the upper side of a sail.

l. 11. *Mizzen-shrouds :* the mizzen-mast is the nearest to the stern ; shrouds are the ropes.

l. 13. *Indiaman :* a ship used for trade with the Indies.

ll. 23–24. *Take in some of your flying-kites :* the ship was carrying a great deal of sail: If a sudden strong wind had arisen, she might have been capsized before they had time to haul down some of the sails.

l. 29. *Braggadacio :* (Italian) boaster.

ll. 31–32. *Flying-jib :* the foremost of the triangular sails at the bow.

l. 37. *The starboard-watch :* the men who kept watch on the starboard side of the ship, the right-hand side as one stands facing the bows.

P. 114, l. 10. *Carronade :* a short light cannon for firing at close quarters.

l. 13. *Yard-arms :* the spars fastened across the masts.

P. 115, l. 17. *Close-reefing :* when less sail is required the sails are " reefed," *i.e.* rolled up as much as is necessary and fastened by small cords sewn to the sails themselves.

l. 18. *Halyards :* (" haulyards ") the ropes by which the " yards " or spars were hauled up and down.

l. 24. *Clew down :* bring the yards down by hauling on the clew-lines. The clews are iron rings fastened to the corners of sails.

l. 35. *The Veil of the Temple :* See Matt. xxvii. 51.

P. 116, l. 24. *Bunt-lines and slab-lines :* ropes fastened to the sails themselves for use in furling them.

P. 117, l. 12. *Quarter-gunner :* a gunner's mate ; a petty officer concerned with the ship's guns.

P. 118, l. 3. *Leeward :* the side away from the wind.

l. 5. *Windward or weather side :* the side from which the wind is blowing.

The Chariot-Race. From " Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace.

Lewis Wallace (1822–1905), served in the Mexican War and the American Civil War, attaining the rank of general. He subsequently became Governor of Utah and American Minister to Turkey.

The chariot-race described in this extract is supposed to have taken place in Rome about the time of Our Lord. Ben-Hur is a Jew, of noble birth, who has incurred the hatred of the Roman, Messala ; Ben-Hur has suffered undeserved misfortunes, partly brought about by Messala, and has for a time been a galley-slave. The characters in the story, who appear in the audience, are friends or enemies or acquaintances of Ben-Hur and of Messala.

P. 120, l. 33. *Nestor :* one of the Greek heroes who besieged Troy. The quotation is from Pope's translation of Homer's " Iliad," Book XXIII, ll. 383, 384. See note on the second quotation.

P. 122, ll. 34–35. " *Took the wall* " : took the place next to the wall.

P. 123, l. 27. *Coterie :* a group of people who belong together.

l. 28. *Sestertii :* see note on p. 74, l. 27.

P. 124, l. 17. *Patrician :* the Roman people were divided into three grades of which " patrician " was the highest, the others being " plebeian " and " slave." Patrician has therefore come to mean " high-born."

P. 125, l. 23. *Arabs :* Arab horses. The Arabs in the

deserts of Arabia had a famous breed of horses, celebrated for their swiftness. They reared these horses with great care, often keeping them in their own tents.

ll. 27–28. *Athenian, Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian :* of the four other competitors besides the Roman Messala and the Jew Ben-Hur, two were Greeks, from Athens and Corinth respectively, one was a Phœnician from Sidon, and the fourth probably also a Greek from Byzantium, later called Constantinople, but which of course had not then been conquered by the Turks.

P. 126, l. 14. *Orestes :* son of the ancient Greek King Agamemnon, who took part in the siege of Troy.

l. 22. *Eros :* the Greek god of Love.

Mars : the Greek god of War.

P. 127, l. 5. *The oar :* a reference to the time when Ben-Hur had been a galley-slave.

P. 128, l. 27. *A talent :* a Hebrew silver talent would have been worth about £447 of our money.

l. 37. *Hercules :* the famous Greek hero and demi-god, renowned for his strength.

P. 129, l. 6. *Velaria :* the awnings.

P. 130, l. 3.

The quotation is from Pope's translation of the "Iliad," Book XXIII, ll. 455–460, from the passage describing the funeral games in honour of Patroclus.

l. 20. *Sheik :* an Arab chief.

P. 132, l. 3. *Aramaic :* the language used in Syria, Palestine, and Samaria.

ll. 4–5. *Atair, Rigel, Antares, Aldebaran :* the horses are named after the Arabic or Greek names of stars.

Experiments. From "Little Women," by Louisa Alcott.

Louisa Alcott (1832–1888), born at Germantown in Pennsylvania, was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott, the philosopher and educationist. She was a teacher, a nurse during the Civil War, and a prolific writer of fiction intended mainly for girls. Her fame was made by "Little Women" published in 1868.

P. 135, ll. 17–18. "*Friend and pardner, Sairey Gamp*" : a misquotation from Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit." The dialogue occurs between the two dissolute old nurses, before the days of qualified hospital-nurses, and runs as follows : "'Betsey,' said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass, and passing the teapot, 'I will now propoge a toast. My frequent pardner, Betsey Prig!' 'Which,

altering the name to Saireh Gamp; I drink,' said Mrs. Prig, 'with love and tenderness.'"

l. 18. *Grubbage*: probably a slang term for drudgery, derived in a round-about way from "grub" meaning to dig, or to slave.

ll. 25–26. *The Wide, Wide World*: a sentimental story-book for girls, by Elizabeth Wetherell, very popular in the nineteenth century.

P. 136, l. 4. *Flora M'Flimsy*: probably a reference to some popular song or rhyme.

P. 137, l. 18. *Saleratus*: cooking soda.

P. 139, l. 30. *Deaconed*: the packing of fruit with the best specimens on the top, to deceive the buyer into thinking that those underneath will be equally good.

The Glorious Whitewasher. From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain (1835–1910), the pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born at Florida, Missouri. He was apprenticed to the printing trade, but became a pilot on the Mississippi. When he took to authorship he adopted his pseudonym from the call which was given by men sounding the shallows on the Mississippi—Mark Twain, meaning "by the mark two fathoms." He worked in turn at silver-mining, journalism, publishing, and as a lecturer, and became famous as an author and humorist. Among his best known works in addition to "Tom Sawyer" are "The Innocents Abroad," "A Tramp Abroad," "Huckleberry Finn," and "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

P. 143, ll. 15–16. *Locust trees*: an American tree with handsome white flowers and hard wood useful for joinery.

l. 20. *Delectable Land*: a reference to the Delectable Mountains in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

P. 144, l. 4. *Mulatto*: half-caste, with one white and one negro parent.

ll. 16–17. *Gwyne to ax*: going to ask.

l. 31. *Alley*: a contraction of alabaster, of which good marbles were originally made.

Bully taw: a fine marble: a taw was originally a marble to be used as a shooter.

l. 32. *Marvel*: marble.

P. 146, l. 9. *Stabboard and labboard*: starboard and larboard, the right and left sides of a ship.

ll. 11–12. *Head-line, spring-line :* the ropes used to make the steamer fast.

l. 14. *Bight :* the loop of the rope, which was to be fastened round the stump.

l. 17. *Gauge-cocks :* valves for finding out the water-level.

l. 31. *Druther :* rather.

P. 148, l. 20. *Jew's harp :* a species of mouth-organ.

l. 21. *Spool cannon :* spool is a cotton-reel. The cannon was therefore presumably made out of a cotton-reel.

A Lonely Ride. From " Works," by Francis Bret Harte.

Francis Bret Harte (1839–1902) was born in Albany, New York. After experience of mining-life in California he became a journalist in San Francisco. He later became American Consul in Germany and also at Glasgow. For the last seventeen years of his life he lived in England. His short stories are famous, and include " The Luck of Roaring Camp " and " The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

P. 149, l. 16. *Stage :* a stage-coach ; a coach which ran regularly from place to place, stopping at various stages to change horses.

l. 29. *Banditti :* Italian for bandits.

l. 32. *California :* one of the United States, on the Pacific coast.

P. 150, l. 3. *Shawl :* muffler.

l. 25. *Ionic :* a style of ancient Greek architecture, often copied in modern times.

The box : the driver's seat.

l. 27. *The boot :* a small seat at the side for attendants, or sometimes a place at the back for luggage.

l. 33. *Way-bill :* the list of passengers.

l. 34. *Eureka :* the motto of the state of California. It is a Greek word, meaning literally " I have found (it)," an exclamation supposed to have been made by the ancient Greek scientist Archimedes when he discovered a method of finding out the degree of purity of the gold in King Hiero's crown. Hence it came to be used as an expression of triumphant discovery.

P. 153, l. 25. *Ligny :* a characteristic termination of French titles, also suggestive of " ligne," " line," hence " ancient lineage."

l. 26. *St. Germain :* St. Germain-en-Laye, a town on a hill, thirteen miles from Paris, much used as a summer resort.

l. 32. *Peste ! :* " Plague ! "

P. 154, l. 2. *Parbleu :* a favourite mild oath, probably derived from " par Dieu," " by God."

l. 4. *Cabaret :* an inn.

l. 17. *Vandal :* one of the tribes of barbarians who overran Europe in later Roman times, and destroyed the ancient civilisation. Hence the word has come to be used for a person who despises or spoils anything artistic.

l. 27. *Norma :* an opera by the Italian composer Bellini, with words by Romani.

l. 30. *Casta Diva :* "chaste goddess," a famous chorus in "Norma", sung to the rising moon, which, being a theatrical moon, remains fixed in the scenery when it has once risen.

l. 33. *Joshua :* Joshua the son of Nun, who led the Israelites into the land of Canaan after the death of Moses. It is recorded in the Book of Joshua, chapter xi., verses 12 to 14, when the Israelites were fighting the Amorites, that " the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

l. 34. *Druids :* heathen priests of Western Europe. Norma, the heroine of the opera, is a Druid priestess.

P. 155, l. 12. *Diana :* the Greek goddess of the moon; hence a synonym for the moon.

l. 13. *Endymion :* a youth in Greek legend, who was so beautiful that the Moon fell in love with him, and visited him while he slept.

P. 156, l. 4. *Faustus :* the legend of Doctor Faustus, who sold his soul to the Devil in return for a renewal of his youth, was written as a poetic tragedy by Christopher Marlowe. In the last scene, when Faustus, condemned to death, hears the clock strike eleven, and knows that he has only one more hour to live, he exclaims in Latin, " O lente, lente currite noctis equi " (" Run slowly, slowly, horses of the night ").

l. 7. *Chinese crackers :* what in England are called simply crackers, such as are pulled at children's parties. The Americans qualify the name by Chinese crackers or fire-crackers, because they use the word cracker as their ordinary word for a biscuit.

Brer Rabbit Finds his Match at Last. From " Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris.

Joel Chandler Harris (1848–1908), born in Eatonton, Georgia, was successively painter, lawyer, and journalist.

He possessed a remarkable knowledge of negro myth and language, and achieved fame by his "Uncle Remus" stories which embody folk-lore tales of negro origin.

P. 156, l. 23. *Brash :* quick.
l. 31. *Biggity :* bigotty—conceited.
l. 32. *Fices :* small nondescript dogs ; sometimes used contemptuously of men.

P. 157, l. 3. *Terrapin :* a kind of turtle.
Atter : after.
l. 4. *'Low :* admits.
'Blije : obliged.
l. 5. *Han' he tuck :* hand he took.
l. 11. *Stidder :* instead of.
l. 14. *Twel bimeby :* till by-and-by.
l. 15. *Swiffes' :* swiftest.
l. 18. *Fus' :* first.
l. 19. *Fifty-dollar bill :* a fifty-dollar note, worth about ten pounds.
l. 24. *Hit 'ud :* it would.
'Nuff : enough.
l. 27. *Turkey Buzzard :* a kind of vulture.
l. 28. *Stake-holder :* the umpire who held the money for both sides until the race was decided.
l. 30. *Five-mile heat :* a five-mile course. The arrangements seem to suggest that the race was in the nature of a point-to-point, *i.e.* that the competitors might choose their own course, so long as they appeared at each of the five mile-posts.
l. 31. *Een' :* end.
l. 37. *Sot :* settled.

P. 158, l. 8. *Marters :* matters.
l. 14. *Stan' :* stand.
l. 10. *'Fo' :* before.
ll. 25–26. *Riz en skimmed 'long :* rose and skimmed along.

P. 159, l. 1. *A bilin' :* a-boiling.
l. 5. *Bellust :* blowed.
l. 22. *Pu's :* purse.
l. 25. *Co'se :* of course.
l. 26. *Tuck :* took.
l. 28. *Ha'r :* hair.

Ten Sixty-Six. From "Essays on Things," by William Lyon Phelps.

William Lyon Phelps (1865), born at New Haven,

Connecticut, and educated at Yale, Harvard, Paris, and Munich, was Professor of English Literature and Public Orator at Yale University. He has published a number of critical works including "The Advance of the English Novel" and "Essays on Modern Dramatists."

P. 160, l. 21. *Pavingstones :* "the path to Hell is paved with good intentions."

l. 22. *The Statue and the Bust :* a poem by Robert Browning, published in 1855. It tells the story of two Italian lovers, who intended to run away together, but their love gradually cooled, and instead he placed his statue in the square and she her bust at the window from which she had been used to watch for him. The story is based on a true one, but the ironical ending is meant as an illustration of infirmity of purpose.

l. 30. *Harold :* Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, reigned for a few months in 1066. He was defeated and killed by William of Normandy at the battle of Hastings, having returned by forced marches from the North, where he was trying to repel Tostig's invasion.

P. 161, l. 16. *Virgil :* the famous Roman poet, author of "The Æneid," who lived from 70 to 19 B.C.

l. 31. *George Moore :* born in 1852. The author of a number of novels, short stories, and autobiographical sketches.

P. 162, l. 19. *Mark Twain :* see note, page 143.

P. 163, l. 2. *The Sorbonne :* the University of Paris.

The Perfect Optimist. From "The Dry Pickwick," by Stephen Leacock.

Stephen Leacock (1869), famous as a humorous writer, is also a distinguished political economist, and is Head of the Department of Political Economy at the McGill University, Montreal.

P. 164, l. 14. *Bicuspid :* a tooth with two points, a double tooth.

P. 166, l. 6. *Molars :* the grinding teeth at the back of the jaw.

The New Pup. From "Penrod Jashber," by Booth Tarkington.

Newton Booth Tarkington (1869), is probably best known on account of his novel "Monsieur Beaucaire," which, when subsequently dramatised, had a great popular success.

P. 170, l. 4. *Full-blooded :* thoroughbred.

l. 30. *The runt :* an unusually small specimen of an animal, probably in this case the smallest of the litter.

P. 172, ll. 2–3. *Potato-bug :* a black-and-yellow beetle which feeds upon potato leaves in America.

The Story-Teller. From " A Story-Teller's Story," by Sherwood Anderson.

Sherwood Anderson (1876), was born in Ohio. His works include " Marching Men," " The Triumph of the Egg," and " Hello Towns." He is widely regarded as the most representative figure among the writers of modern American stories.

P. 181, l. 10. *Buggy :* a light horse-drawn vehicle used formerly in the country districts in America.

l. 14. *Trucking company :* a carting company.

l. 15. *Toledo :* a town and port in the state of Ohio.

l. 21. *A bound girl :* a servant girl, bound in the same sense that an apprentice is bound.

l. 37. *The Civil War :* the war of the Northern against the Southern states over the question of slavery.

P. 182, l. 5. *Benvenuto Cellini :* (1500–1571), an Italian goldsmith and metal-worker who took an active part in the wars, intrigues, plots, and murders of the Italian renaissance.

l. 6. *The Count of Monte Cristo :* a novel published in the eighteen-forties by the French author, Alexandre Dumas. It tells, among many exciting adventures, of the Count of Monte Cristo's escape from the Château d'If.

P. 185, l. 8. *George Barr M'Cutcheon :* John M'Cutcheon, a well-known cartoonist on the " Chicago Tribune," was famous for fanciful drawings. Who George Barr was, or whether M'Cutcheon here referred to is really John M'Cutcheon, is not explained.

ll. 28–29. *Lincoln-Douglas debates :* see note on Abraham Lincoln p. 238.

l. 31. *Douglas :* Stephen Arnold Douglas (1813–1861), a well-known American politician.

l. 33. *Rail-splitter :* an allusion to Lincoln having spent some time in his youth in splitting fence rails for a living.

P. 195, l. 27. *Stout Cortes :* the quotation is from Keats's sonnet " On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." The theme is that Cortez was the first European to

penetrate right across America, and that from a peak in Darien he first caught sight of the Pacific Ocean. Actually it was Balboa, and not Cortes, who had this experience.

P. 199, ll. 21–22. *Gettysburg :* see the note on p. 67, l. 14.

l. 22. *Fourth of July :* see note on p. 61, l. 13.

P. 201, l. 6. *G.A.R. :* Grand Army of the Republic.

ll. 19–21. *Grant and Sherman :* generals in the Civil War. Sherman made a celebrated " March to the Sea " of three hundred miles with 60,000 men.

The Steel Works. From " The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair.

Upton Sinclair (1878), born in Baltimore, has devoted his talents as a novelist to exposing what he considers the social abuses due to the industrial system. His views are strongly socialistic and his works include " King Midas," " King Coal," " They call me Carpenter," and " Oil."

P. 207, l. 32. *Bessemer :* a process of making steel from cast iron, invented by Sir Henry Bessemer, an English engineer.

P. 209, l. 19. *Ingot :* a block of cast metal.

Review on the Champ de Mars. From " Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

Hervey Allen (1889), whose novel " Anthony Adverse," first published in 1934, had a phenomenal success, is author also of " Toward the Flame : A War Diary," " Israfel : The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe," and a number of volumes of poetry including " Wampum and Old Gold " and " New Legends." He lives in Bermuda.

P. 210, l. 1. *Champ de Mars :* literally Field of Mars (god of War) ; a large open space in Paris, with the Military School on one side of it ; it is used for Exhibitions, Reviews, etc.

l. 5. *Mont Valérien :* a fort on a hill west of Paris.

The Invalides : an institution founded by Louis XIV for old or crippled soldiers ; it now contains a war museum and the tomb of Napoleon.

l. 10. *Pont-Neuf :* the " new bridge " ; actually the oldest bridge in Paris, built in 1578.

l. 13. *Gamins :* urchins.

l. 19. *Tuileries:* one of the royal palaces.

l. 30. *Cour des ambassadeurs:* the "court of ambassadors"; the enclosure reserved for diplomatic representatives.

P. 211, l. 32. *Notre-Dame:* our Lady; the Cathedral of Paris.

l. 37. *Barrière de l'Étoile:* the "barrier of the Star"; the Place de l'Etoile is where the Arc de Triomphe now stands.

P. 212, l. 7. *Campo Formio:* the treaty of Campo Formio in the state of Venetia, now in Italy, was signed in 1797 between Napoleon and the Emperor Francis II of Austria; it was a peace treaty in which the Austrians were obliged to make large concessions of territory to France.

l. 8. *École Militaire:* the military school close to the Champ de Mars, built by Louis XV.

P. 213, l. 4. *Eagles:* Napoleon was fond of imitating ancient Rome; the eagle was the ancient Roman standard.

ll. 9–10. *Curule chair:* a type of chair used only by the highest dignitaries in ancient Rome; it was shaped rather like a camp-stool, but with curved legs, and was richly inlaid.

P. 214, l. 8. *Buccina:* a curved horn or trumpet used by the Romans.

l. 9. *Horn of Roland:* Roland was one of the famous paladins of Charlemagne, in the eighth century. The legend tells how he commanded the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army as they were returning to France through the Pyrenees after fighting in Spain. The rear-guard was cut off by the enemy, but Roland was too proud to sound his great horn to summon aid until he was dying himself and the rear-guard had been cut to pieces.

l. 16. *Snare drum:* the side drum; so called because of the strings stretched across it.

P. 215, l. 23. *Pont-d'Iéna:* one of the bridges across the Seine.

l. 36. *Centaurs:* fabulous creatures of ancient Greek mythology, which had the body and legs of horses, with the upper part of the body and arms and heads of men growing from their shoulders. Used therefore to denote man and horse moving as one creature.

P. 216, l. 19. *Flume:* a stream.

l. 29. *In statu quo :* "in statu quo ante," "in the state in which things were before."

P. 217, l. 33. *Potsdam :* a suburb of Berlin, where the royal summer palace is situated.

P. 218, l. 1. *Frederick :* Frederick the Great of Prussia, who had died in 1786.

l. 5. *Hôtel de Ville :* town hall.

l. 36. *Julian :* (A.D. 331–363), Emperor of Rome. He was joint-emperor for a time with his cousin Constantius and was given charge of Gaul, now France, where he made his headquarters at Paris and recovered a good deal of the country from the invading barbarians, and established the government on a sound footing.

P. 219, l. 11. *Jardin des Plantes :* the botanical garden, and also the zoological garden of Paris.

Charlie—As Ever Was. From "While Rome Burns," by Alexander Woollcott.

Alexander Woollcott (1887), journalist, was born at Phalanx, New Jersey, in 1887, and was educated at Hamilton College and Columbia. He was dramatic critic of "The New York Times" from 1914 to 1922, and subsequently of "The New York Herald" and "The York World." He appeared as Harold Sigrift in "Brief Moment" on the New York stage in 1931, and from 1933 to 1935 was broadcaster for Columbia Network as Town Crier. His books include "Actors and Problems of the Stage," "Mr. Dickens goes to the Play," "Two Gentlemen and Ladies," and "The Woollcott Reader."

P. 220, l. 6. *Catalepsy :* a suspension of feeling and rigidity of pose, as in hypnotism.

l. 10. *Columbia :* the poetical name for America, given in memory of Columbus ; hence an allegorical figure representing America, as Britannia represents Britain.

l. 18. *Soigné :* cared-for.

l. 32. *Franz Schubert :* (1797–1828), Austrian composer.

l. 36. *Lewis Carroll :* author of "Alice in Wonderland."

P. 221, l. 37. *Steerforth :* a former schoolfellow of David Copperfield ; he ran away with "Little Emily," and was subsequently drowned in a shipwreck. The paragraph quoted describes the finding of his body.

P. 222, l. 15. *Goliath :* the Philistine giant in the Old Testament, whom David killed with a sling and a stone.

l. 34. *Bean-blowers :* pea-shooters.

P. 223, l. 2. *Hobo :* a professional tramp.

P. 224, l. 3. *Mæcenas :* a Roman patron of letters, who befriended Virgil and Horace ; hence the protector of artists.

l. 19. *Apache dance :* the Apaches were Parisian robbers ; a rather crude form of dance, popular in music-halls, was called after them.

P. 225, l. 30. *Falstaff :* see Shakespeare's " Henry IV."
Don Quixote : see note on p. 30, l. 37.

l. 33. *Heifetz :* the violinist of international reputation.

l. 34. *Pavlova :* the late famous Russian ballet dancer.

P. 226, l. 7. *Fandango :* a Spanish dance.

l. 19. *Venus of Milo :* the famous statue of the Roman goddess of Beauty.

P. 227, l. 3. *Gasoline :* the ordinary American word for petrol.

The New Strokes. From " My Ten Years in a Quandary and How They Grew," by Robert Benchley.

Robert Charles Benchley (1889), humorist and light essayist, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1889, and was educated at Harvard. He was editor of " The New York Tribune Graphic " in 1917, and also served during that year as secretary to the Aircraft Board at Washington. Between 1920 and 1929 he was dramatic editor of " Life." Among his published books are " Love Conquers All," " Pluck and Luck," and " The Treasurer's Report."

P. 227, l. 32. *Gondola :* a boat with a high prow, in use on the canals in Venice.

P. 228, l. 10. *Chore :* job of work.

l. 34. *Navajo :* a district in America.

Tadpoles. From " Plum Pudding," by Christopher Morley.

Christopher Morley (1890), born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, was a Rhodes Scholar, and a New York journalist. He made his name as a novelist with " Thunder on the Left " in 1915. His other books include " The Haunted Book Shop," " Swiss Family Manhattan," and " Hasta la Vista."

P. 229, l. 32. *Hemlock :* the hemlock spruce, a forest tree whose hard wood is useful for timber.

l. 37. *Japonica :* a flowering shrub with brilliant red or pink flowers, very popular in English gardens.

P. 230, l. 2. *Bloodroot :* a plant which has a red root and red sap, and bears a white flower in early spring.

l. 11. *The Sound :* Long Island Sound, the piece of water which separates Long Island (New York) from the mainland.

l. 15. *Lewis Untermeyer :* born in 1885. An American poet, novelist, and critic, who began publishing poetry in 1914. The reference to Endymion is not clear ; it suggests a pen-name, or the name of some poetry periodical.

P. 231, l. 1. *Gloomy :* sluggish.

l. 21. *Brer Terrapin :* see note on "Uncle Remus," page 157.

QUESTIONS

1. *The Spectre Bridegroom.* Washington Irving wrote of himself: "I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity, to loiter about the ruined castle, to meditate on the falling bower, to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeur of the past." Show how Irving succeeds in this desire in "The Spectre Bridegroom."

2. *In the Hands of the Redskins.* What qualities in this episode from "The Last of the Mohicans" are such as make it not surprising that the book has become a classic?

3. *The Promised Land.* Draw a picture in ink or colour of any scene described by Prescott in this passage.

4. *Wealth.* Write an essay in a similar style on the subject of Poverty.

5. *The Battle of the Pygmies.* Retell any other one of the classical legends in the vivid style of Hawthorne.

6. *Hop-Frog.* Discuss Edgar Allan Poe's mastery in expressing the macabre or horrible as evidenced in the story of Hop-Frog.

7. *Three Addresses.* "We feel that Lincoln in his speeches does not care to play over the surface of his subject, or to use it as a way of displaying his cleverness. He is trying to get right down to the very foundation of the matter and tell us what his real thoughts about it are."—Lord Bryce. Show how the three speeches of Lincoln in this book exemplify Lord Bryce's words.

8. *Old Age.* Invent a dissertation by the Professor on the subject of Youth.

9. *William the Silent.* Contrast and compare the character of William the Silent as drawn by Motley with the character of Oliver Cromwell.

10. *Brute Neighbours.* Describe any "brute neighbours" you yourself have known.

11. *Snow and Frost.* This passage on Snow and Frost is taken from Lowell's essay "A Good Word for Winter."

Compose a passage from an essay entitled "A Good Word for Summer."

12. *Cape Horn.* What evidence does this description give of Melville's practical experience of a seaman's life?

13. *The Chariot-Race.* Contrast a Roman chariot-race with a modern motor-car race.

14. *Experiments.*

"For duty, duty must be done,
The rule applies to everyone;
And painful though that duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!"

W. S. Gilbert.

Show how these words apply to "Experiments."

15. *The Glorious Whitewasher.* Contrast the humour of Mark Twain as shown in this episode with the humour of Dickens.

16. *A Lonely Ride.* Describe a similar experience taking place during a journey by aeroplane.

17. *Brer Rabbit Finds his Match at Last.* Give a description of the race as discussed that evening by Brer Terrapin and his family.

18. *Ten Sixty-Six.* Write a similar essay entitled "Fifteen Eighty-Eight.

19. *The Perfect Optimist.* Write an account of a visit to the dentist called "The Perfect Pessimist."

20. *The New Pup.* Invent and describe a subsequent adventure of the New Pup.

21. *The Story-Teller.* Discuss the various lights thrown upon the nature of the American Civil War by this narrative.

22. *The Steel Works.* Describe in similar detail any factory or works which you have visited.

23. *The Review on the Champ de Mars.* Write a description of this scene as reported subsequently by Napoleon himself to one of his marshals.

24. *Charlie—as Ever Was.* Compare Charlie Chaplin as a screen hero with Mickey Mouse.

25. *The New Strokes.* Contrast in a similar vein the older fashions in walking with the modern fashions in hiking.

26. *Tadpoles.* Write a similar essay on "Butterflies" or "Moths."

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